The Australian

November 6, 1968

Women's Weekly

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

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- JACKIE'S WEDDING: PAGES 3-5
- 10-MINUTE GUIDE TO BEAUTY
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NOVEMBER 6, 1968

Vol. 36, No. 23

OUR COVER

● **Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis and his bride, formerly Mrs. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, at their wedding reception aboard Mr. Onassis' yacht, Christina. More pictures are on pages 3, 4, and 5.**

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It's the real hero of her thirty-five love stories

NOVELIST WHO "FELL FOR" THE OUTBACK



LUCY WALKER (Mrs. C. Sanders)

● **Writer Lucy Walker's characters may change, but the central one is always the same — big, tough, and indifferent. It is, in fact, the outback, whose horizons man sees but never reaches.**

By VALERIE CARR

"I LOVE the Australian outback. I always have done," Mrs. C. Sanders said simply.

As Lucy Walker — her mother's maiden name — she has written 35 love stories all set against the world she describes as "nothing but shimmering red earth and colorless sky."

Her husband is Professor of Education at the University of Western Australia.

Lucy Walker, tall and dignified, three rows of pearls discreetly at her throat, looks suitably like a professor's wife. Only when she begins to describe her beloved outback do you realise she has this other big interest.

With a writer's eloquence, touched by delightful vagueness ("I'm so scatty. At university functions my husband dies of agony wondering what I'll say next!"), she brings everything she says to life.

The outback people deeply affect her. They have a patrician quality, she says, because they have battled against the toughest land in the world.

"But" — she smiled — "there's a look in their eyes which, to quote Dr. Samuel Johnson, seems to warn, 'Beware this animal—when attacked it defends itself'."

She went on, "I think this is typical of all Australians of two or three generations or more."

Romance? No!

The Aborigines have also won Lucy Walker's heart — and a place in her books. "Their teeth," she writes, "are lightning flashes in great worlds of handsome darkness."

She told me, "They're a very kindly people. You can see their kindness in their beautiful liquid brown eyes. And they have a civilisation of their own that is quite wonderful."

It's these people and their land that Lucy Walker wants to project in her books. So woe betide anyone who calls her a romantic writer!

"'Romantic' is a word I don't like." Her normally soft, expressive voice was hard. The vagueness, it seemed, hid a woman of steel.

"I use the love situation as a framework to write about the outback, just as Arthur Upfield used the detective story."

She turned her penetrating blue gaze full on me. "Have you been in love?" Taken aback, I nodded.

"Of course you have. Many times," she said. "So have I. Everyone goes through it. This is why I use love to get at people. I want to tell them about the outback and human nature as it is.

"My books are not literature," she continued. "I'm not trying to be like Patrick White. I want to entertain people."

Lucy Walker has entertained people all over the world. Her books have been serialised in English magazines and on ABC and BBC radio. They have also been translated into Norwegian, Dutch, German, and French.

She writes one book a year, sometimes two if there's pressure from her publisher.

Strangely, the outback wasn't her first love. That was the Swan River flowing through the Perth suburb where she lived as a child. The little girl, a dreamer even in those days, was enchanted by its shining beauty.

"When the wind dropped, it was like a great changing mirror of color. There were blues, and greys under the shadows of the banks, and sometimes when the sun was shining the water was almost colorless."

In this enchanted place Lucy wrote her first book. She was seven.

She loved leafing through her father's illustrated "Works of Shakespeare." Though she couldn't understand what she read, the words fascinated her.

One day she made a startling announcement to the owner of the local sweetshop. She could write a story as good as Shakespeare!

"She passed me a penny notebook," Lucy remembered, "and said, 'Well, go home and write it.'"

She smiled. "That's exactly what I did. When I'd filled the notebook with Shakespeare's 'prithee's' 'how now's, 'go to's,' and I don't know what else, I took it back to her. 'There, I've written my book!'

"I've never forgotten what happened. She read it, then handed me a penny chocolate bar. 'When you're grown up and writing,' she said, 'don't ever say you weren't paid for your first written work'."

Twenty-five years later her first novel, "Fairies on the Doorstep," about early settlers, was published. She would have given anything to trace her first "paying reader."

"I didn't even know her name. If I had, I would have dedicated the book to her." Lucy first saw the outback — the big love of her life — when she was ten.

Her parents had sent her to a property out of Geraldton, W.A., while a new sister was being born.

The distances and vast spaces enchanted her. She was filled with childish curiosity, too.

Why was the sky white when the sun shone, and not brilliant blue as it was on the river? And the earth was red. There was black sand on the riverbank.

What moved her most was a group of mulga trees growing all by themselves in this wilderness.

"I wondered how they survived there. They're ugly bushes, you know, but the quality in them to endure is wonderful."

Lucy Walker had fallen in love!

Yet, if her mother (the real Lucy Walker) hadn't fed her with good books as a child, she might never have become a writer.

Her father, Canon W. J. McClemans, an eloquent Anglican (who founded Christ Church Grammar School at Claremont, Perth, "without a brick, a boy, or a penny"), certainly gave her no encouragement.

He had little time for any of his five daughters.

"He thought we were all incompetent and stupid just because we couldn't declaim Byron or Gray. He said so often and at length."

Graves and gold

Her bright blue eyes twinkled. "You see, he was a very literary man. We'd get the whole of Goldsmith's 'The Deserted Village,' or Gray's 'Elegy' at the breakfast table.

"In fact you can say I was brought up to the sound of music."

Canon McClemans' own life was as colorful as fiction. A graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, he came out to Australia during the goldrush.

But it wasn't gold fever that drew him here. It was typhoid. An epidemic was raging in the goldfields, and the Archbishop of Ireland had requested the young clergyman to give the dead a Christian burial.

"Ironically, my mother's brother — the family came from New Zealand — didn't have a Christian burial.

"As a 17-year-old youth, he went out on a goldrush from Kalgoorlie and was never heard of again."

Gold still glittered, out of reach, in the family's life when Lucy (or "Dorothy," as she was christened) was born.

Their home, a lovely old colonial rectory surrounded by pepper trees, was in Boulder City, "at the end of the golden mile from Kalgoorlie."

"Underground tributaries," explained Lucy, "stray out from the gold reef, so there could have been one under the rectory. Father was fond of saying, 'We have no gold in our own pockets, but we sleep on it.'"

It was Lucy, the "incompent" daughter, who struck gold.

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JACKIE'S ISLAND WEDDING

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RAIN marred the wedding day and continued through most of the first week of the Onassis' honeymoon.



AFTER THE WEDDING, which took place in the tiny Greek Orthodox chapel on Onassis' island, Skorpios, the bride, formerly Mrs. Jackie Kennedy, and the bridegroom, Aristotle Onassis, pose (right) with Captain Anastasiauis, who commands Onassis' yacht Christina. The wedding was followed by a party on board.

MR. AND MRS "ARI" ONASSIS (below) on board the yacht Christina after the wedding. With them is Caroline Kennedy, Jackie's daughter by her first marriage to the late John F. Kennedy, a President of the U.S.A.



● Throughout the wedding weekend the whole world waited, half shocked, half fascinated, for news of the marriage of the former Jackie Kennedy, widow of the late President of the United States, to the short, stocky, shipping magnate Aristotle Socrates Onassis, self-made billionaire and famous jet-set host. He is a controversial figure. Some say that when you know him he's a charmer, and will cherish his wife and protect her from the uncomfortable publicity that dogged her sad widowhood. And, indeed, Jackie, a millionairess anyway, with her odd, shining beauty, had all the world to choose from.

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NEW YORK LETTER

What New York is saying about Jackie

By KAY MELAUN

"HEY, that Jackie's doin' all right, isn't she?" shouted a street cleaner to a corner newsvendor. That about sums up the hard-headed attitude in this city.

New York takes its hat off to Jackie Kennedy for moving from class millionaire to class billionaire in marrying Aristotle Onassis.

But there are all sorts of other reactions. Younger women have a tolerant attitude to the unexpected union of the 39-year-old former first lady and the (probably) 62-year-old Greek shipping tycoon.

"I think it's all right," said one. "The main thing is that she has got married to someone. It would have been too awful for her to keep on being a widow."

Older women disapprove the disparity in their ages.

"Erk!" said one. "If she was looking for a father — OK. But to give her two young children a grandaddy-daddy — that's not good."

"She might have waited"

Another criticism is that in deference to her late husband's family she might have waited until after Bobby Kennedy's baby was born, and until after her own anniversaries were over.

November 22 will be the fifth anniversary of John Kennedy's assassination. On November 28, her daughter, Caroline, will have her eleventh birthday. Her son, John, will be eight on November 25.

An extension of this criticism is the view that the marriage will be a further bewilderment to her young children.

Whether justified or not, such critics envisage battles royal between the Kennedy family and Mr. and Mrs. Onassis over Caroline and John.

"She's flesh and blood"

A typically romantic reaction is that a work of art has fallen from its pedestal.

Theo Wilson, writing in the "Daily News," sums this up:

"She has the same extraordinary smile, the indefinable quality called class. But something is gone now — for all of us.

"She is suddenly flesh and blood.

"Everyone wanted Jackie to find her way out of tragedy, surely to get married again.

"But she has married a man old enough to be her father, rich and colorful but hardly handsome.

"He must have something besides carloads of money. But he isn't Jack Kennedy."

Onassis' charm — and money

Social reporter Suzy sees Onassis through other eyes. She describes him as "A short, swarthy man who wears dark glasses night and day and smokes cigars."

She says: "Once you have been spellbound by his all-encompassing charm, he becomes nine feet tall and good-looking.

"If he cares, he establishes instant rapport with a woman.

"He's a laugher and a smiler.

"He's a night person, but he's in his offices in New York, London, Paris, Athens, working every day. He takes business calls on the yacht from all over the world.

"There's something of the pirate about him, and he knows it.

"He adores celebrities and always has them in tow. Cary Grant is buddy-buddy, and the Burtons are almost always around.

"Now he's walked off with the biggest celebrity of them all."

Suzy sharply observes that while Jackie's fortune before marriage to Onassis was an estimated 20 million dollars, Onassis' worth is roughly a billion dollars — and still spiralling as his hundreds of oil-carrying tankers chug the world's waterways.

"There's many a buck 'twixt 20 million dollars and a billion."

She's shy — he's self-made

What is the attraction between these two? Their backgrounds couldn't be more different.

Jackie, born July, 1929, went to the right schools, including Vassar and the Sorbonne, Paris. All her life she has known only "the best people."

In Paris, she recalls, she was "a chubby little thing eating pastries and studying with inky fingers half the night."

At 39, she is 5ft. 7in. with a fashion-model's measurements, a 10-A shoe size, and a wispy voice that indicates a basic shyness still lingering after years of political and social limelight.

She is a chain-smoker.

In the five years since her husband's death, half a dozen men have been in love with her. Social writer Suzy claims their names will never be known, and that the romance with Lord Harlech was "blown out of proportion by publicity."

Onassis is self-made. He was born in Smyrna in 1906. His mother died when he was five, and his father lost his prosperous business in World War I. Aged 16, young Ari lit out for The Argentine, put his age on six years, and by 1925 had made his first million.

But both are "loners"

The Onassis children are Alexander, 20, and Christina, 18.

Ari's celebrated yacht, with art treasures (including an El Greco), a swimming-pool, and private plane, is named after his daughter.

But he and Jackie have more in common than would at first appear.

They are both essentially "loners."

Onassis once said, "It's a wonderful thing if a man can train himself to live alone. Not to use it — not to revel in it. But to have the feeling that if he is alone he will not suffer."

Jackie, too, has this attitude. She has always carried an aura, not of loneliness but of aloneness.

And they have a lot to give each other.

To Onassis, Jackie Kennedy, ex-Queen of America, will give lustre. What a prize for a simple Greek pirate to carry off!

To Jackie, Onassis will give a golden throne.

Her favorite hats

Jackie isn't short of her beloved Adolpho hats for her honeymoon.

Just before she flew off from New York to join Onassis in Greece, a chauffeur reportedly picked up a raft of goodies.

The hats included a small pillbox, berets, a Garbo, and a scarf hat.

In the package were also shoes, a black ribbon vest, and a black velvet skirt.

The wedding party on Onassis' yacht

● The former Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis on his paradise island, Skorpios, on October 20. His yacht is the Christina.



JACKIE'S children, John Kennedy, 7 (in foreground), and Caroline, 10 (partly behind her mother), attended the ceremony (at which they held lighted candles). They had flown from the U.S. with Jackie on one of Onassis' planes.



MATERNAL comfort for Caroline Kennedy, who remained near her mother as much as she could before the reception began. Jackie's wedding dress was ivory, short-skirted, and high at the throat.

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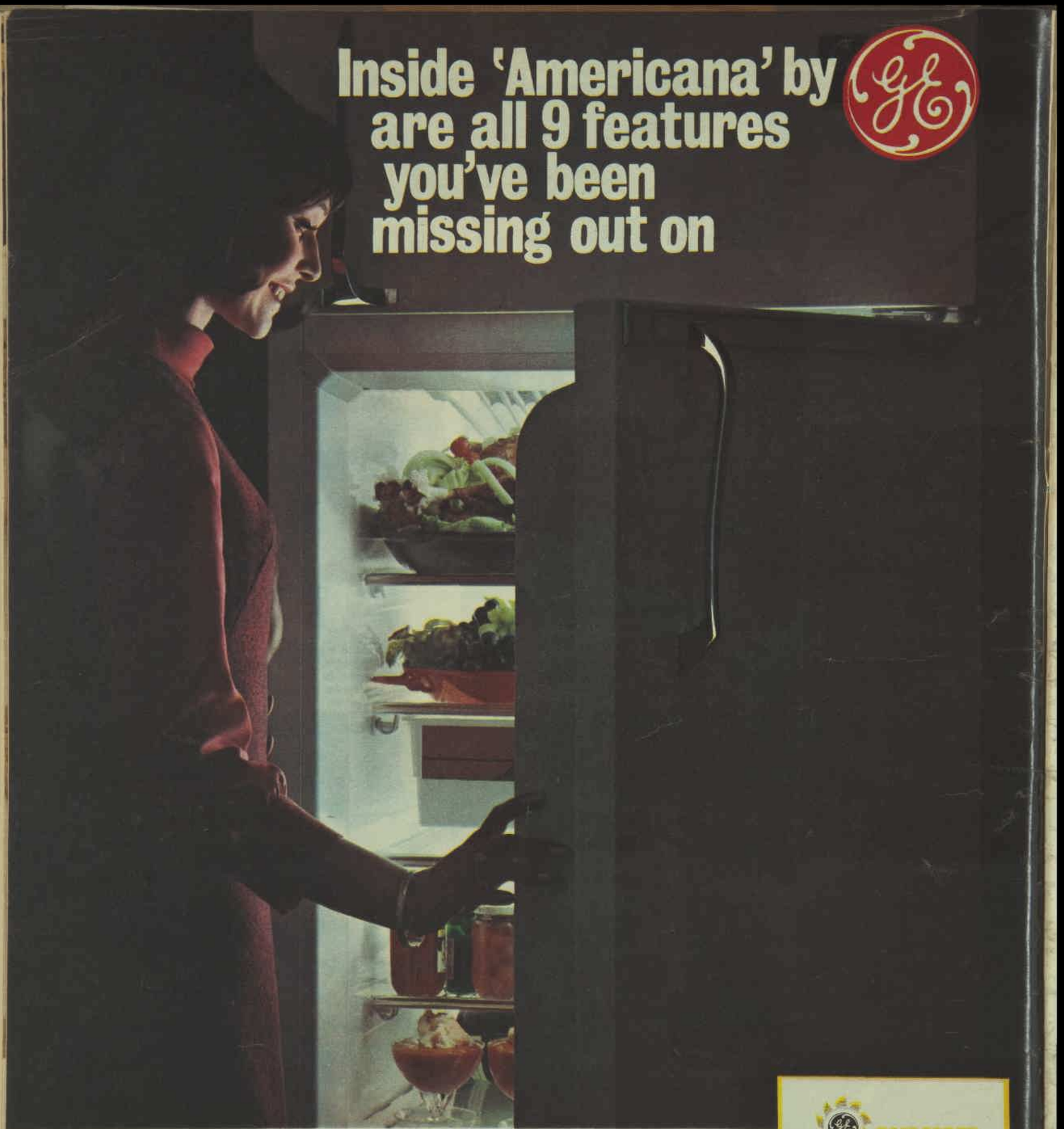


AT THE RECEPTION (above) aboard the yacht Christina, Jackie is seen moving among the wedding guests. She is 39, and Onassis says he is 62. Exotic flowers decorated the tables and special delicacies were imported for the occasion. But among the more famous wines served was the local resin-flavored retsina of the island of Skorpios. In the picture below is seen the Archimandrite Polycarpos Anathassiou, who officiated at the Greek Orthodox marriage ceremony in the tiny island chapel.



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Inside 'Americana' by GE are all 9 features you've been missing out on



Your 'old faithful' fridge may have had its points — but certainly not those of the thoroughly modern 'Americana'. And more to the point, this G E 2-door refrigerator-freezer is available now at refrigerator prices. See what you're missing. Check with your retailer.

1 **Automatic defrost.** No mess. No fuss. Simply turn a dial twice a year.

2 **Heated butter conditioner.** Serve butter at its spreadable best the way you like it. Full width dairy door.

3 **Sealed meat keeper.** Large dish with see-through lid that seals the flavour in.

4 **Big sub-zero freezer.** Start enjoying modern freezer living. Buy in bulk, save shopping trips. Serve food fresh, out of season.

5 **Maximum capacity.** The 15 cu.ft. has the biggest freezer (108 lbs. capacity). The 12 cu.ft. is actually 12.2 cu.ft. with a 78 lb. freezer.

6 **Complete ice service.** Storage bin for 90 cubes, aluminium ejector tray, twist tray and tidy tray rack.

7 **Elegant 2-door styling.** Clean-line design, inside and out. Scandinavian sculptured door handles, chrome kick plate.

8 **Tall bottle storage.** Tall wine bottles can actually stand up.

9 **Safety door stops.** Every little thing has its use, this one prevents scuffing of door and wall.

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SAUCIER TO A PRINCESS

● The sauce which accompanies a special dish is the master signature in the final stage of its preparation; the saucier is the culinary artist involved.



By SALLY WHITE

PAUL CARMINATI, one-time chef to Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, thinks crayfish among the best things on the food market in Australia.

PAUL CARMINATI walked out of the kitchen, wiping his hands on his spotless white apron. "Good morning," he said in precise, unaccented English. He sat down at the restaurant table and looked about him shyly — he had used up nearly all the English words he knows.

Paul is obviously not happy among the starched tablecloths and candlesticks of a restaurant dining-room. He is much more at ease in the kitchen, where he doesn't have to worry about talking to journalists and can get on with his cooking.

Kitchens have been his world since he was 12 — kitchens in famous restaurants, magnificent villas, yachts, and palaces. For Paul was the saucier — a chef who specialises in making sauces — for Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, from 1960 to 1967.

Paul was born in Bergamo, in Northern Italy, and is the first chef in his family. He began as an apprentice at Carlo's, a world-famous gourmet restaurant in Milan. Then the palace at Monte Carlo ran a contest among top-class chefs and Paul was chosen from 12 finalists.

He came to Australia two months ago, and is working now as second chef at Bernardi's, a newly opened restaurant in the Melbourne suburb of Prahran.

Interviewing Paul is like being Alice in Wonderland —a little unreal. He is conscious of the restrictions placed on him when he left the palace service. Like most ex-employees of royalty, he had to sign a guarantee that he would not talk to the Press about intimate details of the family's life.

And with my bad French and worse Italian, it looked like being a non-interview until Mario Fuscaldo, the proprietor of Bernardi's, stepped into the breach to act as interpreter.

Rigid protocol

Paul was one of four permanent chefs on the staff of 140 at the palace. For State receptions and banquets, the household was supplemented by the entire staff of the Hotel de Paris, one of the largest hotels in Europe.

The palace is like a small country town, entirely self-contained, Paul explained. It has its own carpenter and electrician, and private tutors for the three children, Prince Albert, Princess Caroline, and Princess Stephanie.

Prince Rainier rules his household with an iron hand in a velvet glove. The comfortable, spacious staff quarters take up a whole wing of the palace. But everyone who lives in the quarters has to be in by midnight when the doors are locked for security reasons.

Life is freer for those who live in flats outside the palace grounds, as Paul did.

At the palace, protocol is rigid. Staff members keep their distance from their royal employers. But away from the palace the mood is more informal, and there is more personal contact between the Prince and Princess and their staff.

Only about three months of the year is spent in the palace in the tiny principality's capital, Monte Carlo. Much of the remaining time is spent at the family's luxury villa on Mount Rocagel, 25 miles from Monte Carlo, or on board the royal yacht, the Albert Caro.

Every summer the whole royal family spends six weeks cruising on the Mediterranean, although Princess Grace is a poor sailor, and often gets seasick. Ports of call frequently include Lisbon, Palma, on the island of Majorca, and Naples.

Paul was one of the two chefs chosen to sail with the family.

He recalls, with boyish delight, that each time the Albert Caro berthed, Prince Rainier gave the crew a generous day's wages in local currency — about $18 or $20 — and the day off.

The Prince and Princess invited guests on board at every port, but at sea they were often alone. On board, Princess Grace frequently came down to the galley to personally order special dishes, check supplies, and inspect the kitchen equipment.

Paul saw a lot of the children on the Albert Caro. Compared with the Palace, the yacht was so small that everyone was everywhere all the time, he explained. The children were always in the galley seeing what was cooking.

When the royal couple entertain dinner guests, the menu is befittingly regal. The most popular dishes are sole meuniere, scampi, and steak tournedos.

But when they are by themselves they eat very simply. Caroline's favorite dish is roast chicken, but, like her brother, Albert, she has a passion for plain hamburgers and tossed french salad. And, of course, lots of sweets.

Both Prince Rainier and Princess Grace are fond of avocados — a rarity in Europe. Specially imported avocados, simply served with a sauce vinaigrette, are regular additions to the royal menu.

After such a high position in Europe, what made Paul, who, in his tall chef's hat looks much younger than his 28 years, come to Australia? There's a well-known French phrase that gives the answer — cherchez la femme.

Paul followed his girlfriend here, but when I asked him about the romance, he broke into such rapid Italian that I couldn't follow. Mario Fuscaldo smiled, and refused to translate!

Royal reference

At present Paul is finding it difficult to adjust to Australia. He says that because he can't speak English he has no friends yet, and everything is so different. But he votes kangaroo tail soup *bien*, and is amazed and delighted by the amount of crayfish Australians eat.

He loves crayfish, but rarely saw them in Monaco. He explained that crayfish is so expensive in Europe even princes have to be careful when ordering it for a special banquet.

With a royal reference — now much-handled and dog-eared — Paul should be a superb chef. But, as all cooks and diners know, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

After the interview he cooked me a Steak Poivre with a hot pepper sauce. From the first mouthful, I felt like a princess.

NEXT WEEK

16-page lift-out

THE ROBERT CARRIER COOK BOOK



● From the world-famous cook—he's visiting here soon —40 tantalising recipes selected from his latest book, "Great Dishes of the World." Colorfully illustrated, they range from soup to dessert.

plus . . .

TV STAR SUSAN HAMPSHIRE'S "SAGA"—part 2

SEVEN BAGS TO MAKE



● Some, in wool, have a Mexican theme; others are made from raffia straw in pretty pastel tones. Get busy now and you can make at least one before Christmas bustle overtakes you.

Along the horror route

● In color, see how teams in the London-Sydney Car Marathon will find the going tough on Australian roads.



CROCHET A "SEE-THROUGH" BIKINI-COVER BEACH SHIFT

● *16 COLORFUL PAGES OF LATEST FASHION*

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK

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HERE COMES A NEW BREED:



INTERESTED AUDIENCE, above, watches joint farm manager Mr. Harold Foster as he takes one of the two-year-olds for a trial run with shafts.

MILKMAN Peter Gleeson and horse Junior on the job, below. Junior meets a friendly cat at one point; gets an apple from an elderly customer at another.

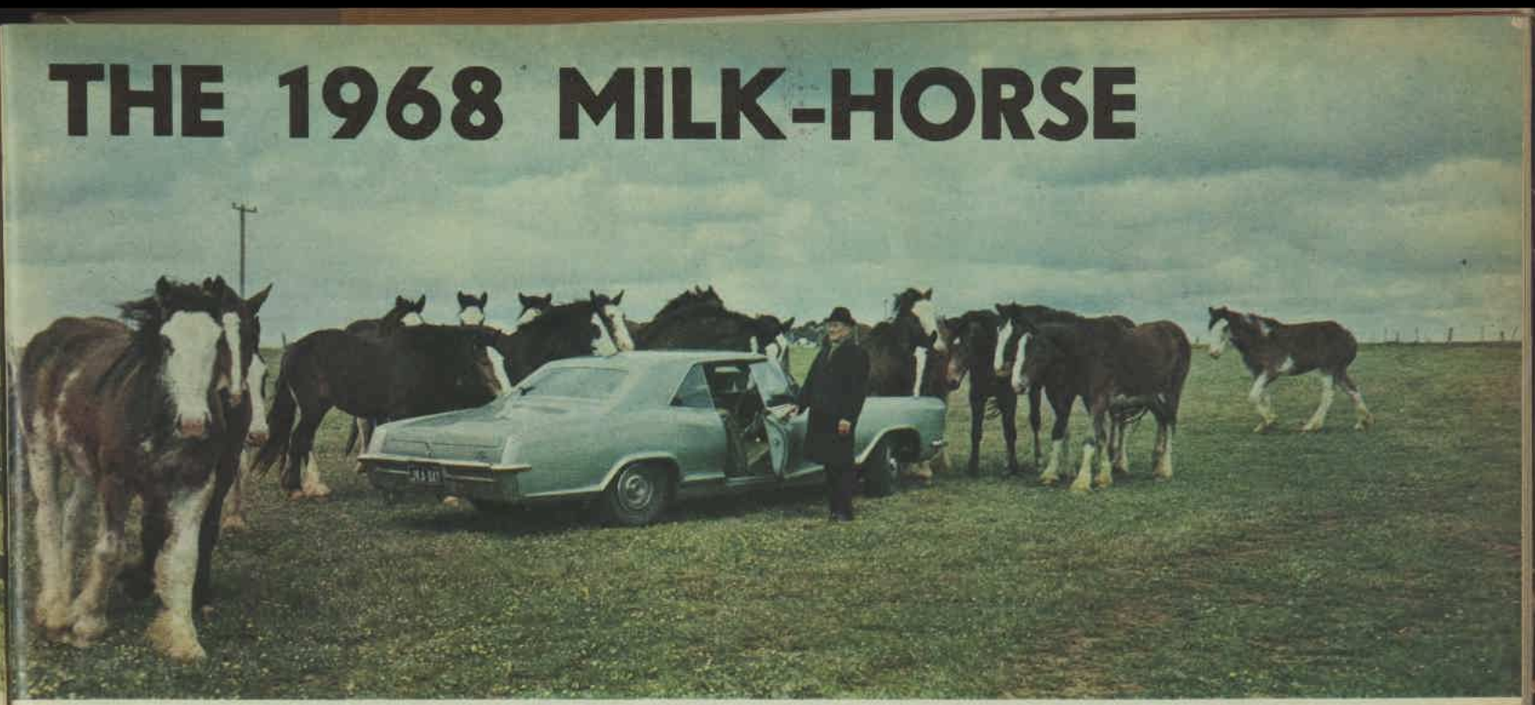
● The familiar clip-clop of the milkman's horse through the night had become almost a thing of the past as it was gradually phased out by the use of modern motor-vans. Then Melbourne's biggest milk distributors, Consolidated Foods Ltd., announced they had bought a stud farm where they will breed milk-horses specially for their own use.

Progress going back on its tracks, you might think?



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THE 1968 MILK-HORSE



"NO," says Mr. Warwick Cayley, chairman of Consolidated Foods, a multi-million-dollar company whose subsidiaries include Metropolitan, Travancore, and Provincial Dairies.

"Horses are cheaper to use and much more efficient on a delivery round.

"They cost only about $700 each, against $4000 for a van; and a milk-horse's working life is from ten to 12 years.

"They do an excellent job, stopping and starting at will.

"A horse that really knows its round is an enormous help to the delivery man."

One who bears this out is 22-year-old Peter Gleeson, who has been a milkman with Metropolitan Dairies for five years, with the same horse, Junior.

He loves the job — "All the walking keeps me fit for football," he said.

And he's definitely a horse-and-cart man.

"There's no doubt that it's more efficient," he said.

"Once, when the cart was being repaired, I had a van for a few nights.

"With two men—one to drive, the other to deliver—the round took ten minutes longer than it does with Junior and myself on the job."

Consolidated Foods, which has 300 horses doing its nightly door-to-door deliveries in the Melbourne metropolitan area, has bought a 272-acre stud farm, "Yuruga," at Laverton, where draught-horses will be bred as carefully as racehorses.

By **BEVERLEY COOPER**

Mr. Cayley said, "It has become difficult to get draught-horses — everyone uses tractors these days.

"So we decided to breed our own requirements to keep up a constant supply."

Mr. Cayley is chairman of Werribee Racing Club and president of the Bloodhorse Breeders' Association (Victorian division).

With his brother, Mr. Frank Cayley, who is managing director of Consolidated Foods, he owns several racehorses, including Grandee and Snowtop, with a string of others coming on.

He's just as interested, however, in the progress of his draught-horses, and is often seen driving his large American car across the paddocks at "Yuruga" to inspect them.

"I like to see that they're holding their condition," he said.

"It's good basalt country round here, and we've limed it to provide plenty of calcium for the stud."

Training the horses for a milk round is an art in itself.

This is in the practised hands of Mr. Harold Foster, who with Mr. Desmond Williams is joint manager of "Yuruga."

Mr. Foster, a colorful character in blue denim jeans and jacket, and more often than not wearing a grey stetson hat, has been breaking horses for close on 50 years, since he was a youngster on his parents' farm at Gundagai.

His job has taken him to race clubs in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Manila, and Bangkok, and he also broke in 40 horses for the Pentathlon at the Melbourne Olympics.

Educating the "Yuruga" stud-horses — mainly Stud-book Clydesdales — for their role is a gradual process.

When they're six months old they are taken from their mothers and taught to lead and tie up. Then they are turned out into the paddock to grow.

At two years they are "mouthed" and driven in reins, and then broken in to shafts.

Finally they are tried out on a round.

"They're kept on it until they learn it backwards," said Mr. Cayley.

"Some are quicker than others to learn — one horse may know its round in a fortnight, another may take a month.

"It all depends on the temperament of the horse."

MR. WARWICK CAYLEY'S large American car, above, is a familiar sight crossing the paddocks to inspect the draught-horses. "They usually gather round me wherever I stop the car," he remarked.



THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Rhonda Williams, above, daughter of joint farm manager Mr. Desmond Williams, bottle-feeds any motherless foals at "Yuruga." This one, Cidney Getaway, is her special pet.



TWO YOUNG FOALS, above, gambolling with their mothers in a paddock at the 272-acre draught-horse stud "Yuruga."

● **Pictures by Les Gorrie**



PICTURE AT RIGHT shows brothers Mr. Frank Cayley, left, and Mr. Warwick Cayley with "Yuruga" joint manager Mr. Desmond Williams (right) and Clyde, the king of the stud.

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EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY



AT LEFT: Miss Renata Kohlmann (at left) and Lady Webster at the champagne luncheon and fashion parade which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Darling. The luncheon, which was a forerunner to the annual conference in 1969 of the Australasian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, was arranged by the women's committee.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Brodie signing the register at The King's School Chapel following their marriage. The bride was Miss Grietha de Hoop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. de Hoop, of Ryde. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brodie, of Toongabbie.



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

WITH the Melbourne Cup only a matter of days away, my list from Melbourne of parties and entertainments planned for Cup Week seems even longer than last year's. And, although quite a few of the Sydney regulars are not going down this year, it looks as if there'll be a much larger contingent from here than there has been for years.

★ ★ ★

TWO faces I'll miss seeing are the Claude Renshaws, from "Boogadah," Binnaway, and their daughter, Priscilla. They're all back recently from overseas, and as Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw have to be in Melbourne for two weeks later in November for a meeting of the International Wool Secretariat they've decided they'll have to miss the Cup.

★ ★ ★

OTHERS who'll miss the Derby but be in Melbourne for the rest of the racing carnival are the Jock Pagans, who'll arrive on November 3 and stay at the Southern Cross Hotel.

★ ★ ★

FOR Mrs. Hugh Dixson, who'll drive down with her husband and stay at the Town House, it will be her first Melbourne Cup, which she has been promising herself to see since she arrived from England twelve years ago. They'll also be late arrivals for the festivities, as they don't want to miss seeing their son, Hugh, on November 2 at the Tudor House Sports Day.

★ ★ ★

AJC committeeman Mr. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee, and Mrs. Thompson will fly down from Sydney on November 1 for one week. They'll make the Hotel Australia their headquarters.

★ ★ ★

GUESTS-OF-HONOR from New South Wales at the cocktail party Dr. and Mrs. Norman Wettenhall have planned at home in Toorak on Cup Eve will be Mrs. Wettenhall's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Lamb, of "Glen Rouchel," Scone, and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Body, of "Ardgour," Quirindi. The Lambs and the Bodys will be houseguests of the Wettenhalls for Race Week.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG-MARRIEDS Henry and Luise Creswick will go down from "Wingadel," Bowna, to their South Yarra flat for the races, and have sent out invitations for a cocktail party on November 6. They'll have their small daughters Natasha and Tamara with them.

★ ★ ★

WITH six RAN warships, headed by HMAS Sydney (which will be flagship for Rear-Admiral John Crabb), in port for Cup Week, there'll be lots of extra parties aboard and ashore. Wife of the captain of the Sydney, Mrs. D. A. H. Clarke, will fly down from Sydney with her eldest son, Simon, and stay with Mr. and Mrs. Ron Eilberg at Malvern.

★ ★ ★

ON November 3, Commodore and Mrs. John Dowson have bidden guests to luncheon at Cerberus House, HMAS Cerberus, Westernport. Talking of Commodore and Mrs. Dowson reminds me that they'll soon be saying farewell to their Melbourne friends. The Commodore is retiring this year and he and his wife (the former Mrs. Shirley Wharton) will be coming back to Sydney to their home in Darling Point early in December. Captain Ian Purves, who has been Captain of the Naval College at Jervis Bay, will succeed Commodore Dowson.

NOVEL form of transport to Melbourne for the Geoff Ashton, juns., of "Bibbenluke Station," Bibbenluke, and the Gavin Caseys, of Bombala, who'll fly down in the Ashtons' small plane for a four- or five-day stay.

★ ★ ★

FULL program for the British High Commissioner, Sir Charles Johnston, and Lady Johnston during their three-day visit to Melbourne. They'll be attending numerous Cup functions and will also be hosts at two cocktail parties at their South Yarra flat, the second of which is scheduled for Derby night.

★ ★ ★

BRIGHT young man-about-town John Baker will stay with Nicky and Caroline Holt at their home in Toorak for his six-day visit.

★ ★ ★

LEISURELY trip to Melbourne by car for the Philip Parburys, who'll leave a few days before the Cup to motor down slowly to stay with friends.

★ ★ ★

REGULAR racing enthusiasts the Charles Parsons will fly to Melbourne on October 30 and stay at the Windsor Hotel.

★ ★ ★

IN Sydney, the Peter Pan Committee's Cup Day Luncheon at Mrs. Roy Coote's promises again to be one of the most popular. And at Randwick Racecouse 200 guests will attend a Cup Day luncheon in Tattersalls' Room. The luncheon is the newly formed Flying High Committee's first money-raiser for the Air Ambulance Service.

— Mollie Lyons

● WHERE TO SEE ROBERT CARRIER

"BETTER living through finer cooking" is the theme of the talks Robert Carrier, famous cook-restaurateur-author, will give during his Australian tour, which is sponsored by Ronson Pty. Ltd. and The Australian Women's Weekly.

During the talks, assistants will prepare the following dishes — Roast Beef of England, Chicken en Cocotte, Salad Nicoise, Italian Tuna Salad, Soup Gazpacho, and Bananas au Rhum.

Recipes for several of these are included in our Robert Carrier lift-out cook book in our next week's issue.

IN SYDNEY:

November 4: 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m., Farmer's city store.

November 4: 6 p.m., Trocadero. Admission free. Limited number of reserved tickets available at electrical departments, Farmer's city and suburban stores, and Grace Bros., Broadway and suburban stores.

November 6: 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., Grace Bros., Roselands.

● *Robert Carrier's advice to hostesses, pages 36-38.*

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SHIPBOARD PARTY. Miss Julie Bolton (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson at the film preview and champagne party on board the Monterey arranged by a special committee headed by Mrs. Averil Trennery to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Keith Martin, Mrs. John Warry, and Mrs. Charles Phillips (left to right) on duty at the "Gifts in a Basket" shop in the Roma Arcade at Double Bay, the National Trust women's committee's newest money-raising venture. Members of the committee, working in a voluntary capacity, pack and deliver individual baskets and make suggestions for original baskets of gifts.



BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. John van de Wiel leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, following their marriage. Mrs. van de Wiel was formerly Mrs. Hanne Fairfax. A reception was held afterward at the Macquarie Club.



ABOVE: Mrs. Jim Spellson (at left) with her mother, Mrs. Arthur George, at the garden party fete held at the Beecroft home of Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick to aid the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Mrs. William Crook, wife of the American Ambassador, opened the fete.



AT RIGHT: Miss Penelope Paul and Mr. Frank Lindeman, who have announced their engagement. Miss Paul is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Adrian Paul, of Roseville. Her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lindeman, of Pymble.

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THEY ASKED AND THEY RECEIVED

● The Christian Brothers order celebrates the centenary of its arrival in Australia in November. Its history here began with four Brothers, no money, but a wealth of goodwill and faith.



By MAUREEN BANG

"AS for money . . . I haven't a rap. But throw yourself on the people and they will provide."

This was the "greeting" four Christian Brothers received from the Bishop of Melbourne soon after they arrived in Australia in November, 1868.

It came at the end of a 95-day journey from their native Ireland.

The brothers, led by Brother Patrick Ambrose Treacy, were virtually penniless. They even had to borrow 10/- from a passenger to get themselves and their belongings to the bishop's house.

But with no prospect of any immediate financial assistance from their superiors they did as the bishop had told them. They turned to the people—and found that the people did provide.

They appealed for funds in towns, country, and goldfields, where so many of their fellow Irishmen had come to try their luck.

School opened

And it was just a little more than two years later that these small contributions from all over the colony enabled Parade College, a three-storey bluestone building, to be built in East Melbourne, on land bought for £2000.

The school was opened in January, 1871, and within 20 months the entire cost, estimated at more than £8000, had been paid off.

That was the beginning.

Now, 100 years after Brother Treacy established the Christian Brothers in Australia, there are 130 schools, primary, secondary, technical, and agricultural, schools for the blind, deaf, and underprivileged, and mission schools.

There are 1200 brothers, and the area now covered extends from Perth to New Zealand, from Tasmania to New Guinea.

It is part of the Christian Brothers community which has spread throughout 17 countries in the world since this Roman Catholic teaching body was first founded in Ireland, in 1802, by Edmund Ignatius Rice.

Centenary celebrations will be held in Melbourne. These will include a Mass at the Myer Music Bowl, on November 17, an education conference, and social functions.

A General Chapter of the Christian Brothers order will also be held. This will be the first time that a chapter has been held outside Ireland or Rome.

Some of the schools set up by the order have been temporary, such as the very first one in the hall at the back of St. Francis', Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, a few months after the arrival of the four brothers.

And once, during World War II, when schools in the north of Australia were taken over by the armed forces, a schoolroom was set up in the bar of a hotel in Charters Towers, Qld.

But the first permanent school, Parade College, is still a boys' school. Its name was changed to Cathedral College when a new Parade College was opened earlier this year on 80 acres of land at Bundoora, 12 miles from Melbourne.

Except for a few additions, the original Parade looks as good now as it did when first built.

"It was made to stand," said Brother Thomas Garvey, who was the college's principal between 1935-1940. "Pupils call it the 'bluestone pile.'"

Brother Garvey can look back to the early days when schools were much more "primitive."

He has been awarded the MBE for public services, and is a teacher at St. Leo's, Box Hill. He has been teaching since 1908, "long enough not to have any hair," he said, laughing. "But I still have a little."

Speaking of the growth of the Christian Brothers' community, he said, "We couldn't have advanced half as quickly without the extraordinary financial co-operation of the boys' parents."

Another distinguished brother, Brother Gildas O'Neill, of Melbourne, who died on October 14, aged 82, knew Brother Treacy.

He remembered him as "full of faith and wisdom. He had foresight. He knew where to build. He was a great man."

Brother O'Neill recalled before his death that he first knew Brother Treacy when a young man in Ireland. "He talked to us about Australia. About the kangaroos," he had said, smiling. His voice still retained a soft Irish brogue after more than 60 years in Australia.

Brother O'Neill was himself a "great man." A person with great personal magnetism.

For the latter 40 years of his life he had been blind. But he had devoted those years to helping the blind, and was awarded the MBE for his work.

He had helped in teaching hundreds of blind people, and had pioneered residential schools for them.

He established, to his own design, Villa Madonna Nursing Home for the Aged Blind at Windsor, where he lived and worked while his health permitted.

He had directed appeals for the blind. Money! It came from heaven, he said.

He said he had never asked for a shilling. People just gave him money. The public were very compassionate toward the blind.

But Brother O'Neill's work had not only been with the blind. He started this only when he was completely blind himself.

Same advantages

He first taught at schools in Melbourne, Sydney, and in Adelaide, where, he said, "something went wrong with my eyes."

He was also principal of St. Vincent's Orphanage in Melbourne.

They had been "very badly off in those days," he had said. The boys had been sent out to farms and were often "badly treated."

Brother O'Neill had spent some time at St. Vincent's Orphanage, in Dublin, which was very well equipped. He had wanted to see the same advantages in the one in Melbourne.

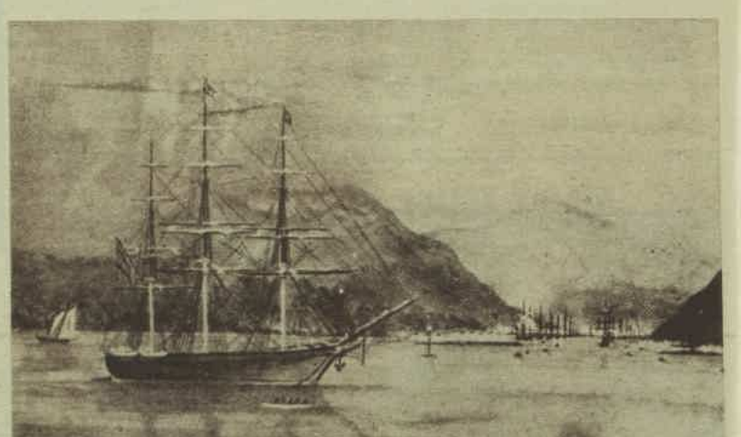
He cleaned it up. Brought it up to date.



BROTHER Vincent McKenna, headmaster of St. Kevin's Senior College, Toorak, Vic., above, talks to group of boys.

BROTHER Patrick Ambrose Treacy, left, "the man of foresight," who established the Brothers in Australia.

SAILING SHIP the Donald McKay, below, in which the four Christian Brothers came to Australia in 1868.



He said he had told the boys what he had intended doing. They had just grinned at him. They had been very sceptical. They had known there was no money. He had told them to "pray very hard."

The money had come. One man left £7000, another woman £2000, another £5000. People he had never seen.

Altogether, £25,000 was spent on the orphanage, and the boys appreciated what had been done for them. "It had a wonderful effect on them," Brother O'Neill had said.

It had given him happiness as well as the boys. They had grown very fond of him, and he of them.

And what he missed most about losing his sight was not being able to see the boys' eyes at St. Vincent's light up when he talked to them.

When he lost his sight, it was the boys from St. Vincent's who acted as his guide when he wanted to find out where blind people lived.

He found them in back rooms of houses, very poorly looked after. He wanted a hostel for the adult blind.

He was given an old five-room cottage, and sold it to the wreckers for £25. He had £200 in the bank, and with that started to build Villa Maria Hostel.

That was soon full. So he bought Villa Madonna, once a hospital, and a doctor's house next door, and joined them together.

This he designed with ramps and rails so the blind could walk around without assistance. They have their own private rooms.

Another new hostel being built is to be named after him. It is an honor which this very modest man accepted with much reluctance.

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Abandon despair . . . all ye who enter

● This should be the welcoming sign above "The Door of Hope," a children's home and school, founded by former New Zealand restaurateur Diana Balemi after her arrival in Bombay nearly four years ago.



DIANA BALEMI with one of the batik paintings she hopes to sell during her tour of Australia and New Zealand to help to raise funds for a new children's village and a colony for adults to be built in Bombay.

By **BARBARA MARTYN**

THERE was so much she wanted to tell about the children, it was hard to get her to talk about herself.

But, as she brought out picture after picture of the waifs of Bombay, told me their tragic stories, and what she was trying to do for them, her own story, of a woman who has given up everything to join the fight against the awesome poverty of India, slowly took shape.

Slim, surprisingly pale after four years in the hot Bombay sun, sari-clad, and speaking with a slight trace of the sing-song Indian accent, Diana Balemi held out a stark black-and-white photograph. A child, wearing an ill-fitting cast-off European dress, stared back at you in grim defiance.

Rag huts

"This little girl and three more children lived with their mother in a 5ft. by 5ft. space between two rag huts," she said. "They existed by selling overripe fruit."

The little girl, Paru, and 31 other children now live with Diana in a six-room flat in Bombay. A second photograph showed Paru wearing a prettily trimmed dress made specially for her, and the broad grin of a child given the security of care, affection, and hope for a future.

The six-room flat is a children's home and school run by the Door of Hope Society, which Diana founded nearly four years ago.

How had it started? Diana skimmed over her own story quickly and simply.

"I'm from New Zealand," she said, her green eyes smiling shyly through dark-rimmed glasses. "I used to own a restaurant in Hamilton. Business was very good, so in 1962 I decided to go on a world tour.

"I travelled through Europe and the Middle East for about 16 months, and then arrived in India. I was terribly shocked by what I found there."

India, with its 30 million jobless, 75 million homeless, and 80 percent of its 500 million people undernourished, is a shock to all who visit there, but unlike most visitors who exclaim their horror, and then move on to Hong Kong for a gay shopping spree to recover, Diana decided to stay and offer help.

Her commitment was immediate and complete. With no previous experience in social work, she sought out voluntary organisations already established in Bombay, and worked with them for 15 months.

In that time she came to know well the poor areas of the city, where thousands live in "huts" made of bamboo, mud, and rags, and many are simply "pavement" dwellers who huddle on bare, open ground to sleep.

Diana wanted to do even more. If she could only provide a home for some of the children! She decided her course, sold her restaurant for funds, and founded the Door of Hope Society.

Accommodation was painfully scarce, and very expensive, but finally Diana managed to rent a four-room flat at the top of an old building.

Struggling to provide the children with a daily portion of food, Diana admitted she had gone without food herself at times, and often lived on a diet of bread and bananas for days.

Her funds dwindled rapidly, and finally she decided she would have to return to New Zealand to raise money to support her project. She found supporters in both Australia and New Zealand, and returned to Bombay with funds to continue and expand her work.

The home was moved to a six-room flat, where the 32 children, "Miss Diana" (as they call her), and "Aunty," or Rosemary, the Indian house matron, live.

The children now have matting and pillows to sleep on, three sets of clothing each, good daily food, and all the love and affection Miss Diana, "Aunty," and other helpers can give them.

"They are so incredibly happy with so little — so grateful and responsive," Diana said.

"We are only providing the children with bare necessities.

"Only one room of the home has any real furniture. We have tried to make it a bit decent and pretty to give the children some idea of a better standard of living.

"The most important thing we are doing for the children is providing them with schooling. A highly qualified teacher, Mrs. Datta, B.A., B.Com., who is assistant mistress of a Bombay school, volunteered to teach the children each afternoon.

"It is wonderful to see the children, who are virtually little animals when they come to us from their 'pavement existence,' gradually respond to education and acquire the feeling of a better way of life."

The children range in age from two to 14 years (with one girl, Victoria, now 17, who helps run the home). Some have been abandoned by their parents, others are visited by them about once a month.

All have tragic backgrounds. One parent dead from tuberculosis, the other scraping an existence from begging, selling overripe fruit, or prostitution is the usual story.

It is no wonder the children are so grateful to be taken into "The Door of Hope."

"When they are naughty, I find the worst thing I can threaten is that they must leave," Diana said. "Some of the little ones cannot remember their own parents, and think of me as their mother. They get very forlorn if I get cross and tell them to go and pack their bundle."

Batik art

Diana sees her work in Bombay as a lifetime commitment.

"The heartbreak is in being able to help only a few. I turn so many cases away from my door. I cannot take them all. Children are continually being brought to me by parents, voluntary service organisations, and even Indian Government social workers."

But Diana is taking on more and more work. Seeing India's biggest problem as lack of employment for its people, she established a Batik Art Centre last year to employ physically handicapped or illiterate adults.

(Batik art is a wax-and-dye technique. Designs or pictures are drawn on white cloth and dyes applied, each dye followed by an application of boiling wax. The wax often cracks into an irregular network, which results in a charming marble or stained-glass effect.)

"My idea is that if this art could be taught to people who cannot find work, they could support themselves by it."

One of the leading masters in the art, Chadrakant Upadhaya, has given some of his time to teach students at the art centre.

Diana has brought a collection of batik paintings by Mr. Chadrakant and his students to sell during her tour of Australia and New Zealand to raise funds for the next step in her work—building a children's village and a colony for rehabilitating destitute adults.

"There is a 12-acre site we are hopeful of acquiring, and an architect has already drawn up plans for it," she said.

Community Aid Abroad is representing the Door of Hope Society in Sydney, and has organised an exhibition of the batik paintings at Proud's Gallery during Diana's lecture tour in Sydney from November 4 to 16.





PARU (left), formerly an undernourished product of the back streets of Bombay, is now (above) a smiling, healthy, well-cared-for child since she entered "The Door of Hope."

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ELIZABETH. A beautiful bride, 18" tall, with lace gown and long hair. $11.25.

MANDY. An appealing doll, 16" tall, dressed in cotton/lace party shift and with long hair. $7.75.

LIZ. The natural extrovert, 16" tall. Liz wears a modern, sophisticated hostess gown and long curling hair. $10.25.

TRICIA. Dressed in a gorgeous, fully-lined, nylon frock with a circular skirt, with taffeta ribbon and lace trim. She has long curling hair and is 18" tall. $13.50.

BELLA. A delightful negro doll, 16" tall, in striped cotton frock with earrings and matching headband. $6.75.

MARY. She's a cheerful character, with unruly short curly hair, smocked cotton frock with lace trim, 16" tall. Mary costs $6.25.

SQUINTY. Squinty might almost be Mary's baby sister. 9" tall with an urchin haircut, dressed in white with bonnet. $3.15.

TRACEY. She's a with-it girl wearing a mod frock and long hair, 18" tall. $7.25.

SPARKLE. When she grows up she'll be a problem. 17" tall, she's dressed in a baby doll crepe shift. $7.50.

PATSY. A new-born baby doll, 19" tall, in nylon and lace christening gown. $10.25.

TANYA. She's the beauty of the family, 18" tall. Her long curling hair sets off a three-tiered ball gown to perfection. $12.25.

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Television

Jackie's romance boosts sales of new pop song

● A song dramatising a romance between people of different faiths has been brought to Sydney by its singer-composer from the U.S. He will sing it here in a "Bandstand" program.

THE marriage of Jackie Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis has had some strange side-effects — it has boosted the sales of a new pop song, "Star-Crossed Lovers," and is expected to boost the ratings of TCN9's TV perennial, Brian Henderson's "Bandstand."

The man behind these two side-effects is dapper musician Neil Sedaka, who wrote the song and will sing it in a special edition of "Bandstand" on November 2 at 6.30 p.m.

" 'Star-Crossed Lovers' is a very, very controversial song concerning a man who goes to his priest and confesses that he has fallen in love with a girl of a different faith," he told me.

"When, with Howard Greenfield, I wrote it, it was expected to get a big reaction and it did.

"It is a situation in life very much in the news today, and we felt it should be said musically. I recorded it and it has just been released in the United States.

"Since the sensation and the religious controversy over the Kennedy - Onassis marriage, I have been talking to New York, and they tell me it has had a very favorable impact on sales of 'Star-Crossed Lovers.' Sales have risen considerably."

Pre-release disc

Sedaka is Jewish, but he sings the song as the confession of a Catholic to his priest. He played me a pre-release recording that he brought with him.

As he said, it is written and sung on a very emotional level.

Sedaka is a small, neat man with olive skin, brown eyes, and brown hair that grows on his head like a well-fitting silken cap. He sports the current modish side-levers, worn show-business length, an inch below the ear lobes.

The side-levers belie his general squarish look. He told me that a year ago he thought side-levers were "wild, too wild," but now he wears them quite comfortably.

Sedaka stands 5ft. 5in. tall, and at 28 looks trim, but can't, I imagine, afford to romp regardless among the pastries.

He has an unusual look that makes you wonder about his ancestors. I found that his paternal grandparents were Turks, his mother Polish. His surname, Sedaka, is his real name, and is a Hebrew word meaning charity.

Sedaka started his musical life as a prodigy at the piano. He won a scholarship to the famous New York Juilliard School of Music when he was nine, was musical director of an orchestra

By NAN MUSGROVE

at a summer camp when he was 12, was chosen by famous pianist Artur Rubinstein as the winner of a big American musical contest at 16.

When he was 19 he had his first 1,000,000 record seller, "The Diary," written and sung by him, and followed it up with his first super-colossal success, "Oh, Carol," which sold 2,500,000 records.

Between 1959 and 1963, more than 16,000,000 Neil Sedaka records were sold — golden music for the teeny-boppers as well as for the Sedaka bank account.

He came to Australia first in 1961, at the height of his fame as a pop singer, to appear on Digby Wolfe's "Revue '61," came again to Chequers in 1966.

"Today, I am in the enviable position where I can sustain my position as an artist through cabaret, hotel, and TV work without depending on the teeny-boppers," he said.

"This is very good, because although the teeny-boppers are a wonderful audience they are inclined to be a little on the fickle side."

Sedaka is married to a girl of German extraction whose name is Leba, a form of the German word for "love." Leba plans to join him in Sydney, where he is playing the South Sydney Junior Leagues Club.

She may bring their two-year-old son, Marc, with her if she feels he can stand the long air trip, but will leave their daughter, Dara (5), at home.

Hasn't a note

Leba has no show-business ambitions.

"She is busy being a wife and mother," Sedaka said. "In fact, Leba is tone deaf. She hasn't a note. She doesn't sing in the bath, she doesn't hum, but makes up for this lack in beauty. She is a beautiful woman."

Leaving tone to her husband, Leba Sedaka has concentrated on a new image for her showbiz husband, and in the past few months has entirely reorganised his wardrobe.

I think those "comfortable" side-levers may reflect her influence.

"She said my clothes were so square she was going to throw them all out of the wardrobe," he said.

"I didn't agree with her at first, but she pointed out to me that my clothes were so old-fashioned they were like the wardrobe of a woman who refused to wear short skirts, and still wore pointed-toe shoes.

"Now I have a wardrobe of hip, in-clothes. Most of it is by Pierre Cardin. I like the Cardin suits with six- and eight - buttoned double-breasted styling, a flared coat, and slightly flared trousers.

"I also have several of Cardin's 'walking - jackets.' These are coats worn high to the neck over turtlenecked sweaters and contrasting trousers.

"Beads and jewelled medallions are out now, and I don't wear them."

Sedaka, who believes his left profile is his best side, can't quite decide what to wear when he appears on "Bandstand."

You can depend, however, on something of Pierre Cardin's, something just a bit wild, and you can depend on "Star-Crossed Lovers."

What with French couture clothes and the ripples from the Kennedy-Onassis marriage, "Bandstand" will have a very jet-set image for November 2.

★ ★ ★

JACK WARDEN, Lieutenant Mike Haines of "N.Y.P.D.," TCN9's new half-hour crime show, is one of TV's most durable actors. He has had his own show, "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," and he has also appeared in practically every TV drama series ever made.

"N.Y.P.D." stands for New York Police Department, with Lieut. Haines as top guy, working on every difficult assignment, ably supported by a big team of detectives.

The show is what is described in the U.S. these days as "fully integrated" — which means that a Negro is a permanent member of the cast.

"N.Y.P.D.'s" integration is Robert Hooks, as Detective Geoff Ward, who in a whiter-than-white shirt looks startlingly black.

In the second episode he was the hero of the piece, going into a saloon to put the arm on a man who had murdered one policeman and seriously wounded another.

Ward went into the saloon in that white shirt, nonchalantly swinging his coat, while the rest of the police stayed outside, buttoning themselves into bulletproof vests.

"N.Y.P.D." is a crime series that lives up to that overworked tag "action-packed." As a half-hour show, complete in each episode, there is no time for verbiage or character building — it is zap! pow! and ker-plunk! from go to whoa.

I like it. It is a treat to have some of those old crime series cliches, like shooting it out round packing cases in a warehouse, and chasing up and down staircases in disused factories, cut down to a camera blink.



NEIL SEDAKA, composer and singer, says his new song, "Star-Crossed Lovers," is "very, very controversial . . . much in the news."

Big week for news programs

LAST week was one of high drama on TV, with the satellite on Tuesday night and the announcement of Australia's first heart transplant on Wednesday, a TV scoop which presented viewers with instant history medically.

First announcements came with the 6.30 p.m. news, and all night—starting with "This Day Tonight's" splendid background piece — viewers on all channels were filled in on the operation from the scene at St. Vincent's Hospital, where journalists and TV vans and cameras were in force.

Special awards should surely be struck this week for TCN9's Brian Bury and ATN7's Roger Climpson for their ordeal by satellite.

Both Bury and Climpson were chosen by their channels as linkmen in the satellite telecast of the splashdown of the Apollo 7 capsule, bringing back the three astronauts from their 11-day mission.

As linkmen, they were not expected to be too much in the picture—but both of them were left with only their own nimble minds and voices between viewers and the complete disintegration of a program that promised such high drama.

Climpson and Bury both had to ad lib for what must have been agonising lengths of time, as technical difficulties, pictures without sound, or pictures with the wrong sound hit the TV screen.

What viewers eventually did see was interesting, but the satellite certainly wasn't on its best form.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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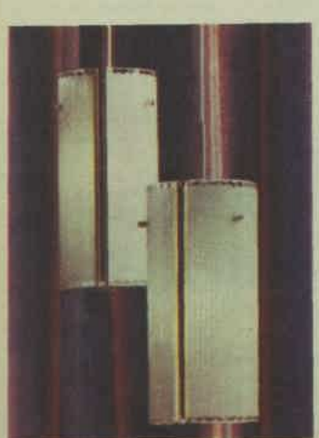
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KEMPTHORNE

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Television

THE MAGIC OF MILLER



PROFESSOR MILLER demonstrating the physics of toys at Temple Emanuel. He agrees with Einstein that formal education "kills the holy spirit of curiosity in children," and he needles them to think, be curious.

● Excitement, stimulation, and startling situations follow Professor Julius Sumner Miller, TV's lively academic. When he visited Sydney's Temple Emanuel to talk about the physics of toys to its pre-school kindergarten, a small boy (see picture below) held the end of a string so the professor could set a gaily colored clown a-riding a monocycle. The boy, aged three, startled the indulgent audience by saying, "It's the centre of gravity pulling to make him ride." "Is not that amazing?" the Professor asked. "I'll teach him calculus at nine."

—NAN MUSGROVE





SAND PICTURES, above, made by vibrations of a violin bow drawn on the edge of steel tables holding a pile of sand. Boy at right, Michael Breedon, now five, was so interested in physics when he was three ("What makes the water whirl going out of my bath?") that his mother, Mrs. P. Breedon, arranged the demonstration with Professor Miller. LEFT: Clown rides string held by clever boy, three. The Professor may be seen on ABC-TV in "Uncommon Men And Great Ideas" in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane at 5.40 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays; in other States later. He is on ABC radio, Fridays at 5.30 p.m., Second Network, from November 8.

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WOODEN sandals painted with a riot of color and design in a new do-it-yourself American-inspired fashion trend.

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

PAINT YOUR OWN CLOTHES

THE most in thing at the moment is to wear your own work of art — hand-painted clothes and sandals that express your personality.

Even if you have never painted anything before, you will find it simple to decorate dresses, skivvies, culottes, and sandals. And each will be an individual YOU!

The craze for do-it-yourself fashion decorating began in the United States and has reached the Sydney suburb of Paddington, where small shops have imaginative ranges of hand-painted clothes. They also will paint individual designs selected by customers.

Julie Simpson, who owns a small design centre in Paddington, is specialising in this new fashion. She gave the following instructions for readers who want to try painting their own clothes.

Use any material with a good cotton base such as calico, sailcloth, indian headcloth, lawn, poplin, interlock; anything that soaks up the paint. Silk is much more difficult to use and it would be best to leave it alone until you have become an experienced cloth-painter.

Wash the cloth first to remove any dressing, then iron it damp to make it smooth and even.

For the actual painting you need:

- Jars of fabric dye obtainable at art supply shops.
- An oil-paint brush to give firm control and straight lines.
- An artist's pen for fine line strokes.

Cut out your material, but paint the designs on it before making it up. With ready-made skivvies, try to avoid the seams, which tend to buckle the paint.

Pin the fabric to newspaper or a board and, if you wish, outline the design with a very fine pencil or charcoal.

Then choose the colors and go to work with the paint.

By GLORIA NEWTON

Allow the paint to dry thoroughly, then iron evenly for five minutes with the hottest heat the fabric will take. This will set the paint and make the garment washable.

To decorate wooden sandals you need:

- Sandpaper.
- Camelhair paintbrush.
- Some bright acrylic paints.
- A coat of shellac to set the design.

Rub the wooden part of the sandal with sandpaper until the surface is smooth. Sketch your design on the wood and leather with a soft pencil, then paint it with your brightest colors. You can transform old leather sandals with the paint, too.

When the paint is completely dry, cover the sandals with a thin coat of shellac and you are ready to put your most original foot forward.

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PLAIN white culotte, left, made of nun's veiling, a fine, soft wool, painted by Paddington artist Michail Wilson.

SIMPLE white indian silk dress, right, dramatised by hand-painting. The dress has been washed a dozen times.

WHITE skivvies take on an air of Carnaby Street, below, and become original colorful summer tops when hand-painted with gay fabric dye.





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WHO WILL BE NEXT PRESIDENT OF



Hubert Horatio HUMPHREY

• Democrat, aged 57. Vice-President under Lyndon B. Johnson. Born in Wallace, South Dakota, son of the owner of a drugstore. Had to leave university to work six years in the store; married Muriel Buck. (They have a daughter, three sons.) He got his pharmacist's degree, switched studies and became a college teacher in political science. In World War II was a regional manpower director; became Mayor of Minneapolis, and entered U.S. Senate in 1949. (To help provide campaign funds, Muriel went out to work.) Vice-President since 1964. *Politics:* Liberal reformist. Helped form current civil-rights policies. *Personality:* Emotional, outgoing.

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THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?



Richard Milhous NIXON

● Republican, aged 55. Vice-President under Dwight Eisenhower. Born in California, son of poor Quakers; became a lawyer. Married Thelma ("Pat") Ryan in 1940—they have two daughters. Served in World War II as a Lieut-Commander in the Navy. Became a member of the U.S. House of Representatives in 1948 and the Senate in 1951. Elected Vice-President in 1952; visited 55 countries, and was virtually President during Eisenhower's illnesses. Opposed John F. Kennedy for the Presidency in 1960, failed by narrowest margin in the history of the election. *Politics:* Conservative, stressing law and order. *Personality:* Methodical, persistent.

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BEAUTIFUL

AUSTRALIA



Picture above by Mr. J. O. Colahan, Cheltenham, Vic.

Picture below by Mrs. Ann Glenn, an American visitor.

By the Swan and the Tamar

ABOVE: The Narrows Bridge bisects the stretch of the Swan River that lies along the foreshores of Perth's changing and sophisticated skyline, and (BELOW) the graceful arch of Tasmania's Gorge Bridge across the Tamar River divides a quiet boat anchorage from the entrance to Cataract Gorge. Beyond it, the city of Launceston runs out toward its backdrop of mountains.



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From Russia with rice



RUSSIAN LAMB SHASHLIK (TRY THIS RECIPE—AND SEND FOR MORE!)

• 3 lb lamb—leg boned • Salt and pepper to taste • 2 onions sliced • 2 cloves garlic crushed • 1 tablespoon chopped parsley • 1 cup brown vinegar • 1 cup water or white wine • ⅛ teaspoon allspice • Slices of lemon

Cut lamb into 2½" squares leaving a little fat on the meat. Place in bowl, season with salt and pepper, cover with onion, garlic, and parsley. Boil vinegar, water and allspice. Cool, pour over lamb and let stand for at least four hours. Remove from bowl, dry and place on skewers. Grill over moderate flame, basting with drippings and marinate for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve on bed of fluffy rice (re-heated rice from the refrigerator) garnished with lemon slices.

Always keep ready-cooked rice on hand, cook up a whole pound of Sunwhite and store it, covered, in your refrigerator.



Send for this colourful recipe file (10"x8" with pockets) with free Rice recipes. Send your name and address with 25c in stamps to: RICE COOKERY BUREAU, Dept. WW61, Box 432, GPO, Sydney, 2001.





ABOVE: As many people think of her — Susan Hampshire as Fleur in "The Forsyte Saga" with Martin Jarvis (Jon).

BELOW: As Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair" Susan wears a red wig. The Thackeray novel is the first classic serial filmed in color by the BBC, and will be seen here eventually.

● "Literally overnight, my portrayal of Fleur in 'The Forsyte Saga' transformed my life," says actress Susan Hampshire. Yet she did not want the part at first. It came at a turbulent time. "Pierre and I wanted to get married . . . everyone was against it . . . My mother was desperately ill, and had only a short time to live." Susan tells of her unconventional childhood in London, early jobs, her near-disastrous months in Hollywood.



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LEFT: Susan Hampshire and her husband, French film director Pierre Granier Deferre, married in May, 1967. "Pierre is my ideal in so many ways," she says. "I am more deeply happy than I have ever been."

Pictures by DAVID STEEN, Camera Press

THE SUSAN HAMPSHIRE STORY

WHEN I was born they called me George. The nurse who delivered me told my mother I was a boy. She must have been rather short-sighted, and for three days in the nursing home she would say, "He's a fine boy, Mrs. Hampshire. Look at those lovely strong shoulders."

On the third day when my mother was bathing me she discovered the mistake. They were all very surprised and promptly changed my name to Susan.

The story was often told and I grew up hearing it repeated from time to time and greeted with shrieks of laughter. For a long time I felt I'd rather let everybody down, being a girl when they so wanted a boy.

After such a beginning I suppose it was inevitable that I should come in for more than the usual share of misunderstanding.

An unconventional childhood, with a rich father we saw only on special occasions and a mother who worked 24 hours a day and kept the family together; an abortive attempt to launch me into society as a debutante; a career more full of cliff-hangers than the proverbial TV soap opera . . . it is only now that I truly feel my life is taking a definite shape.

The most important thing to me is my marriage to Pierre Granier Deferre, the French film director. I am happier with him than I ever believed it possible to be.

And my career . . . well, for the first time I feel as if I am in control. Literally overnight, my portrayal of Fleur Forsyte in "The Forsyte Saga," for the BBC, transformed my life and brought me thousands of new admirers all over the world.

Yet the time when I was playing Fleur was the most turbulent part of my life. Pierre and I wanted to get married, but everyone we knew (including my family) was strongly against it, because he had been married twice before and had children. At the same time I learned that my mother was desperately ill and had only a short time to live.

I accepted the part of Fleur for many reasons, but the main one was that it meant I could be at home with my mother while I was working.

I understood Fleur, the unlucky-in-love heroine. I've always had a great sympathy for the loser in a love affair.

It was a difficult part and sometimes the off-the-set complications were almost as many and varied as the problems of Galsworthy's characters. But it turned out to be the most significant performance of my career. Today, as a direct result of it, I have the choice of parts.

Although it seems as if I have been stage-struck for ever, in fact, I remember when I was a very small girl my ambition was to be a nurse.

I've always had a great capacity for attracting lame ducks, and people who need help tend to latch on to me. This over-developed social conscience is a gift that sometimes lands me in trouble.

MY mother wanted me to be a dancer. She herself had been a dancer before she married my father. He was a young scientist, not very well off. They had three children (my brother John and sisters Jane and Ann) and then the marriage split up.

Later, they tried to become reconciled and had a brief reunion. I was the result—and both my parents were very keen for me to be a boy.

The first of two parts

After I was born they parted again and never lived together until the very end of my father's life, years later, when he was dying and my mother went to nurse him.

This might all sound very tragic, and I suppose it is, although no more so than many other lives, but, in fact, my childhood was immensely happy. We were very hard up. Although my father by that time had risen to be a divisional chairman of ICI and was really quite rich, my mother wasn't benefiting from it.

My mother was one of those deceptively fragile-looking women who thrive on hard work. She was the first up and the last to bed every single day. As well as looking after the family, she ran a school. At first it was just a ballet school, but after a while it became a general education school with dancing lessons as well.

At first the school was in a studio in Basil Street, behind Harrods, London. We all lived in the studio, the divans were put behind a curtain in an alcove during the day and brought out at night.

I would be put down to sleep, then my mother and sisters would sit around and talk about what had happened during the day, plan the following day's menu (she cooked lunch for about 60 pupils every day), and discuss which parents hadn't paid their fees and why.

It was fascinating conversation for a juvenile eavesdropper. I listened avidly to every word—I'm sure that to this day I've black circles under my eyes through listening to those late-night family conferences.

I always knew about everything that went on. It used to make me very cross that people owed my mother money. Some of them didn't pay for three years. And when a girl would brag in class, "Oh, my father's going to buy me a pony," I would retort, "Pity he doesn't pay your school fees first."

Money was always discussed in hushed tones—probably my mother knew how nosy I was—and as soon as their voices dropped to a whisper I would strain my ears.

A lot of the parents were artists, poets, painters, who were even more hard-up than we were, and they would often offer to pay their fees by painting one of my sisters. Consequently, I've inherited a lot of nice paintings from my mother, unfortunately all of them of my sisters! But even the people who were rich enough to pay up only needed to give my mother some sob story and she would reduce the bill.

She did all the paperwork herself, and she was a fantastic disciplinarian.

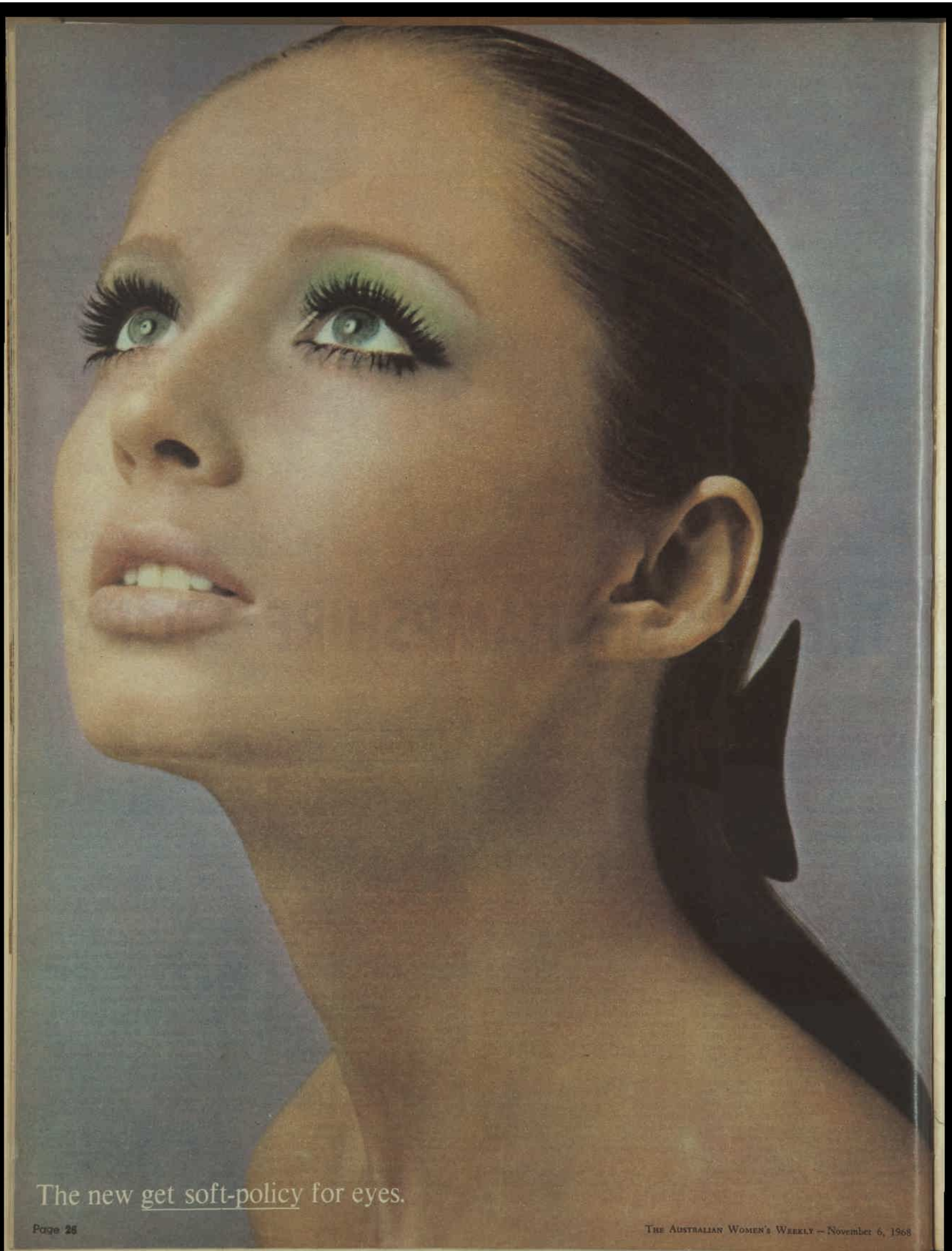
Often new pupils would come from one of the embassies, or related to the royal family, and the nanny would bring them in and look around, rather put off by what seemed a very casual atmosphere.

Apart from my mother, my sisters were also teachers and the whole spirit of the place was informal. But everything was always under control, and within three days the most neurotic child behaved normally.

As the school grew, we moved from Basil Street into a church hall, and went to live in Dolphin Square. Our new living accommodation was luxurious compared with what we'd been used to. We never had a bath at Basil Street, and when we wanted one had to visit friends in more salubrious circumstances. Between baths — every day, in fact—we were forced to have what my mother called a "strip wash," which meant a basin of cold water and standing naked on a towel.

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Revlon invents new Demi-Makeup for Eyes

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When Revlon invented Demi-Makeup for *skin*, your face went the way of Today. Open. Fresh. Free. And now we've done it for *eyes*. With new Demi-Makeup. The Today Fashion in eyewear. Everything is totally translucent. That means *soft*. A whole new kind of soft. Almost *see-through* soft. So soft, in fact, it shouldn't even be called makeup. And it's not. It's *Demi*-Makeup.

The colors are the merest little *mists*. The gently polished textures are refined (and *re*-refined) to an almost floatable lightness. What they do is absolutely *rivet* attention to your eyes without being show off-y about it. From now on, hard, showy eye makeup has had it. The look that's in for eyes is Translucent. Soft. *Demi*.



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New! Translucent Powdered Eyeshadow. To make you look all eyes instead of all eyeshadow, color your eyes *soft* with these sheerest of powder-cremes. 8 lightly-lustered shades–each paired with a luminous 'lidlighter'. In a chic 2-in-one compact with brush inside.



New! Translucent Liquid Eyeliner. The least *obvious* liner you've ever laid eyes on. Gently shined, to play up eyes for all they're worth. 6 softsheen demi-shades.



New! Translucent Lengthening Mascara. Gives you the longest, silkiest lashes ever. So soft and delicate, even *lower lashes* can be lengthened–and still look believable. (Even the brush has a brand new twist!) 6 demi-shades.

new 'Moon Drops' Demi-Makeup for Eyes

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A WALK WITH THE ANIMAL DOCTOR

At Taronga Zoo he has a most interesting collection of patients, reluctant and otherwise



RECENTLY we spent a warm, brisk spring morning accompanying Taronga Zoo's veterinarian on his daily round of calls.

We got only part of the way with him, for the temptation to linger beside the "beds" was too much for us and the vet, one of Sydney's busiest, just couldn't spare the time for such dallyings.

"Never even have time to catch up with my paper work," he said as we scurried up and down the steep walks of the zoo. "With so many patients, all so varied, something is always happening, and, of course, I am on call night and day."

The morning round started off with three outsiders who had been rushed into casualty. Leo, a sea leopard picked up from a Sydney beach, an albatross too exhausted to fly, and a dainty little echidna who had had the tip of her nose chopped off in an accident. Then we met Alex the alligator and Sarina the elephant. It was at this last call that we were abandoned by the doctor. Elephants are such friendly people.

During a 15-minute wait, while the doctor sped off to arrange for equipment to examine the alligator, we played with Susie and Sheila, the two lovable dolphins who were frolicking in their large pool.

It was early in the morning and very few people were about, so Keith Joiner, the keeper, unlocked a gate over the rim of the pool and we leaned in. A whistle brought Susie and Sheila skimming through the water to prop their happy, laughing faces on a rock beneath us.

They squeaked their pleasure as we tickled their chins and their foreheads and put our hands into their mouths so that they could nibble them in much the same way as a puppy, while their intelligent eyes looked us over with keen interest.

Then away, with a swoop, a dive, a leap into the air, to circle the pool and come back for more caresses, as if to say, "Did you enjoy that? Aren't we graceful, aren't we clever?"

When we finally left we walked up above the pool and looked down. There was Susie — or was it Sheila? — lying just below the surface and looking up at us, saying so eloquently, "Don't go away — come back and play some more. We were having so much fun."

Who was the killer?

When, next door, we were busy photographing and talking to Coleridge the albatross, two heads kept bobbing up over the adjoining wall. "They know we are here and they want us to come back and see them," said the doctor.

As we climbed the zoo's steps to the office at the end of the morning, I took one last look at Susie and Sheila. By now a crowd had assembled around the pool and the two happy, trusting, affectionate dolphins were having the time of their lives with a large rubber ball. Even from where I stood you could see they were putting their heart and soul into entertaining their visitors.

And the next day, when I heard of Sheila's death, I wondered if it was at that moment a heedless, careless, sadistic hand had tossed the handkerchief into the pool — the handkerchief that was wrapped around the bundle of sharp fishhooks that killed the gay, happy little dolphin I had played with.

—GLORIA NEWTON

SPIKY

THIS shy, appealing little echidna had the tip of her nose chopped off when enthusiastic "animal savers," digging her out of their garden, accidentally let their spade slip.

The doctor said, "They had rung to tell us that she was in their garden and did we want her. Being conservationists, we said no, that we felt it better to leave her where she was.

"But they went ahead to try to dig her out, injured her, rang us again, and we took her in for treatment.

"I think she will be all right. The nose seems to be healing quite well."

Neatly evading the yellowish black-tipped quills, the doctor held the echidna firmly while Bill Jorgensen swabbed the long, horny nose. Small eyes looked with alarm from behind the barrage of quills, and the spadelike nails, which can burrow quickly into soft earth, clung to the doctor's hand.

The snout is very important to the echidna, which is also known as the Australian spiny ant-eater. They like to snuffle under stones and tree-stumps in search of ants and termites, which they pick up with a long, sticky pink tongue and draw into the mouth with so much relish.

Pictures by staff photographer
ERNIE NUTT



SARINA

SARINA, delightfully female and looking rather hoydenish, was happily and hopefully waving her trunk over the wall of the elephant house, playing with the children clustered outside, and daintily accepting titbits of biscuits.

Acknowledging the importance of the doctor's visit, she quickly adopted her most ladylike manner and trod daintily through the gate to submit patiently to an examination.

"Seems better, doc," said keeper Dave Cody as Sarina acknowledged the visitors' greetings and delicately raised her huge foot for inspection. It had, said Dave, been quite tender and sore for the past few days.

"Seems as right as rain now," reported the doctor as he evaded Sarina's trunk, which, in her embarrassment, she kept dropping on to his back. "Should be ready for work this afternoon," he added.

Sarina raised her trunk in ecstasy. "This has made her very happy," said Dave. "She loves children and she has missed going out each afternoon to take them riding on her back."

"Wonderful man with elephants," said the doctor as we watched a jubilant Sarina, guided by Dave, edge her way carefully through the elephant-house door. "It is most amazing how they all instantly obey Dave's every command. If they do play up and he gets cross with them, they cry like babies."

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ALEX

ALEX the alligator was resting comfortably in the sick bay next to his home. A group of the more fortunate members of the family lay completely motionless around their swimming-pool, looking for all the world as though they had been carved out of stone.

It was necessary to pass them to get to the bay, and the admonishment "Watch their tails" made you step even more gingerly, for, although they look big and slow-moving reptiles, they can flick those tails like a stockman's whip.

"Why," I asked, as we warily edged our way past the rather villainous-looking tails and long-snouted faces that gazed with unblinking eyes, "are they making those peculiar noises?" The "noises," made when they slowly suck air into their throats and hiss it out, sounded like air being released from hundreds of balloons.

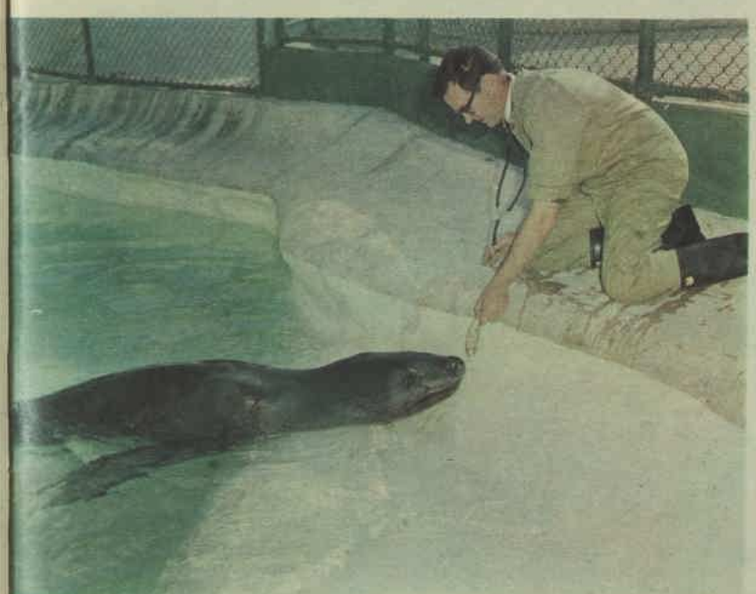
"That," said Mr. Peters, as he nonchalantly put one foot on Alex's back and another on his snout, "is to let us know that they know that we are here and any familiarity will be severely dealt with."

Mr. Peters, who is in charge of the reptiles, had called in a couple of assistants, Hans Boos and Bill Jorgensen, to help him prepare Alex for the doctor's visit. Their important task was to sit on and hold "that tail" while Mr. Peters swiftly and deftly looped a rope around the large, jagged-toothed jaw.

"Looking much better, but certainly not completely healed," was the vet's pronouncement as he inspected the abscess on Alex's paw to the accompaniment of a chorus of hissing from the patient's friends and relatives.

"I don't think there is need for another injection, but I will look in on him again on Monday morning."

Untied by the still nonchalant Mr. Peters, Alex glared balefully at the doctor, gave a vicious switch of his lethal-looking tail, and hissed a long-drawn-out hiss as we stepped carefully out of the alligator residence.



LEO the 9ft.-long sea leopard was sunning his sleek 300lb. on a ledge of the convalescent pool when we arrived with the doctor. He greeted us with a benign whoofle, showing his yellow teeth, which rather belied the description given him when he had been admitted as a patient. "Bad-tempered snapping sea-lion," said the Press when they reported him being found on Manly beach.

LEO

"And you would have felt exactly the same," said Keith Joiner, stoutly defending his patient.

Keith, who is in charge of the aquarium, said Leo had been hungry and exhausted on admittance, with an abscess on the side of his nose which was giving him intense pain, and hadn't eaten for a long time. "Also," he added, "it was evident from the scars on his back that he had been attacked by sharks."

Leo, listening to all this, cocked one large brown eye up at us as if to say, "And now you know, how about some sympathy?" before turning an urgent gaze back to Keith that bespoke food.

"He is not 100 percent fit, but he is getting better every day," said the vet, expertly running a stethoscope over the gleaming, spotted body. "And he is eating well," he added as another fish was slipped down an eager throat and two big brown eyes glowed with appreciation.



COLERIDGE, whose haughty demeanor showed that he was conscious of being an albatross, the largest sea bird in the world, found only in the southern hemisphere, was limbering up in a small "recovery" pool when we arrived.

So named because of the importance of one of his ancestors in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem "The Ancient Mariner," he was testing and stretching his 9ft. 4in. wing-span, getting ready for his discharge.

"He'll be another Sydney Heads passenger when he is completely well. He can't take off in this small pool because, like a heavy plane, he needs a long runway. And he will be happy back at sea because the albatross spends most of his life flying."

Mr. Les Clayton, his anxious nurse and head bird-keeper at the zoo, detailing Coleridge's medical history, said his patient had been found exhausted and somewhat angry

COLERIDGE

at Cremorne Point. "He hadn't eaten for a while and he had a sore throat and a vitamin A deficiency, so it was understandable that he was not in the best of moods. But now, with all his troubles gone, you couldn't find a milder-mannered bird."

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TRAVELLER'S TALE

Floating down the Murrumbidgee



TYPICAL bank of the Murrumbidgee River, showing the sturdy little aluminium boat.

"Quite a trip" is how 20-year-old Robin Coombs describes rowing down 100 miles of the Murrumbidgee, from Gundagai to Wagga, with his father in an aluminium boat

By
ROBIN COOMBS

THE alarm erupted into a frenzy of noise. It was 5 o'clock on a Wednesday morning in Goulburn, N.S.W., the start to a day that was to see us floating through the Riverina.

My father and I were planning to row our new aluminium boat down the Murrumbidgee from Gundagai to Wagga.

By 6.45 a.m. we were packed, with the luggage stowed in the boot and back seat of the car and the boat lashed on the roof. Strange how our bare necessities seemed to fill the car. "Should be interesting getting it in a boat," I thought glumly. However, we didn't have the problem of storing a motor—we would use oars.

By mid-morning the boat was moored to the bank of the river at Gundagai, lurching hesitantly, yet gamely, under pots, pans, pressure stove, rubber mattress, etc., etc., plus two men. We were already minus a loaf of bread — it had tumbled down the steep bank, and a white labrador dog quickly effected a salvage operation and converted soggy waste into nutrition.

Once the boat was in the current, there was no turning back. We were impressed immediately by the size of the river and the strength of its flow. Certainly, it was shrunken by the drought, but was still deep and seemed to impart a feeling of utter peace and tranquillity.

This was the way it always was before man came, and it seemed that time flowed past as the bridges of Gundagai receded and we paddled into the Riverina.

However, we were not alone. The labrador dog regarded that bread as the seal of a friendship that lasted over four miles as he swam with us down the river.

The country was flat and open, with cattle and sheep eyeing us blankly from the banks, and the constant throb of irrigation pumps jarring the peace. It wasn't long before we ran into a nest of snags—and through a combination of bad rowing and strong current we rammed a snag. No damage was done to the boat, and we pulled in at 1 p.m. for lunch. Aboard again and in a quiet stretch of river we took to the water in turns—the first of many delightful swims, always in quiet stretches, where the depth seemed to average about 5ft. with sandy bottom. No opportunity for such luxury in the hurly-burly of swift-flowing, snaggy patches.

Lovely red river gums — all ages, all shapes — lined the banks, which were often quite steep and high, at other times gently sloping and grassed.

About four o'clock we pulled in to an island to pitch camp in a grassy glade and feasted off fried chips and tinned food. The river water, incidentally, proved quite drinkable at all stages without boiling, notwithstanding the common sight of a sheep carcass at the water's fringe, especially in the earlier part of the journey.

By nine o'clock next morning we were in mid-stream again. In spite of our best efforts, it always seemed to take about 1½ hours from waking till launching—with what seemed to be more room in the boat (better packing or hearty eating?).

Continued overleaf



ROBIN COOMBS and the boat moored at the caravan park at Wagga after the long voyage through the Riverina.

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CLAY cliffs on the bank from which the fox darted.

Floating down the Murrumbidgee

From page 31

To our dismay, our fishing gear had been left behind. Granted that something has to be forgotten, does it have to be as important as this?

This morning we encountered a long stretch of water where the current was almost non-existent and we were opposed by a strong westerly wind. My relaxed rowing became a violent effort. Snap! The starboard rowlock broke and we were in trouble!

Quickly we nudged into the bank and were lucky enough to find a 3ft. length of fencing wire. Improvising a wire rowlock, reinforced with a short length of rope, we were on our way again. The makeshift worked like a charm for the rest of the voyage.

After lunch, more swimming next to what appeared to be a Crown reserve, judging by the lack of livestock and abundant vegetation.

We disturbed a fox, stalking one of the many wild ducks. The fact that we were now in drought country was emphasised by huge, billowing clouds of topsoil on the horizon. Although sheep and cattle seemed in good condition, presumably from hand-feeding, there was little to eat, and pathetic bundles by the river showed how difficult it was for weakened sheep to negotiate the banks.

Soon after passing a gravel quarry, we struck a massive group of snags, and it was with some relief that we were eventually spewed from between two logs.

Our lame makeshift rowlock wasn't making manoeuvring in these circumstances any easier, but by this time we had developed a wonderful confidence and respect for the stability and strength of our little aluminium boat.

Making camp at 4 o'clock, we spent an hour hovering over the kerosine pressure stove that flickered on and off in the stiff breeze. Eventually hunger overcame patience, and we ate rather undercooked food.

Our reckoning of average speed was now tending to confirm a little over three miles an hour, and on this basis we'd covered about twenty miles this day.

Huddling in our 6ft. by 8ft. tent, I slept well, but Dad had a harrowing experience with a mouse that made a pass at our food and then slipped away when Dad showed signs of protest. This game continued most of the night. Result: one tired father, a frustrated mouse, and a food parcel a few shreds of polythene lighter.

Of utter blue

On Friday morning, the river was 6ft. higher, due presumably to a release of water from Burrinjuck, and the stiff breeze had subsided. After breakfast we floated down the most picturesque and peaceful part of the river so far. The sun was pleasantly warm, the river deep and broad, and snag problems for the time being were a thing of the past.

It is eerie to float in almost complete silence down a broad river, to see stately gums and grassy banks slowly slip by, and to look up into a sky of utter blue that seems to stretch into eternity.

We soon passed a major water-pumping outlet — the source of Junee's supply. A little farther on, we saw on the northern bank an enormous blackened cast-iron pot. Quickly mooring the boat, we examined our find. It was a cauldron of the type used about a century ago for boiling-down cattle and sheep when meat prices were so depressed that the only value of the carcass was its tallow content.

Still later the river passed some towering eroded cliffs of clay—a gorge of red, grey, and orange.

About midday, we saw three fishermen on the bank and asked how far it was to Wantabadgery. We had been expecting to reach Wantabadgery on Monday — and expected an answer of about 30 miles.

"She's just around a few bends," they said. Rapid calcula-

Hi there! Captured your dog on camera yet?



Photographs are rolling in for the PAL/Women's Weekly contest for

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Your Dog has his own special character, his own particular dazzle, hasn't he? Well, here's your chance to promote your pup to fame . . . while carrying off some lovely loot for yourself. Just send your Dog's photo to the 'Women's Weekly', together (if you wish) —with a clever caption. easy, isn't it?



Hurry, Hurry . . . Contest Closes November 15

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H570A

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tion yielded the answer that either the distance to Wagga by river was considerably less than we anticipated or our average speed had exceeded all expectations.

As it turned out, Gundagai to Wagga by river would be about 100 miles, not the 150 we had been led to believe by "experts" telling us it was three times the road distance.

At length Wantabadgery appeared in the distance, identifiable by a small brick church.

We had cold drinks at the little store there, then back to the river — by this time *our* river.

After another swim, we pulled in at a large island, surrounded on each side by the inevitable rapids. As we now had ample time, it was only 4 p.m. when we pitched camp next to the swiftly flowing water under a large river oak.

After a tea of macaroni, tuna, and chips (all the goodies were now being eaten!), we insured against further mice and possible possum raids by hanging all packaged food in a case from the branch of a tree. That night we drifted to sleep to the bush lullaby of racing water and the solemn croaking of frogs.

Solid rowing

Next morning we were up early to the familiar screeching of hundreds of white cockatoos in the tree branches. With so much time on our hands, we decided to spend the day idling around the island and exploring.

On Sunday morning we were off by 8 o'clock—a swift current and nearby snags calling for split-second timing. Today we had a large escort of white cockatoos (not unusual) and faintly curious ducks. The river now swept due south, and we passed a large island, after which came a series of rapids with the familiar snags.

The technique we had by now perfected in coping with snags was to cut across the current (hard rowing!) well upstream of the rapids, thus evading the full force of the flow which otherwise would have rammed us into destruction, and navigate past the snags at a safe distance.

During the rest of the day, the flow of the river became noticeably slower, reflecting the increasingly flat nature of the land.

Solid rowing was now required in the long, wide, almost motionless stretches.

In the afternoon we met some fishermen who warned of bad rapids, that "had claimed many a good boat," ahead of the next long tranquil stretch.

Toiling over the oars down this stretch, the improvised rowlock groaning — we fried in the sun; legs, arms, and faces turning an ever-deeper red.

Cracked lips promised agony if any salt touched them.

Around the next bend appeared the rapids, but they were nothing unusual, and the only reminder of past disasters was the rotting shell of a small dinghy jammed against a snag.

Camped under a gum tree that evening, we tried unsuccessfully to locate Wagga by plotting the course of a low-flying Fokker Friendship and looking for a glare of city lights in the sky.

Monday morning we were up and launched early. There was a useful tailwind — but the river was now becoming wider and slower all the time, with still some snaggy patches.

From about 11 o'clock we climbed the bank frequently, hoping to see some sign of Wagga in the distance, and each time saw the familiar vista of burnt brown plain, scattered livestock, and glaring sky.

The slowness of the river's flow seemed to add to my feeling that the river was not going to give us up without a struggle, a struggle that was becoming focused in my arms and back as the rowlock creaked in sympathy with my muscles.

One more stop and we clambered up the steep, eroded bank of clay, and in the distance saw many houses on a hillside. Wagga at last!

With renewed energy we tried to close the gap separating us from the city. Every snag and backwater seemed determined to thwart us, but at last we passed under the big railway bridge and made an expert mooring by the caravan park.

One woman at the park, who had not seen our landing, asked, "How on earth did you get here?"

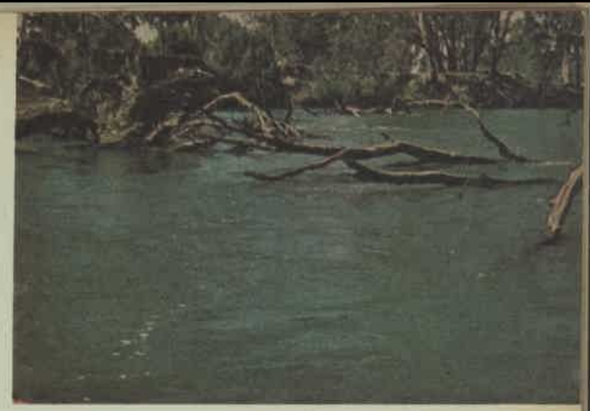
"By boat," I answered.

"Boat? Where have you come from?"

"We rowed from Gundagai."

"Goodness gracious, it must have been quite a trip," she exclaimed. It was.

Footnote: The trip home was uneventful — Dad got a lift back to pick up the car and returned for me, the boat, and our gear.



LOG jam encountered soon after the gravel quarry.



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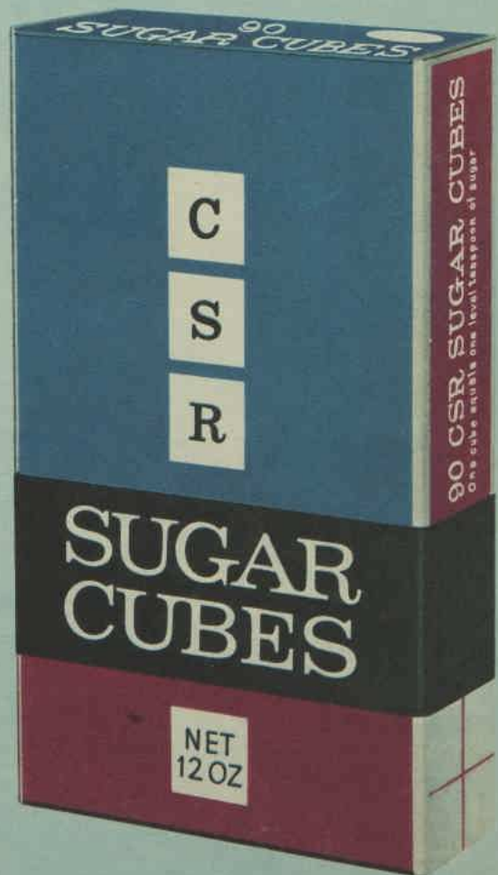
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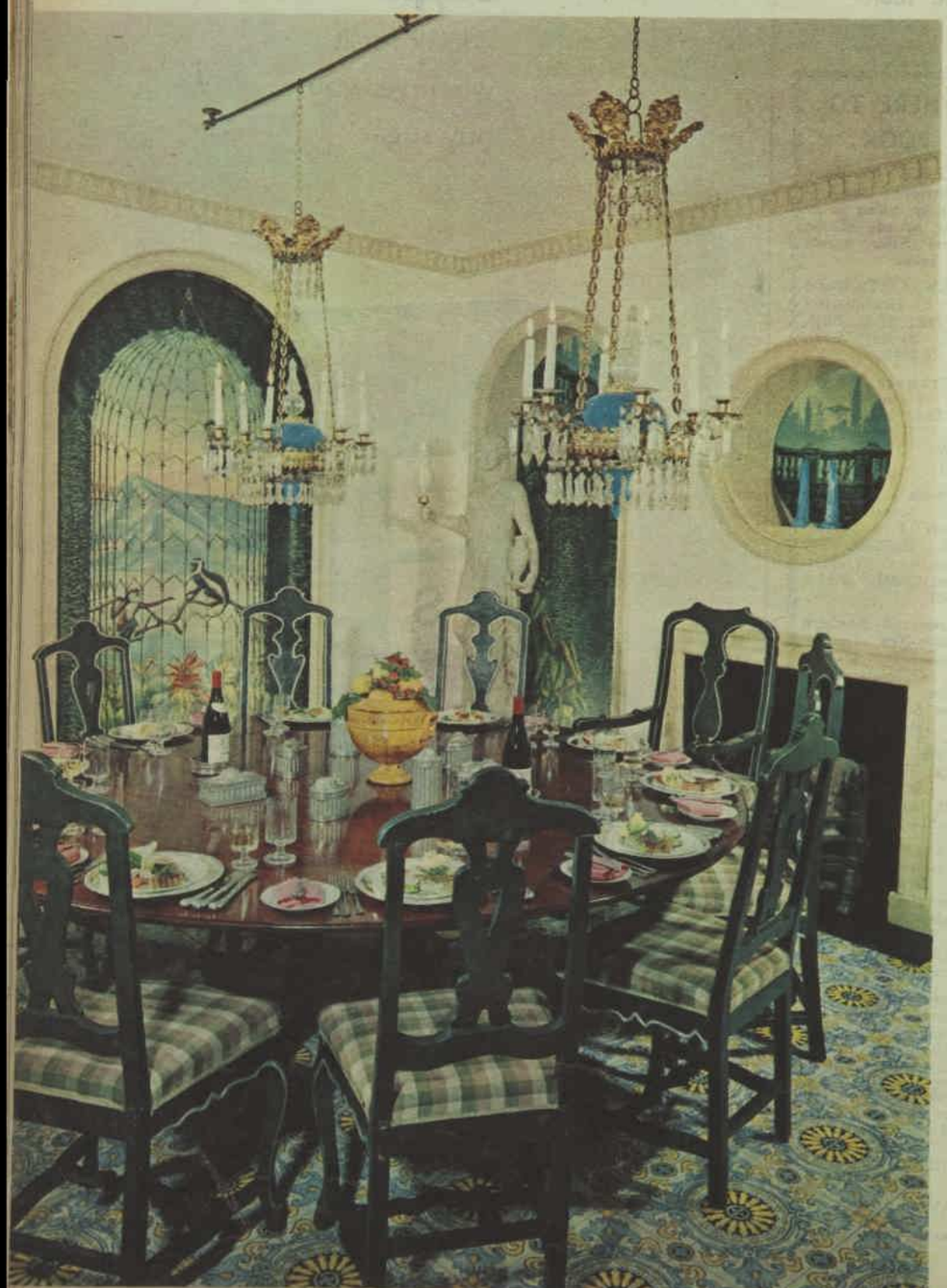
ROBERT CARRIER TELLS:

HINTS FOR MODERN HOSTESSES

● PICTURES ARE FROM THE LONDON HOME OF THE FAMOUS COOK-RESTAURATEUR-AUTHOR



● Robert Carrier with one of his valuable dog paintings — he says he owes dogs a lot, because he first broke into writing with his "Dog's Diet." Date of his arrival by Qantas in Australia is November 1.



THE art of cooking, said Robert Carrier, would be lost unless enjoyed by good friends or the family gathered around the table.

And the woman who wishes to excel in presenting delicious dishes at her table can easily do so.

"You don't have to be a genius," he said. "But take your cooking slowly, as you would any other branch of learning, and you can astound your friends and delight yourself."

Bob Carrier believes that tabletop cooking is a most encouraging trend in home entertaining and gives these two reasons:

● It permits the hostess to be with her guests and not vanish into the kitchen during preparation of meals.

● It makes for hot dinners and cool hostesses.

Carrier, who had been besieged by a horde of cooing matrons come to visit one of his newly opened Cookshops, came down hard on the flamboyant flambe.

"Its usefulness is limited to a few dishes like crepes, omelets, souffles, and desserts like Cherries Jubilee."

But tabletop cooking in the dining-room or on the patio, on the other hand, received his wholehearted endorsement.

He recommended two dishes from his book, "Great Dishes of the World," as especially suitable.

● **Turbot in Champagne.** The turbot is interchangeable in this recipe with scallops, crayfish, or any white fish.

● **Italian Frittata.**

Recipes for both will be in the 16-page lift-out in our next week's issue.

Carrier is visiting Australia to talk about cooking and kitchen equipment, and discuss the launching of his Cookshops in department stores here.

His last visit was in 1965, and he has been looking forward to coming again.

"I found Australians so stimulating," he told me. "They enjoy their food, are very good cooks indeed, with a great sense of adventure in the kitchen, which I like.

"And there is always good conversation over a meal, so everything goes with a sparkle."

CAST-IRON CASSEROLES

Also, he found the abundance of food irresistible. The plentiful supplies of vegetables, fruit, meat. The fresh fish. The oysters, lobsters, prawns.

Robert Carrier was turning knives over as I talked to him in his splendid home in Islington (Britain).

At his homes — in Paris and St. Tropez, as well as London — he makes a real pleasure of living and eating.

He ran his fingers along the blade of the cooking knives, bent them, tested the points for sharpness, the steel for its tensile properties, the handles for their robust grip.

Good knives for use in good cooking are an investment, he says.

He next showed me one of his cast-iron casseroles, specially designed for oven-to-table use, with detachable handles and covers that double as trivets.

Bob Carrier is a great advocate of casserole cooking.

"It is the only sure way of cooking and entertaining without frenzy and chaos in the kitchen.

DINING-ROOM, excitingly decorated, has a tiled floor. Robert Carrier has a taste for antiques and period furniture. His table is set for dinner, with the wine glasses he sells in his Cookshops — well balanced on heavy stems, and French made.

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"Many a hostess, overtaken by last-minute nerves, has blessed the casserole she has lovingly prepared.

"There is the casserole, rich, unctuous, exotic, or sophisticated — whatever she had made it— waiting reassuringly, piping hot, and ready to be served.

"A REAL ADVENTURE"

"As a main course, there is nothing to touch the casserole when you are doing all the cooking and entertaining yourself."

He told of the superb casseroles of meat, fish, and poultry, for which Frenchwomen are famous.

"Enhanced with the subtle flavor of aromatic herbs, simmered gently in a sauce made rich with good stock, cream, or wine, casseroles can be a real adventure," he said.

"Even the most intimidated cook can try her hand at a casserole and find she has acquired the art of creative cooking."

His own introduction to the casserole was in Paris.

"Naomi, my cook, used to say that choosing the right casserole or saucepan was just as important as choosing the right ingredients."

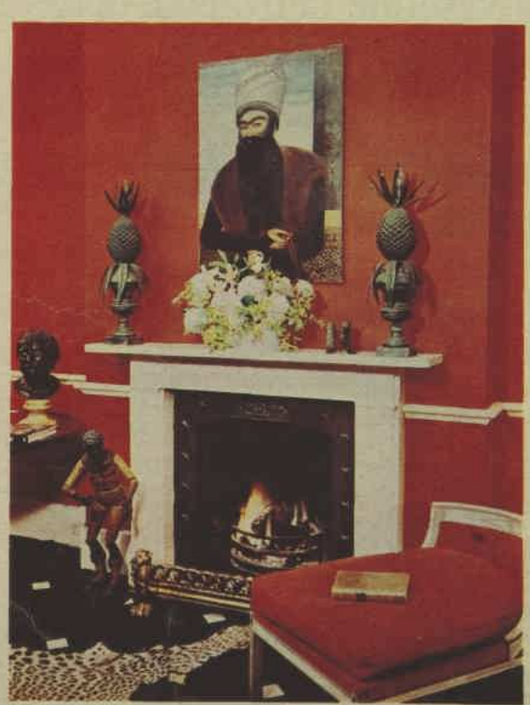
Carrier is a great chopper-upper. Masses of parsley, chopped and ready to use, are always at hand in his kitchens. He advises the busy hostess to have the same thing.

"It makes a wonderful garnish," he said.

"And if a dish doesn't look quite right when you are about to serve it just sprinkle a garnish over. It will liven up the appearance immediately.

"Garnishes are not exactly a trick of cooking, but good garnishes are indeed one of

Continued on page 38



LEOPARD-SKIN carpets in Robert Carrier's rich-red sitting-room belonged, he said, to a woman who couldn't bear to have them made into a coat. Red upholstery repeats the red of the walls. On the white marble fireplace are urns and flowers.

VIEW (above) from Robert Carrier's kitchen into the formal walled garden, where it is a pleasure in summertime England to eat out of doors. Guests are entertained at small and separate tables in antique wrought-iron. One of Carrier's collection of marble busts stands at the end of the garden. Picture below shows more detail of the kitchen itself, with its sunshiny tiled floor.



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HINTS FOR MODERN HOSTESSES

Continued from page 37



CARRIER COOKSHOP in Harrods, London, where the utensils to make the mouth-watering dishes in Carrier's cookery books can be bought. There are Carrier plates, aprons, etc.

the tricks a clever hostess keeps up her sleeve."

He instanced a friend who was in tears as he arrived for her dinner party. The eggs-in-aspic had not turned out a nice shape.

In a twinkle Bob had whipped up mayonnaise and covered each egg in its surrounding aspic, telling the young hostess that she would not have such last-minute jitters if she kept a small quantity of newly made mayonnaise at the ready.

A dot of sliced olive on top of the masking of mayonnaise, and soon her guests were asking what the new and delicious dish was.

"Another tip I gave her was always to line the dish with aspic first, let it set, and then put the egg and aspic in. The hot water the dish is plunged in melts the first coating of aspic."

These are the kind of things good cooks know about, and if you can prise the secrets out of them, then entertaining is not half the last-minute fuss and bother.

In Bob's kitchens, you see Provencal pottery in everything from kitchen jars to table plates, and enormous cups and saucers for morning coffee, which with fresh, hot brioches makes one of the simple joys and satisfying memories of breakfast in France.

RIGHT-SIZE EQUIPMENT

A kitchen, however, is first and foremost a place to cook, says the expert.

"Don't be tempted into buying equipment too large for your kitchen," he warned. "Look first to the size and the use to which you are likely to put the dish.

"There is nothing more stingy-looking than a small amount of food in a giant-sized serving dish on the table."

His own career really began when, on one occasion, he kept a perfectly delicious gourmet's meal piping hot and ready to serve, even though one of the guests, held up at an airport, arrived an hour and a half late.

The editor of a glossy magazine was so astounded at his ability to remain unfussed through this experience that she offered him a job as a cookery writer.

The menu for that dinner was carefully planned by Bob. It was lobster, flambeed and cooked just before serving in a herb sauce, accompanied by quenelles and flaky pastry crescents; Pheasant Souvaroff, a casserole of pheasant cooked in a madeira sauce in a dish sealed in dough, and served with a puree of peas; soused Camembert, and fresh-fruit salad spiked with pomegranates and fresh Cape gooseberries.

The party was for eight, and Bob cooked and dished the whole dinner himself.

"But if you examine the menu you will see that the casserole was the main dish. That is what saved the situation for me and got me my job."

It was comforting to hear Robert say that old ranges had gone with the bad old days, and the thing to do when setting up a kitchen was to have plenty of cool space around for the job, that tiles and mosaics in the kitchen cut down work, that his concealed lighting wasn't only for effect, to be switched off as the guests were seated at his candle-lit table.

This lighting, he explained, was no dust catcher, and as it ran along behind the high shelf holding his pots and pans, it was no eyesore, either.

Although his kitchens are highly dramatic, and match the sense of style and theatre which is his taste, he has ideas about other kitchens, too.

PREVENT CHAOS

Plan, plan, plan, he says, and see that the food-preparation centre is close to the sink and cleaning-up centre, that there are racks for the cutting tools and plenty of drawers.

"Have some drawers lined with baize to protect delicate casseroles and dishes and to keep the silver in," he said.

And at all times keep a good clear surface. Once a job is done, clear everything away without fuss.

"It is the only sure way of preventing chaos in the kitchen. And chaos in the kitchen can ruin a whole evening."

Not that he worries about the bit of untidiness in his kitchen when he and his friends sit down to dinner. "I switch the light off above the working bench and I rather like the look of the bit of untidiness in the half light."

Bob cautions the inexperienced hostess not to attempt to serve anything that needs carving, unless there is someone to take the burden of presenting the joint and carving it, while she has a moment or two to relax and be ready for her guests.

"Try your recipe out, and try it again, before presenting the dish at anything approaching a formal dinner party," he said. "It is courting disaster to try out something new when you have to be both cook and hostess.

"Plan the evening as much ahead as you can, and make as many advance preparations as possible. In the morning, or even a day ahead.

"What you must aim at is to have everything so well planned and prepared in advance that you can forget about the problems of last-minute cooking and serving, letting these things fall into place as you enjoy yourself."

He strongly advises the hostess to perfect a few dishes that she knows she can do well and with ease.

"Then build up on these, adding a few specialties of your own," he said.

"Experiment on your family and close friends, and then launch the new dish on a party and sit back and enjoy the acclaim.

CHECK INGREDIENTS

"And when you have produced a fabulous dish, for goodness' sake check on the ingredients next time you make it."

He says he makes dishes that are so out-of-this-world that he and his friends are lifted to the greatest heights of pleasure.

"Sounds fulsome?" he asked grinning. "Well, those are the dishes that I can never repeat.

"They are good because of the company, the setting, the extra ingredient that gave them some magic, or maybe the wine.

"But not even with my experience would I attempt to cook these dishes if I were giving a dinner party."

Robert Carrier doesn't altogether approve of the idea that a first course already prepared is the sure way to start a dinner party off without courting disaster.

He thinks that with the main course prepared and giving no trouble, a hostess should be able to make something quite different and tasty, such as a quiche, or thin pancakes with some gourmet filling like caviar.

"You can find fascinating first courses if you get the rest of the meal well organised," he said.

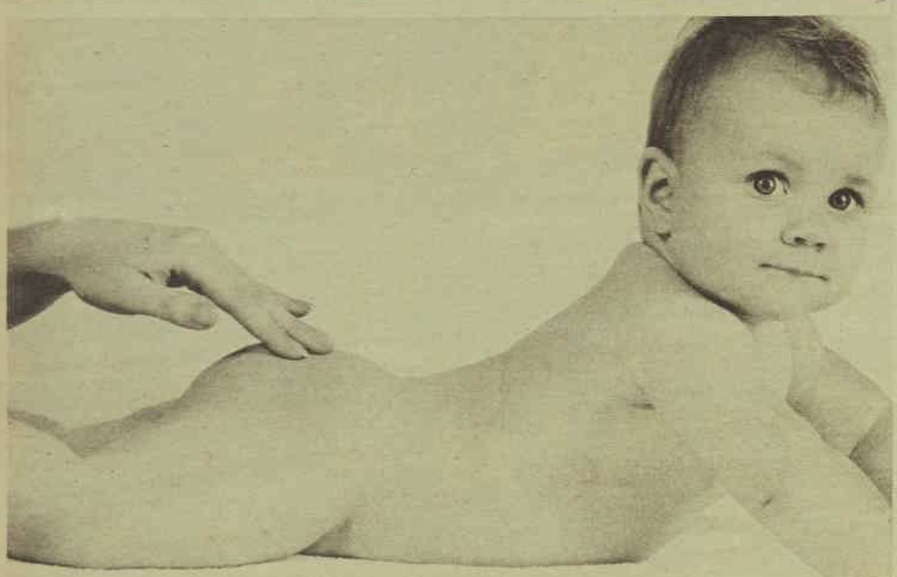
Entertaining, he thinks, is changing so much now that the small dinner party is much more smart than the cocktail party.

His own parties are usually simple and intimate. All his friends are busy people, with a variety of interests.

He thinks fussy cocktail bits with drinks are very out of date, and only on special occasions does he have them — then they are usually bacon wrapped around prawns, prunes, or chicken livers and served hot, tiny brioches filled with foie gras, or iced celery stuffed with caviar and cream cheese.

But no cocktail food at all, and quantities of good food at dinner after, is just as smart a way to entertain.

And a last word of warning for the hostess who has to do it all herself: Never more than four courses.



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Wipe off with a napkin.



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Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your *other* hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproofs skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at *every nappy change*. You'll have a happier baby.



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Once upon a time
As Christmas Day drew nigh
The men at Heinz looked glum
And some were heard to sigh.

"We've got a nasty problem,
We have to see it through.
How to make the children happy,
We don't know what to do."

And they all sat down and pondered,
Prepared to think all night.
When through the smoky boardroom.
A voice was heard to pipe.

"Why don't we ask old Santa,
If he'll make us lots of toys.
Soft and silky animals,
For all the girls and boys."



So with his elves and goblins,
Santa set to work.
"These toys are very special,
There isn't time to shirk."

"Sew on the cottontails tightly,
Give the lambs more curly hair.
Who forgot to sew a trunk,
on that elephant over there?"

At last they all were finished,
Santa beamed and rubbed his hands,
"Congratulations, workmates,
They're the finest in the land".

"Now pack them all up carefully,
Don't crush those silky bows,
Be careful of the puppies,
Don't hurt that rabbit's nose."



At Heinz the men were pacing,
Would Santa come on time,
When suddenly they heard his sleigh,
And reindeer hoofs in line .

"Magnificent" said the Manager,
as he surveyed the toys,
"They're perfect Christmas presents,
for all the girls and boys".

"Ho, ho, Merry Christmas"
Cried Santa from his sleigh.
Then tugging at the reins,
the reindeer whisked away.

Do you know a secret, Mum?
Santa's toys are on sale today.
So get your form right now,
$2.95 is all you pay.

Soft, hygienic, foam filled toys, so cuddly for little people. Application Forms at the Baby Food Dept. at your store.



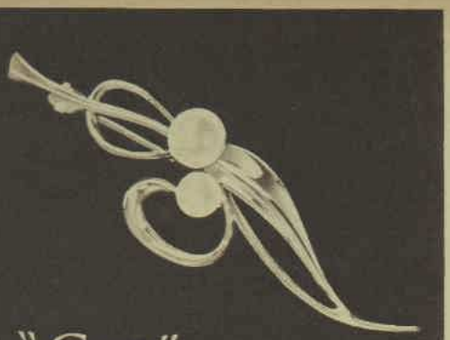
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AT HOME ON SWAN LAKE





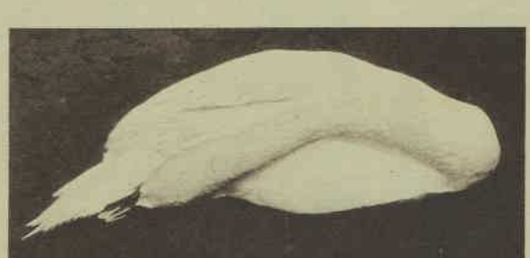
LEAVING THE LAKE for dry land, the swan is caught in a ballet-like pose, with one wing and one webbed foot stretched out as it balances delicately on the other foot. It will preen its washed feathers on the land.

A FRENZIED FLURRY of arching neck and beating wings (left), and the swan manages to splash water on to the difficult places to clean them. Swans' bodies are so buoyant that the upper parts are very hard to immerse. Hence this frantic, showy routine.

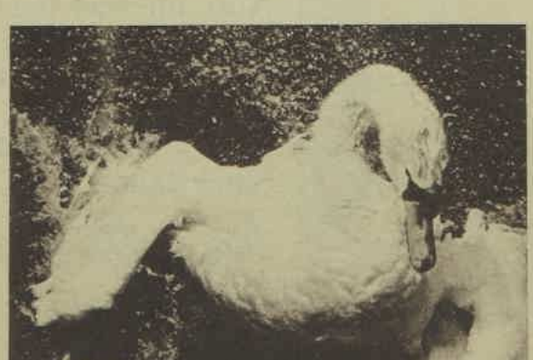
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CLEANED AND PREENED, in fact, perfectly groomed in every way, this mother swan relaxes with its cygnets toward the end of the day.

● The stately swan gliding galleon-like over its lake is a far busier bird than you think. A major task throughout its life—and a swan may live many years — is keeping its beautiful feathers snowy-white. Each feather is cleaned and polished separately, and by the time the swan has finished it's almost time to start all over again.



THE SWAN (above) is stretching its neck right along its body to clean the tip of its tail. The oily surface of the water proves how thoroughly it has cleaned its feathers. At right, several swans settle down to sleep.



A MOSAIC of droplets surrounds the swan as it thrashes powerfully about to get the water well through its lower feathers.



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TEN MINUTES TO BEAUTY



Cleansing

CLEANSE the face thoroughly before applying any make-up.

Use mild soap or a fine-grade cleansing cream, warm water, and a facecloth.

Women with oily skin often prefer soap, as it tends to remove excess oils. Conversely, women with dry skin generally use cleansing cream, as it is less drying to the skin.

There are many brands of soap on the market. The best method of finding the right personal soap is trial and error. Your skin will tell you which brand it prefers.

Oily skin can be identified by an overall shine, enlarged pores, coarse texture, and a tendency to blackheads and blemishes.

Dry skin is dry and flaky, with noticeable lines around the eyes and mouth.

Warm water stimulates circulation and opens the pores; soap or cleansing cream removes body acid and surface grime.

After cleansing, close pores with a cold water rinse.

Astringent

The purpose of an astringent is to close the pores and remove any remaining traces of soap or cream.

Ordinary and economical witch-hazel is as effective as anything.

It is applied to the entire face and neck. The best applicator is a cotton ball. (After closing the pores with an astringent, apply a moisture cream or lotion to dry or dehydrated skin.)

As the artist begins with a clean canvas, so should you begin with a totally clean complexion.



This six-page beauty and cosmetics guide, condensed from "Face Facts," a book by international make-up authority Fredrick Glaser, tells how to achieve a natural, all-day-long complexion in ten minutes. Any woman can apply natural make-up with this simple technique. Each section deals with one basic cosmetic.



Foundation creams

THE purpose of a foundation cream is to create the illusion of a perfect complexion.

It is a basic cosmetic and, properly applied, will blend skin tones and conceal most minor skin imperfections.

When applying foundation cream, place a dab on the forehead, each cheekbone, and the chin. Blend the cream over the skin with a soft natural or foam rubber sponge or fingers, stroking up and outward.

Using the fingers is the preferred method, because sponges often absorb more than they apply and are not as flexible as fingers in reaching difficult areas, such as around nose and eyes.

Color selection is important. Although there are many colors on the market, it is essential to select the color closest to your basic skin tone. This is best done by trial and error under good, natural lighting.

When testing, apply directly to the face, not to the back of the hand or wrist, where skin tones vary.

For all practical purposes there are three basic skin colors:

1. Fair
2. Medium
3. Dark

Pay careful attention to the eye area and blend well toward the ears and down the neck. The aim is to avoid distinguishable lines.

Practise the proper application when applying to your face. With a little practice, you will easily master this simple technique.



Brushes

BRUSHES are a very important item for today's "gentle" make-up. They are easy to use and essential for correct application of pressed powder cosmetics.

Brushes can be bought at cosmetics counters as well as art-supply stores—art brushes generally have longer handles.

Brush bristles come in a variety of materials from synthetics to sable hair. The cost varies with the quality of the bristle. A better bristle will give better wear, but any will suffice as long as they have the proper shape and texture.

For complete make-up application, and in keeping with the lessons that follow, just **THREE BASIC** brushes are necessary:

1. Chisel-cut brush (sketch far left), used for eyeshadow, eyeliner, and brows. Firm bristle.
2. Contour brush (centre, left), used for cheek emphasis and finishing powder. Soft bristle.
3. Highlighting brush (left), used to apply white shadow powder. Soft bristle.

Each brush is used for more than one color, thus it is important that all powder be removed before the brush is re-used. Working with dry powders makes this quite simple. Just flick any remaining powder from brush on to a cleansing tissue or hand towel before applying another powder color.

When water-base cosmetics are used, brushes are cleaned by holding under a tap until the water runs clear.

Good brushes, properly handled, will last a long time. Periodically, all brushes should be cleaned with warm, soapy water. Rinse and allow to dry thoroughly before using again.

You may decide to add brushes to your collection and have one for each powder color, but it certainly is not necessary.

Continued overleaf

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WHITE SHADOW POWDER

WHITE shadow applied as a centre line down the nose will straighten or lengthen its appearance.

Most women will find it an advantage to accentuate the jawbone and cheekbone. This is similarly accomplished by applying white shadow as the illustration indicates.

The diagram illustrates the facial areas benefiting most from the highlighting effect of white shadow.

With few exceptions, avoid creating a harsh line, by allowing the color intensity of the white shadow to taper off toward the edges.

The purpose of white shadow powder is to emphasise and accentuate certain features and facial areas.

These are:

1. The area around the eye
2. The temple
3. The nose
4. The jawbone
5. The cheekbone

Using the highlighting brush, white shadow increases the importance of the eye. This is accomplished by brushing over the entire eye area — from temple to temple. This neutralises the eye area, establishes a proper base, and allows freedom to apply the most becoming eye make-up.

This application may vary, depending upon the placement of the white shadow and the total effect desired.

With white shadow powder, apply the highlighting pattern to your face. Study your features in a mirror. Be honest . . . then decide which features should be emphasised or played down.



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LUX Wrapabout dress

Order from the Lux pack or your local SINGER centre.



From page 43

TEN

I HAVE compiled this needed and simplified cosmetics book, writes author Fredrick Glaser, with the basic thought that you succeed by understanding.

It has always been my contention that most women have naturally good looks which are more in need of balancing than concealing. And there is a radical difference between make-up to balance and make-up to mask.

A woman whose make-up is directed toward natural beauty may be assured she is never overlooked.

You can do it

Applying make-up is easy. If you know the procedure, then the preparation is simple and the result beautiful.

Make-up is a simple art form — an art accomplished by understanding proper shading, NOT by owning an endless number of cosmetic products.

Combining the simple diagrams with the concise, yet complete, instructions, any woman can re-create the proper, easy, and brief cosmetics technique developed on these pages.

The lessons have been arranged to establish an orderly and organ-

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THE purpose of brown contour shadow powder is to diminish or de-emphasise unbecoming facial contours.

A medium shade of brown contour shadow can be used successfully by all women. Those wishing a deeper color can simply apply more powder to intensify color.

Those wishing a lighter color can either:

(1) Use less brown contour shadow powder or

(2) Blend with white shadow powder.

Properly applied brown contour shadow powder can:

1. Shorten a long nose.
2. Diminish a wide nose.
3. Slenderise full cheeks.
4. Conceal an unduly large jowl line.

To produce the illusion of a shorter nose, apply brown contour shadow powder on the tip of the nose with the contour brush.

The same procedure applied to the sides will diminish a wide nose.

Most women will find it an advantage to slenderise full cheeks and conceal an unduly large jowl line.

This effect can be easily accomplished by again applying brown contour shadow powder, with the contour brush, to these areas as illustrated in the diagram below, left.

Do not become concerned if the brown contour shadow powder seems too dark, simply tissue off excess.

BROWN CONTOUR SHADOW POWDER



MINUTES TO BEAUTY

ised system, step-by-step, for proper make-up application.

The system begins with the initial cleansing of the face (see previous page) and ends with the final touches that will complete the make-up picture.

The objective is an easy method, requiring little time and resulting in natural beauty.

In each lesson I take one cosmetic and tell: What it does. Where it is applied. How it is applied. Why it is used.

I also have provided a diagram with each lesson. The diagram explains in picture what has been said in words. It provides a visual aid toward proper application. Once you read and then observe, you should find it easy to apply the same procedure to your face.

That is all there is to it. Read it . . . see it . . . do it. You will be pleasantly surprised — it does not take long to learn my make-up system. It is simple to master. The results are remarkably effective.

Continued overleaf

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Advertisement

Survival of Insect Pests is not possible with a Powerful new Insecticide that is Safe to Spray near Children, Food and Pets

SUMMER — to the Australian housewife is a time when flies and other annoying insect pests enter the home presenting a very definite threat to the family's good health — especially in the kitchen.

Flies are guilty of carrying all manner of germs that are dangerous to human beings — germs such as typhoid, dysentery and a host of entero-virus diseases. One fly may carry more than 3½ million virulent bacteria.

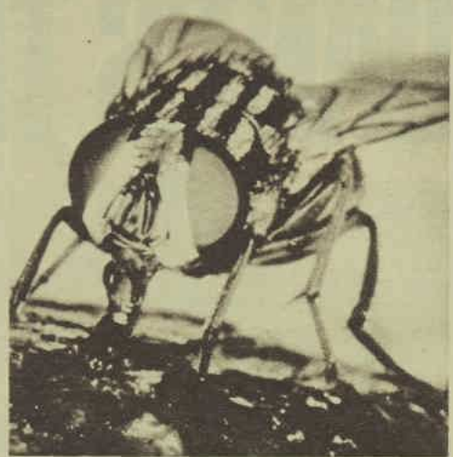
One of the main problems confronting health authorities throughout the world is the apparent lack of awareness shown by modern housewives to the hazards introduced by flies in the home. Flies are considered by some merely as an irritating, integral part of the summer season.

In reality, the fly harbours all manner of filth through contact with decaying garbage, refuse and compost heaps. Then enters the home to feast and deposit germs and bacteria on food, babies and children's toys — in fact, on everything it contacts, leaving the way open to epidemics.

The first line of defence in fly control is the exercising of greater health measures in the home and surrounding areas, particularly in the control of breeding places. This will not always solve the problem, however, because, even though the insect prefers to operate close to its birthplace, it is capable of travelling up to eighteen miles if necessary to seek more favourable conditions. Consequently few of today's households are immune to fly invasions merely by virtue of location in a highly developed suburb.



A microscopic view of the gastro-enteritis bacteria as passed by the common housefly.



The Housefly
Public Enemy No. 1

No Insect can survive the New Powerful Safe Pea-Beu Insecticide

Now the discomforts and dangers of insect invasion can be eliminated with the discovery of powerful, safe Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide which kills flies and all insect pests faster because it is 50% stronger than any other insecticide in its concentration of the most effective insect-killing substance known.

A.N.I. Chemical Research have made astonishing advances in the field of pest control in their world-wide laboratories and have established that it is possible to destroy insect pests with greater certainty because of the concentrated strength of the Pea-Beu fine mist aerosol spray. The high potency aerosol spray quickly kills every type of insect in many respects on a pattern analogous to fumigation. The wide, "umbrella - spreading" action of the fine mist produced by the full-strength insecticide tends to stay suspended in the air for prolonged periods to penetrate into cracks and crevices and to seek out and destroy invisible and often unsuspected insect pests.

Pea-Beu Aerosol is Guaranteed the Safest, Most Powerful Insect Killer

Easy-to-use Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is completely safe to use because it contains none of the poisonous bases such as D.D.T., B.H.C., Lindane or Chlordane, which are dangerous to humans and animals. Even in closed rooms Pea-Beu will not harm the lungs or nasal tissues, and can be used safely in food cupboards, the dining-room and kitchen as it will not contaminate food. In countries where the laws regarding insecticides are most stringent, Pea-Beu carries the Government-approved stamp of "safe."

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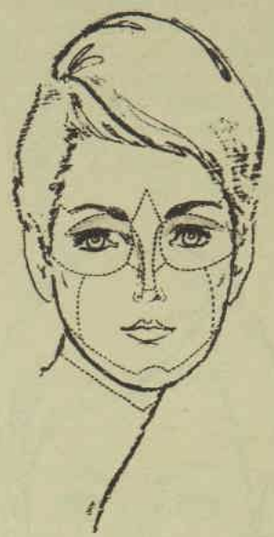
There is no stronger, safer, more powerful aerosol insecticide than Pea-Beu.



Inserted in the interests of public health by A.N.I. Chemical Research Manufacturers of the same Pea-Beu insecticides.

TEN MINUTES TO BEAUTY (continued)

Brown eye-shadow powder



THE purpose of brown eye-shadow powder is twofold:

1. It eliminates nondescript eyes and creates depth.

2. It is used to color and shape the eyebrows to develop a natural appearance.

Brown eye-shadow powder is a dark, cool brown, as opposed to the medium, warm brown contour shadow powder.

Eye make-up should dramatise the eyes by accentuating the areas immediately surrounding the eye itself. It acts as an instant beautifier and adds drama to the face.

To dramatise nondescript eyes and create depth, apply brown eye-shadow powder to the curvature of the eye socket with the chisel brush.

Once this definite line is applied, continue with this brush to blend outer edges. Also blend the brown eye-shadow into the eyelid. This will subtly distinguish the socket line and intensify eye depth.

Eyebrows do much to establish the character of the face. It is important that they remain natural in shape and color.

At the base of the brow line, using the chisel brush, draw short, feathery strokes to simulate hair into the brow shape. Following this technique, begin at the inside area, advance up through the arch, then taper off toward the temple.

This method is similar to the most common fashion shape, called the "gull wing." To create the gull wing, the underside of the brow is firm and well defined and the upper edge is soft. Once the arch is reached, the brow fades out to nothing.

This diagram illustrates both the shape and the feathering technique.

The method is very simple, and with a little practice can be easily mastered.

Black eye-liner powder



THE purpose of black eye-liner is to develop a definite lid line which will clearly outline and enhance the eyes.

Eye-liner is applied:
1. Above the eye.
2. Below the eye.

Eyes are the most important beauty feature. With properly applied make-up, all eyes can be strikingly beautiful.

The application of black eye-liner is very simple. Merely close your eye and gently stretch the lid line tight with two fingers. Once the skin is taut, using the chisel brush and working above the eye close to the roots of your lashes, draw a narrow line, beginning on the inner corner of the eye and sweeping along the lid line.

The lid line should generally be a fine line, but if your eyes are small, you can create a greater "eye-open" look by increasing the liner depth over the centre of the eye.

To complete the eye-line emphasis, use the same brush and make feathery strokes to form a soft and natural lower lash line.

Again, this should be a very fine, soft line. The purpose is to add a subtle definition beneath the eye.

Avoid overdoing this lower lid line because just a little too much eye-liner can change the look from soft and natural to extremely exotic. In some cases, the hair of the lower lash may be dense enough to eliminate this step altogether.

Some other little secrets are:

1. By bringing the top of the line up at the outer edge, you can do away with that "dragged out" look.

2. You can create a much larger eye merely by extending the liner one-eighth of an inch beyond the eye.

3. To even an uneven line, moisten a cotton swab and draw gently above the line.

Continued overleaf

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THE LOOK THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SLIPS





It's the look that nature girls love. By Bond's!
Bond's shape slips so barely, beautifully, naturally!
It's almost a shame to cover them!
In blissful Bri-nylon, lightly frothed with lace,
they're at home in the water, come out looking prettier than ever!
In the wild new yonder shades, patterned hot, coloured cool,
it's cool to spend the Summer in a slip. By Bond's
From left to right: $3.99 $3.99 $4.99 $3.99

BOND'S

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ANNOUNCING A NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT FROM BERLEI

FANCY FREE GIRDLES!



Fancy Free Girdles. To shape your hips and tummy as gently, as naturally as make-up shapes your face. Called Fancy Free because Berlei believes in lively girls. With softly firmed waist band that won't bend or cut; Shapemaker panels that hold you in, tuck you under—beautifully—in all the right places. A new beauty treatment, as natural as make-up. That's Fancy Free.

Fancy Free Girdle shown is Style No. 560, S.M.L. XL. XXL. **$7.95.**
Also Bras from **$3.99**, Pantie Girdles from **$7.95.**

Berlei

False eyelashes



THE look is natural.



HAPPY LASHES are shaped very short on the inside, with a gradual increase in length and sweep at the outer edge.



ROUND LASHES are shaped short at the inside with fullness through centre and tapered on the outer edge.



SOULFUL LASHES shaped shorter at inside, have a straight look. Wet lash before shaping and finger-press to de-curl.

FALSE eyelashes are a fast, simple, and neat method to make eyes more pronounced and attractive.

Contrary to some belief, when properly applied, false eyelashes NEVER LOOK FALSE. The lashes are so natural and feminine you quickly forget you are wearing them.

Lashes are no longer the secret glamor weapon of film stars and models.

Artificial-eyelash sales in the U.S.A. have recently jumped from 20,000 to more than 20,000,000 pairs a year, and continue to climb.

There are two simple steps in mastering the use of false eyelashes:

1. Selection of most flattering lash shape.
2. Proper application.

You should have a minimum of two pairs of lashes — one of fine texture for day and a thicker pair for evening.

It is important to realise how various lash shapes affect the final appearance of the eyes. This becomes a matter of individual appearance, likes and dislikes.

As most women choose to change hairstyles from time to time, they also enjoy experimenting with different lash shapes.

Most lashes are made of fur, synthetics, or human hair. I prefer those made of hair.

To compare briefly:

1. Fur lashes are considerably more expensive than most other type lashes; as long as mink stay so small and few, this will probably be the case.

Fur lashes often result in a very heavy lash look which is definitely artificial, and, at best, are limited to evening wear. Also, they are generally more delicate and less durable than human-hair lashes.

2. Synthetic lashes are the most economical, but they usually have a pre-shaped curl and cannot be changed. Human-hair lashes are not pre-shaped and, consequently, are more flexible.

3. Human-hair lashes offer the most natural look, besides being the most versatile and durable.

Most lashes are sold in a standard length and width. They are shaped by placing them on a flat surface and cutting the individual hairs with cuticle scissors, unevenly, and at an angle to avoid an obvious blunt end.

Likewise, lashes should not be blunt and square at the outer corner of the eye, but rather slightly longer and tapered — similar to your own — for a natural effect.

Make sure your lashes fit your lid. Snip off any excess.

The only necessary tools are:

1. Mirror — always below eye-level so you are looking down.
2. Tube of adhesive — surgical adhesive is the cheapest and best.

To apply, hold lashes firmly between two fingers (or tweezers) and spread adhesive in a thin line, with a toothpick, along the lash base. Wait a moment, then apply to lid.

Starting about a quarter of an inch from the inner corner of the eye, hold directly in front of your eye and affix directly above the roots of your own lashes.

That is all there is to it. The entire application takes less than two minutes.

THE LOOK OF EYES

PROPERLY applied, false eyelashes appear straight or curved when the eye is open, but NEVER CURLY.

To remove a lash, grasp it firmly between the thumb and index finger and gently peel from the outer end.

For proper care of lashes, remove all excess adhesive from the base of the lashes — it will easily peel off. For protection and cleanliness, store them in their box.

To renew or maintain curl in false lashes, wrap the lashes in tissue around a standard-width pencil and secure with a rubber band until next wearing.

Lashes eliminate any need for mascara. Soap and water will remove any adhesive residue on the lash base.

Three different shapes of lashes are illustrated, right, each creating a different effect.

At first, for trial and error, allow yourself 20 minutes to apply lashes. After doing it three or four times, it will be effortless.



HAPPY EYES — the liner, brow, and shading are extended slightly, and blended in upward arc.



ROUND EYES — liner, brow, and shading are kept within eye-socket frame. Note centre width.



SOULFUL EYES — the liner, brow, and shading extend slightly and taper sharply downward.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4902070

Lip color



THE purpose of lip color is to establish a definite lip contour and to introduce a color balance in relation to the eyes.

A beautiful mouth always has a pleasant, natural expression. Generally, the best results are accomplished following the natural lipline.

Start coloring from the centre of the lips, blending it to the edge of the lip-line.

Applied in this manner, lips develop depth, as the color is more intense in the centre. This also will make a large mouth look smaller.

To correct irregularities, apply foundation cream to the entire lip area. This creates a clear, smooth surface and permits correction of any irregularities in the lip shape. However, this should be done ONLY for major reconstruction, which is seldom necessary.

To get the true color of a lipstick, however, it is often wise to first cover the lips with foundation cream. This will act to neutralise existing lip color.

Sometimes a pleasant color can be achieved by blending two, or even three, lipstick colors together. The secret is to BLEND your colors together, and not apply in separate layers.

To avoid any "burning" or skin disorder, always cleanse lips thoroughly before applying color.

As previously stated, the eyes should become the focal point of facial make-up. To accomplish this, avoid brilliant colored lipsticks and use natural tones such as rusts, muted pinks, oranges, or corals. Specific color will vary with individual taste.

As a general guide—

Rust tones: Redheads and sandy-brown hair, especially for those with rosy or freckled complexions.

Pinks and coral: Blondes and those with pale skin.

Very light red: Brunettes and dark brown hair.

The diagram (above) illustrates the procedure of applying from within and blending to the outer edge.

Now that the concept is understood, a little practice is all that is necessary.

Toning powder



THE purpose of toning powder is to add a healthy glow.

Toning powder is a soft, blush color applied after the new facial contours have been established through the use of shadow powders. It adds the final warm and healthy glow of natural beauty.

It provides final highlight tones in three primary areas:

1. Temple.
2. Brow.
3. Chin.

Use the contour brush and lightly apply toning powder to these strategic areas.

At this stage, the basic make-up plan has been established and the toning powder adds vibrance, color, and the finishing complexion glow.

This final-touch effect is clearly illustrated (left) as applied to the basic areas.

Practise for proper intensity and do not hesitate to experiment, applying toning powder in other areas. The results can be pretty, pleasing, and exciting.

Finishing powder

THE purpose of finishing powder is to set and protect the completed make-up.

There are many varieties of finishing powder. The most effective is a translucent powder that will not change or distort the cosmetics already used for this natural make-up.

The finishing powder has two functions:

1. Absorbs oils for hours.
2. Sets the make-up.

An occasional touch-up with the finishing powder helps keep make-up fresh, as it absorbs most excess oil.

Using a contour brush, lightly apply the finishing powder over the entire face and neck. This will act as a protective make-up set without affecting the color.

It provides an invisible, translucent veil that blocks out shadows and any remaining cosmetic lines.

This is the final step in proper make-up application.

When in doubt, it is always best to apply fresh make-up.

Additionally, for a longer-lasting look, gently touch the entire powdered surface



with a barely moist cool sponge or cloth, using a patting motion. This is a method known as setting make-up. It helps to ensure a make-up appearance that lasts as the day goes on.

The diagram (above) includes the powder make-up technique. Lightly dust with finishing powder and note it does not affect color, but merely provides permanency.

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TOOTAL
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Trade Enquiries: **Kingston Fabrics**—Kornblums Furnishings Ltd.—all capital cities.
Matchmaker Drapes—Hoad Manufacturing Pty. Ltd.—all capital cities.

'Terylene' 'Regency' drapes are available in a wide range of interior decorator colours—in plain or striped (stripes approx. 1½" wide).



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Matchmaker 'Silver Seal' full-length pinch-pleated curtains by Hoad Manufacturing Pty. Ltd

...or a pale misty make-up!

'Terylene' curtains with the palest complexions. 'Silver Seal' voile curtains in frosty white or pastel hues now come to you ready-made, ready to hang. No tiresome tacking and tucking. No gathering, seaming or stitching. Just measure, then fit them and forget them. 'Silver Seal' curtains won't droop. They stay fresh and crisp; drip-dry quickly and never need ironing—no matter how many times you wash them.

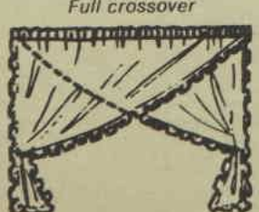
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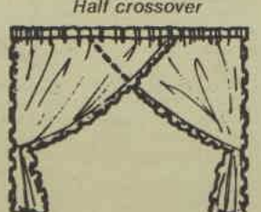
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'Terylene' 'Silver Seal' ready-made voile curtains are ready for you now—at soft furnishing stores everywhere.

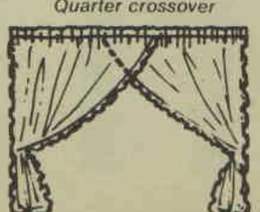
Full crossover



Half crossover



Quarter crossover



Your Matchmaker 'Silver Seal' curtains come to you in an attractive re-usable plastic carry bag.



'Terylene' is a reg. trade mark

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NEW 'MANICURIST' BY CUTEX

The Upside Down Polish that Professionally Paints Your Nails



Here's why:



Because the brush is inside the bottle. Up-end the bottle and out comes the brush, all ready to paint your nails! Unique?

Here's how:



A cunning dispenser feeds the brush with polish. Strokes on easily; the polish flows evenly. Gives your nails a most professional finish. Unique?

Here's when:
Whenever you want to. Anytime. Anywhere. Any place you like.

Here's what:
You can paint your nails perfectly every time with the professional polish,



Regular: 95c
Frosted: $1.05



● *Antoinette, a lamb, "shops" for vegetables in a Sydney suburb!*

SHARON HAS A LITTLE LAMB

■ **There are very few things that will get so much as a raised eyebrow in Double Bay Village these days. Sydney's cosmopolitan shopping centre — with its volatile blend of polyglot tongues, of old and new, of weird gear and expensive couture — tends to treat the unusual with indifference.**

There was quite a stir recently, however, when young hairdresser Sharon Hasler went shopping in the village with Antoinette.

While Antoinette at first glance may look distinctly like a poodle, she is, in fact, a lamb. And a lamb is unheard of in Double Bay!

Somewhat bewildered by the attention, Antoinette, complete with a blue-ribbon collar and long leather lead, went window-shopping with her mistress. She peered in antique shops, had a quick look at an off-beat dress boutique, and met the local postman and shopkeepers.

She behaved with decorum until a nearby greengrocer's store caught her eye and in a do-or-die dash she made for a display of vegetables, nibbling both the cabbage leaves and the paper underneath.

Sharon found Antoinette during a short holiday on a property near Quirindi, N.S.W. The three-day-old lamb was lying beside the dead mother sheep and was to be shot, until Sharon decided to bring her back to Sydney and look after her.

Back home in the suburb of Randwick, Sharon's father, Baden Hasler, a horse trainer, built an enclosure for Antoinette among the rows of stables. Three or four times a day she was fed on a solution of milk and Condy's crystals from a baby's bottle and has now graduated to eating grass.

There are problems, however, when rearing a pet lamb. "We just cannot keep her clean," Sharon said. "We bathed her the other day and she immediately put her nose in a tin of boot polish. Today we tried again and within minutes she was rolling in the mud!"

Antoinette's city life is rapidly drawing to a close. She's growing fast and Sharon feels it's almost time to send her back to the country.

Somehow the novelty wears a bit thin when a pet lamb becomes a full-grown merino crossbred.

Special-delivery litter!



● *A bundle of mischief.*

SEVEN little Adelaide basset pups floundered about in their basket urgently making their way over and under and around each other.

"Woof!" barked our photographer, trying to get their collective attention, but the pups took no notice and went on with their scrambling.

The photographer tried barking again, standing alert beside his camera and tripod, ready for just that split-second when the pups might be still.

He tried a "ruff-ruff" type of bark but it was no good.

"I must have the wrong breed," he said thoughtfully and broke into throaty, great dane-style barking.

It almost did the trick. Most of the floppy little models paused for an instant and he got one picture. Another burst of barking won him one more shot, but that was the lot for the day.

Mother basset, a worried-looking dear named Cinderella (Cindy for short), was produced to calm her brood and to have her picture taken.

But the whole set-up, especially the "woofing" and "ruffing" threw her into a state of trembling tension and all thought of more photography had to be abandoned.

Cindy could hardly be blamed for feeling anxious about the whole business; she'd had a tough time bringing her seven babies into the world.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4902074

COMPACT

Cake rose to the occasion



● *Meet 13-year-old Yvonne Charlick . . .*



. . . She baked and decorated this cake herself for her birthday.

■ **Pride of place at Yvonne Charlick's birthday party recently was a cake that looked like a snow-white cushion delicately fringed with lace.**

Guests gasped when they saw it. Surely the roses couldn't be made from icing? They had to touch them — and taste them!— before they believed the tiny white roses weren't real.

But even more unbelievable, their hostess — 13 that day — had baked and decorated the cake herself.

"My teacher showed me how to make the roses look realistic," said Yvonne, an apple-cheeked girl, with a long black plait, who goes to cake-decorating classes every Saturday.

"The first rose I made was just a blob of icing, but she showed me how to put folds in the centre just like a real rose.

"I like making flowers," she added, showing us a spray of orange blossom that could have grown in the Charlicks' Epping, N.S.W., garden.

(The Charlicks, who came from England 12 years ago, settled in Epping because, with its leafy roads and flower-filled gardens, it reminded them of home, said Mrs. Charlick.)

Yvonne was ten, in fact, when she iced her first cake. It was for a very special occasion. On Christmas Day her mother came home from hospital with Yvonne's new baby sister.

"Yvonne had cooked a chicken," said Mrs. Charlick. "And you should have seen the way she decorated the table with bright bonbons, and candles stuck in wine-bottles. In the middle of it all was this beautiful iced cake."

She was so touched by her daughter's shaky attempts at cake-decorating that she promised Yvonne should learn to ice properly.

A year later Mrs. Charlick kept her promise. Soon Yvonne's remarkable talent with an icing funnel showed. Prizes for cake-decorating piled up.

But her proudest "hour" came earlier this year. She won first prize at Sydney's Royal Easter Show. It was in the under-17s' cake-decorating section.

The prizewinning cake was a perfect copy of a gay French hatbox with a label written in gold on the lid.

Last year another of Yvonne's talents came to light. She won first prize "for the area" in a school painting competition.

"It was Anzac Day, and all the girls and boys in my class had to paint a soldier," she said. "I called mine 'The Warrior Advances.'"

Since then, Yvonne has won other painting competitions—including a children's television contest.

She chose to go into confinement under a pepper tree in the back garden during a spell of Adelaide's worst weather for 30 years.

Her owner, Mrs. Ivan Hale, of Netherby, hurriedly rigged up a maternity ward out of a packing case covered with layers of hessian, canvas, and tarpaulin to protect the occupants against a continuing deluge of rain.

She then went on duty as day and night nurse for three weeks, making constant calls through the cold, wet days and nights to see if the mother and pups were doing well.

She was advised by experts both to leave the pups where they were and to bring them inside. She decided, rather nervously, that they were probably better where they were beside their warm mother.

It turned out to be the right decision. The pups thrived, and at six weeks, when the pictures were taken, were heavy with healthy puppy fat.

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(Arabia ceramics and Finel enamelware from FINLAND)

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Illustrated are just some of the many timeless Arabia and Finel designs. Buy individually or as settings. Teapots from $2.75, jam jars from $1.50, cups and saucers from $1.75, casseroles from $5.75, saucepans from $7.95.

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Hello Foot!



We're going to get you ready for summer. Scholl. And me. Not a blemish nor a blister. Not even one (whisper it) corn.

Are your feet ready for their summer showing?
Most of the year only you see them.
Now make them beautiful . . . for everybody else.
You and Scholl can do it!

It isn't really difficult to banish blemishes.

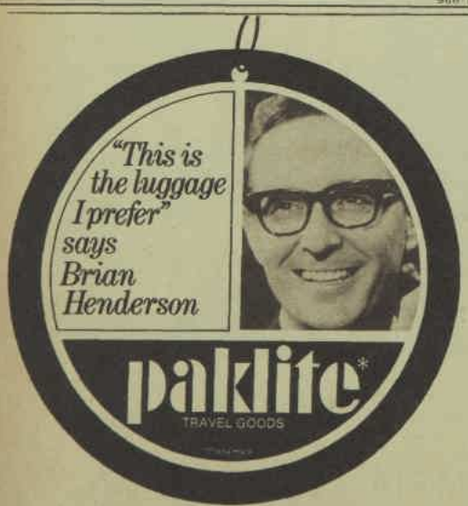
So nearly **everybody** has corns.
Well — you be different!
If you face up to foot blemishes you can almost always get rid of them. Did you know that Scholl Zino-Pads can **ease** corns away?
It's crazy not to use them!
Visit your chemist right away.
Ask him about Scholl corn pads. Felt or foam ones for simple corns. Zino-Pads for deeper corns!
Pads for other common foot troubles (even callouses and bunions).
But do go now summer is coming.
Feet just **can't** be beautiful with blemishes.

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Scholl Foot Care Counter

at chemists, stores and Scholl shops.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Some logic!

WAITING while my young son had a tooth filled, I remarked to the dentist's receptionist that six members of the family had required dental treatment in the past month. She observed, "Teeth need constant attention. Of course, if you came more often you wouldn't have to come so much."

$2 to Mrs. W. Pole, Brisbane.

Warm reception

OUR town is a place where anything can happen, and it usually does—even the impossible. For three years the CWA had been trying to find someone to install a septic toilet system. Then word was received that the State president was about to make a visit. Something had to be done in a hurry. Three young visitors to the town offered to do the job. The great day arrived, so did the president. Having been the object of discussion for so long, several members decided to inspect the new toilet. Imagine their shock to find it acting for all the world like a New Zealand hot spring, steam billowing everywhere. In their haste to finish the job, the three young men had connected it up to the hot-water system.

$2 to "Flushed" (name supplied), Wiluna, W.A.

Not much help!

ONE wet and windy day my umbrella was blown inside-out and completely ruined. So the next day I asked my sister if I could borrow hers. "Yes," she said, "only don't put it up!"

$2 to M. Lacey, East Bentleigh, Vic.

Tea and sympathy

WHEN an elderly man from down the road died, a large number of people gathered at his house after the funeral to pay their respects. Commenting on the line-up of cars outside the house, and along each side of the street, a neighbor's small son said in awe, "Gosh, look at all the cars, they must be having a kitchen tea."

$2 to "Ignorance" (name supplied), Corowa, N.S.W.

A child's reaction

BOARDING the aircraft at Singapore, we were all very excited at the prospect of returning to Australia after two years away. But as the giant plane gained height, it all got too much for my three-year-old son, and he called out in a loud voice, "Mummy, I hope we don't bump into God up here." You could have heard a pin drop.

$2 to Mrs. L. Hayden, Mitchell, Qld.

"It's a girl"

THESE days there are many ways of announcing births. The best I've seen was in a local newspaper. The surname was Peach, and the message read: "A pink blossom on the Peach tree." One way of saying "It's a girl."

$2 to Mrs. P. Reynolds, Surrey Hills, Vic.



UNDER THE SEA

● **Prawn nights have become a status symbol of Sydney suburban clublife, according to the chairman of the N.S.W. Fish Authority, Mr. M. E. Joseph.**

That's a turn-up, said the raw prawn in his customary vulgar manner,
Oh, boy, when the oysters hear about it, what a spanner
It will throw in their works! And it will certainly amaze
That puffed-up mob, the local lobsters, who are really crays.
Years ago, of high life we had only an occasional glimpse,
And now we're jolly well nearly as genteel as potted shrimps.
Climbing the ladder year by year ever upward in price,
Which means status in anyone's language, and that's nice.
Only this morning I was telling a humble mullet the story,
And HE said, "You're getting nearly as insufferable as that two-dollar-a-pound John Dory."

— Dorothy Drain

No reason to smile

NOTHING annoys me more than the patient smiles of "mothers" on TV commercials when confronted with a child covered in dirt. I know they have to sell the laundry powder, but after changing my three-year-old for the fourth time in one day, I don't smile. I just feel like keeping him in the washing-machine — permanently.

$2 to Mrs. M. Moreton, Victoria Point, Qld.

It won't work

FURTHER to the letter about knitting slowly to make the wool last. Once I was driving the car and, when several miles from home, noticed that the petrol gauge was showing empty. I pointed this out to my husband, who remarked, "Can't you drive faster, so we'll get home before it cuts out?"

$2 to Mrs. M. Whittaker, Malanda, Qld.

Those family quarrels

I AGREE with Mrs. Ainsworth that relatives should not have any quarrels. One may think it is a "stimulating" free-for-all with no hard feelings, but is this how the other participants are left? Or has some word bitten deep and resentment lingers? Fights are undignified, destructive, and bring a loss of self-control. They cannot always be avoided, but they are dangerous to engage in for "pleasure."

$2 to Mrs. P. Wallis, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THAT most relatives do quarrel seems to be the unfortunate truth. I have heard it said that there is no quarrel so bitter as a family argument, and from what I have seen and heard this statement bears an element of truth.

$2 to Mrs. S. I. Saunders, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

★ ★ ★

QUARRELS should not be necessary to maintain a good family relationship. But I fail to see how a number of normal adults can live together without a frequent difference of opinion. An argument usually does clear the air and leave relatives with a better understanding of each other.

$2 to "Point of View" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

FOR members of a family never to become moved or disturbed, there must be a lack of feeling or of sufficient interest between its members, one for the other.

$2 to "20 Years Married" (name supplied), Belair, S.A.

BEFORE I was married, I lived alone with my mother and we never had a quarrel, although at times there was a terrific amount of tension, which could last for weeks. My husband and I fight like cat and dog. Very unpleasant at the time, but doesn't it clear the air! Everything out in the open and no grudges to bear. Also no more tension headaches.

$2 to "Much Improved" (name supplied), Annandale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IT is not really a matter of families having a need to fight, but of individual members who may be inclined to belligerence and dissension. Such people will quarrel just as easily with outside associates as they do in their family circle. Those who are fundamentally placid and peace-loving rarely cause upsets at home or abroad.

$2 to Mrs. P. Grayson, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

HAVING been an only child, with well-adjusted parents and relatives, I, too, have never had the doubtful honor of participating in family quarrels. Yet friends tell me of theirs, and that afterward they are all bosom pals again. It is all part of family closeness and makes them "belong." When a crisis arises, any bitterness is forgotten and everyone piles in to help.

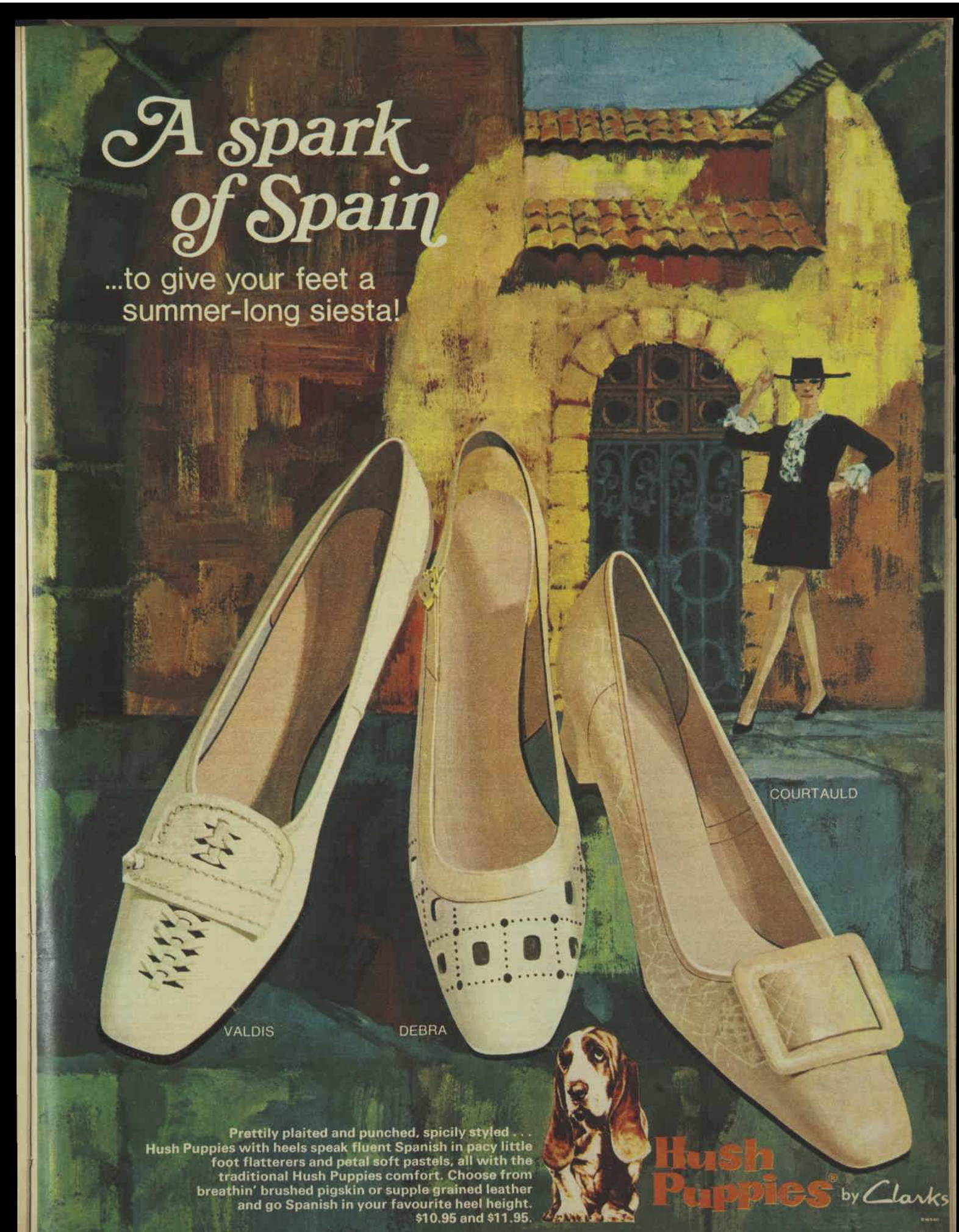
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Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume his column on his return.

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ABOVE: When Mr. and Mrs. Couper left the church they met a hail-storm of confetti.

SIXTY SHINING

By SUE COUPER

"ORANGES! Oranges!" . . . one blue-shirted boy, grubby-kneed, in grey shorts, heelless, home-made socks, and clumping boots, set the whole group of boys a chant.

"Oranges! Oranges!"

They kicked up the dust in the worn yard with joy.

Oh boy! Oranges! Even the staff looked up from what they were doing. What a lovely change from the wizened, dried-up apples we'd been eating for months!

"The Store Lady's here with oranges!" Everyone was prepared to have a look, a squeeze, a sniff—but at the slightest hint of a job they were off.

"Arthur, you're a big, strong lad!" The Store Lady grabbed the least nimble. "You count 33 oranges and put them into the boiler and I'll be back for the rest in a few minutes."

"The *boiler?*"

We were used to Arthur looking puzzled. The Store Lady had gone, and we returned to our tasks.

We all thought Arthur would reach for the billy-like, all-purpose boiler with which "cottages" at the orphanage were provided.

But Arthur's mind had turned to the temperamental old coke hot-water heater in the kitchen, often referred to as "the boiler," as it had the habit of belching steam, spitting, and practically bouncing out of the kitchen.

And Arthur had learned never to question the vagaries of life. So, carefully, he counted out exactly 33 oranges and dropped them, one by one, on to the coals.

Poor Arthur! We did not know what had happened until the water ran cold for the baths.

But the incident was soon overshadowed by others. I probably only recall it because I wrote it down. So much happened in the 18 months I lived there. But first let me set the scene . . .

THE "cottage" was huge and towering, gloomily shaded by cypresses, adorned with turrets and gargoyles.

There was no more sense in calling this immense, wind-whistling building a "cottage" than there was in calling its inhabitants "orphans." The children all had one or both parents living. Yet both terms had been used since 18-something.

Ironically, the site chosen, so many years before, for this "Shelter For Orphans and their Farm Training," had become one of the city's choicest suburbs. Even the fraction of land occupied by the orphanage cow and pig fetched umpteen thousand dollars when it was finally sold.

There were five "cottages." One was for infants up to the age of five. Here the sexes were mixed.

The rest were strictly segregated into "Big Boys" and "Little Boys," and "Big Girls" and "Little Girls," although the whole point of the place hinged on its being a "Home for Families of Children."

It was from the drab, echoing interior of "Little Boys," that a fellow university student had telephoned me. She was newly a graduate like myself.

At the time of the phone call I was barely aware of "Little Boys'" existence. But while Anne and I exchanged greetings I could hear a noise like a schoolyard on sports day.

Symbolically, as it turned out, I let the newspaper — opened at Professional Sits. Vacant—slip to the floor.

"Have you got a position yet?" I asked with interest.

"Have I ever!"

Harassed voice

For someone who should have been enjoying an enviable job, Anne sounded harassed.

Destiny had seen to it that she had grown up only a stone's throw from the orphanage. She had watched the children for a long time and had decided that to work there was her calling.

With courage firmly clasped in hands more used to pushing a pen, she had approached the superintendent, and asked for a job.

And there she was, second-in-command of "Little Boys," No. 2 cottage, home of 30 small boys.

First in command was Bev, tall, fair, shy, and terrified by the situation in which the depressingly rapid turnover in staff had placed her.

She had no formal training whatsoever, her only previous working experience having been in a pleating factory — but, later, Anne and I were only too ready to agree that when it came to coping, she left both of us for dead.

The noise in the background made it all but impossible for me to get the gist of what Anne was saying. Perhaps this was the reason I was foolish enough to pack my bags and take up the position of "Number 3 C.M." — Cottage Mother to 30 squealing, pushing, pinching, active little boys, who followed one's every movement, missing nothing, with 60 shining eyes.

Dreams of the well-paid, well-regulated job — the sensible hours, the prestige — all vanished.

Instead, we shouldered a day beginning officially at 6.30 a.m. (but often earlier) and ending at 8.30 p.m. (but often later).

There was just enough pay to supplement the institutional meals, buy those necessities for ourselves and the boys, which were not allowed out of petty cash, and pay our fares home on those blissful, carpeted, curtained *peaceful* days off.

The cottage became our home. The decor we became accustomed to — as accustomed as one can to scratched remnants of chocolate, khaki, and bright blue (for boys).

The front and back doorsteps, at opposite ends of a long hall, had been worn into troughs. The stairs, likewise, were well worn, and whenever anyone ran up or down desiccated plaster crumbled off them, dandruffing the floor below.

The fire-escape collapsed with all 33 of us on it the first time we held fire drill, no doubt breaking all records for emptying a building of children, but leaving no means of departure, should we ever have need of it.

How we ever escaped fire was one of the many unsolved mysteries of the place.

One day I heard a lot of whispering going on under the stairs.

"What are you boys doing?" I called suspiciously, from under an enormous heap of darning.

"Seein' if there's a mouse in here."

"In where?"

"In this hole under the stairs."

"Oh."

More whispering and a few groans, "ouches," "ows," and "Drop it yer mug!" "Quick, stamp on it!"

"Is there a mouse?" I hoped there wasn't. I wasn't too sure what its future would hold.

"Don't reckon. If there is he's got singed whiskers."

"Singed?"

"Yair."

"What do you mean, singed?" I threw aside the darning.

"Can't hear him coughing," coughed a boy, wreathed in smoke, his ear to the mouse hole.

"*Coughing?*" I almost screamed. "What on earth are you doing? You're not putting lighted paper in there, are you?" I was aghast.

"Yep. Lots. And nuffin's come runnin' out."

"You'll burn the cottage down!"

"Na. She won't burn. We've tried" . . .

The ceilings were so high they were lost in gloom. The floors had sound linoleum only on parts never walked on. After you had swept a floor you rearranged the pieces of linoleum like a jigsaw puzzle.

The boys' dormitory was virtually one big room which was ideal for shuttle-cock, hide - and - seek, run-and-jump - from - bed-to-bed, in fact anything but sleep.

The one indoor toilet for the 30 boys was right opposite the front door — and little boys never close the door. They might miss something.

There was one bath and three showers for the boys, and one bath for the staff. This was in the boys' bathroom, surrounded by a wall just high enough to invite little boys to climb up and peep over.

Relaxing in a hot tub, long after the boys' bedtime, it

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● "Cottage Mother" in an orphanage to 30 squealing, pushing, pinching, active little boys—this was the job Sue Couper took on when she was just 21. It became a labor of love, a source of both laughter and tears, and a crusade to create a more homelike atmosphere for the children.

EYES

was disturbing, to say the least, to see ten bitten fingernails appear at the top of the wall. Many a towel got soaked in the cause of modesty.

For the staff there was a cell-like bedroom each, and a common-room, where we were supposed to relax — no one told us when. But as this was the only area provided for sewing we shared it with mounds of clothing.

Almost as crazy as the fact that the orphanage pig and cow lived on one of the most luxurious blocks of land in the city, while the human inhabitants were afforded only the most austere fare, was the continuous and costly maintenance needed for the cottage. One felt it could have been replaced with something more modern six times over, Eventually, of course, it was.

Door panels were replaced regularly, glass in windows even more often. The old maintenance man never ceased to be amazed at how often new panes of glass simply "fell out." He did not know there was a competition among the boys to see who could raise the biggest ball of putty.

However, no one could explain why we sometimes got electric shocks through the hot-water taps. It took months of rewiring under the square-nailed floor to fix this.

Apart from us three staff, all aged around 21, there lived in this unco-operative building the aforementioned owners of the 60 shining eyes, to say nothing of the 600 fingernails and toenails.

The youngest of these boys was six and the eldest 11. The brightest was able to come top of his form, even when competing with "outsider" children. The dullest could barely read or write at 11.

The toughest boy was the hardest-to-manage creature under ten on this earth — other than a crazed bear. The gentlest was as kind and sweet as the most carefully raised little girl.

The most disturbed boy of the moment might be lying, stealing, running away from school, hitting out at everyone, breaking everything within reach, while occasionally a better-adjusted child might bring home a glowing report.

The most unhappy child might have memories of violence, drunkenness, quarrelling, desertion by first one parent and then the other, frequent changes of environment, and finally placement in the orphanage.

A lucky few were happy in the security of a parent they knew loved them, and who visited and took them out regularly and, *above all, kept a promise.*

To add to the confusion, five of the boys were named Robert, there was one set of very identical twins, and one haemophiliac, who bled at the slightest wound.

All routine

Thirty more different youngsters it would be hard to find, yet they had one thing in common. No matter what their backgrounds, capabilities, temperament, or mood, all were obliged to rise at 6.30 a.m., winter or summer, and launch into the orphanage routine.

Make bed, go downstairs *quietly,* roll up pyjamas and place on top shelf of pyjama locker, put slippers — *both slippers* — away in shoe locker, take clothes from clothes locker, dress, clean boots, comb hair, stand in line for breakfast until everyone was ready, eat porridge and two slices *only* of bread, drink cocoa, sit quietly until all at the table were finished, and then go to school.

Routine. Routine. Routine. It was the only way that 30 children could be dressed, fed, and got to school on time by the two staff on duty. Routine became so instilled into the children that it was understandable when Danny, aged seven, whose duty it was to look after the hens, asked, "Would he go on feedin' the chooks as they'd been gone for a week?"

All sorts of ruses had to be thought up to make the routine of "boys' duties" run smoothly.

To save the cottage mother from dragging her weary bones to every room in the cottage, up and down stairs, when she was already keeping an eye on seven pints of cocoa, serving up a gallon of porridge, and answering 20 questions a minute, duties were sometimes relayed by the boys, when they brought their dust-pans for inspection.

Each boy had to sweep a certain area each morning and present a cottage mother with his "dirt" in a dust-pan wherever she happened to be.

Many a visitor must have wondered at us politely thanking a small boy for a glimpse of a dust-pan full of dirt!

Occasionally there would be a violent quarrel over the theft of someone's "dirt," as one boy, too lazy to sweep his own area, made off with the fruits of another's labor.

For the staff, routine did not end with the school bell in the morning. One was first faced with piles of dishes: 30 porridge plates, with the porridge drying like cement, a great heap of cutlery and all the rest of the nauseating mess caused by the hurried feeding of 30 impatient little boys.

Dishes over, perhaps it might be washing day. In wet weather or fine, 90 pairs of socks and 60 jumpers would be piled high in readiness. Clouds of dust would rise, as socks were shaken and pinned into pairs, chewing gum, badges, and notes from school sorted out of jumpers.

All the woollies had to be washed in the cottage and there was only the kitchen sink — fortunately a king-sized one — in which to wash them.

Ultimately we got permission to buy a very old washing machine.

Anything new was thoroughly pawed over. The large, shiny, ball-bearing on which the agitator rested was missing within five minutes of the machine's arrival. We retrieved it smartly by snooping round the school-ground at playtime. One game of marbles was enjoying more than the average share of attention.

"Oh, well, he was a mighty Tom Bowler while he lasted," sighed one small boy, reluctantly relinquishing the ball-bearing, and clutching handfuls of marbles.

We were more puzzled by the appearance of a small metal tube which we found lying under the machine. We tried to attach it here, insert it there—on the wringer, pump, or motor.

Then someone ran in and said, "So there's the inside of me bicycle pump."

With the woollies on the line our clothing worries were not over. All other clothing had to be sorted (before and after going to the orphanage laundry), mended, and marked. Altogether there were about 1500 garments to be maintained in the cottage — not including sheets, pillowslips, towels, and face washers.

In addition we had certain times to attend staff meetings, fit in visits to the doctor with sick children, care for other sick children at home, and take the identical twins and their brother to the dental hospital, where they held, undisputed, the record for losing their corrective plates.

Each cottage had a set time for collecting stores.

The thick-walled storeroom would be ceremoniously unlocked with an enormous key and the shouts of 100 children at play would be deadened, as one entered the sacred portal.

Stepping over the enormous bluestone threshhold was like stepping back 50 or 100 years. A huge black beam balance, with copper pans, dwarfed the most robust of cottage mothers, and her carefully worked out list was halved under the awful eye of the Store Lady.

"Six pounds of sugar," one would squeak.

"Six?" She had never heard such audacity.

"Three, I mean," one would correct oneself miserably. "And two large boot black."

"Two? Large? You had two large last week!"

"Yes . . . Well you see, the boys found they burn if you put them by the fire to melt . . ."

"Humph!"

"Four large toothpaste and two bars of soap." One tried to sound confident. There were notices up everywhere about cleanliness being next to godliness.

"Sure you girls over in Number Two aren't lining your bottom drawers for when you get married?" the Store Lady would sniff.

Strange gifts

The lifting and carrying of stores and laundry was exhausting. The superintendent was asked to appeal for some old prams, so that stores could be wheeled from place to place.

After any appeal the telephone ran hot with offers that the donors never got round to honoring. After the first 100 offers of old prams, all further donations were cancelled with thanks, and we were left to fight it out with other cottages who would have the three or four prams that turned up.

One could amaze the most hardened charitable worker with tales of donations to orphanages. Perhaps people who gave maternity bras, outsize long woollen underwear, freakishly huge shoes, and smoking-jackets were a little confused about the children's needs.

Donations of this sort, in the huge quantities in which they were received, only made extra work for the matron and staff — who were not exactly enjoying an eight-hour day.

But sensible donations of books, food, furniture, and children's clothing provided variety in our institutional monotony.

The children themselves were great scavengers. From the beach they would drag home seaweed and dead fish, other people's belongings, and strange children, whom we often fed and occasionally tried to bed down. How was a cottage mother to know, after a day off, that the new arrival was not another orphan?

We felt pets were a necessary part of cottage life as they were outlets for affection and sometimes, poor things, for aggression.

From time to time we had goldfish — which lasted longer than any other pets, although they failed to survive a generous helping of porridge — guinea pigs which escaped and refused to be caught by 30 boys, white mice (which were eaten by the cat), cats, dogs, and budgerigars.

Pets led to conversations that would have challenged a logician, let alone an overworked cottage mother.

Someone said: "That white mice is clever the way he done that."

"That white *mouse,*" I corrected.

"No. It's white. So it's a mice."

"Look, I know they are white and I know they are mice but one of them is a mouse."

"Don't be a nut. A mouse is brown."

Deep sigh. "Mice can be brown and they can be white."

"Na. Mice is white — like y' hear people say, 'Have you got any white mice?' and mouses are brown, like y' hear cottage mothers scream, 'Look at that brown mouse!' No one ever says, 'Hello, Little Boy. Have you got any white *mouse?*' or 'Look at that brown mice that jumped out of the bread tin!' "

"Oh, OK, have it your own way."

"Gee that mice is clever the way he done that."

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SIXTY SHINING EYES

—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Some of the boys thought the guinea pigs were the baby version of ordinary pigs.

"Will they grow up into egg-and-bacon pigs?" someone asked. "When will we be able to eat them?"

The cat had kittens behind the hot-water heater in the kitchen. To our horror we discovered that the children, only too anxious to assist, wrapped each kitten in a teatowel. Later the kittens were all shaken out so that the dishes could be dried, and then the towels were returned, somewhat sodden, to their new role as swaddling clothes.

Goodness knows how the cats survived, but they thrived and became a problem to feed. Something had to be done to reduce numbers, so we bought a puppy to divert the boys' attention.

After a month in the cottage the poor little thing had a nervous breakdown. What is more it had it in the local lollyshop window.

Drew a crowd

Anne had the boys and the little dog down the street, when trying to obey 30 masters all at once became too much for Strawberry and he slunk into the shop window.

Here he suddenly realised he was trapped, and in a frenzy he barked and squealed, somersaulted, kicked, and bit, ruining the display, and attracting a large crowd.

Anne vainly tried to enclose him in a box. The growing crowd outside barracked either for the dog or Anne.

The unpleasant climax was reached when the dog bit Anne's hand, and an excited New Australian couple, completely unable to grasp that Anne was responsible for the 30 *enfants, bambinos,* or *kinder,* dragged her off to the doctor.

This left 30 upset and over-excited boys stranded in the middle of a busy Saturday shopping rush.

The budgerigars were perhaps the most charming pets we had. They chirped happily when things were quiet in the cottage, and were out of the way when things were busy.

Needless to say, forgetful sixes or inquiring sevens frequently left the door open —but what better excuse than an escaped budgie for scrambling over steep slate roofs, scaling out-of-bounds fences, and trampling other people's gardens?

All 30 boys would be shouting instructions, abuse, and praise at once.

"You beauty!"

"Y' let 'im go, y' mug!"

"What you got for paws? Ping-pong bats?"

A less animate interest acquired for the children was an old car. This was driven into place one Sunday morning while they were at church, the few parts that could be dangerous were removed and piles of bricks placed under the axles.

The oldest boy in the cottage became self-appointed boss of the car. It offered plenty of gadgets to be tried out and discussed by all 30.

After a hurried dinner it was assaulted with the week's supply of detergents, plus mops, scrubbers, and rags. When it was showroom shiny, the next thought was that nothing prevented it from going but the bricks under the axles.

"If we knock all them bricks out and give 'er a 'eave, reckon she'll go," was the boss' pronouncement.

A team spirit such as we rarely saw, developed. It is amazing the strength and determination small boys can exert when all are working toward a common goal — it's just that it rarely happens.

For hours they sweated and toiled, pushing and shoving the bricks out. Finally the last brick came loose, and to our amusement all 30 boys immediately jumped into or on to the car — leaving no one to push.

There were definite leaders and followers among the boys, but these positions were flexible. Max led in games and rough activities, Denis in intellectual pursuits. Certain boys were able to tell other boys what to do, while another's orders were resented.

> ● Birthdays often passed unnoticed at the orphanage — until a child wistfully said he was no longer eight or nine. Then a cake was provided.

There was a very rigid hierarchy of "Who Could Flatten Who," rather like the pecking order in hens. If a dispute arose there would be a pitched battle, and that settled that.

We tried to bring out individual differences in the boys and give them all a chance to shine, but this was not easy. It was amazing the lengths to which they would go to fulfil their creative urges and get attention.

Kenny's knitting grew so rapidly that Bev and Anne and I all thought one of the others had been doing some for him.

It was only when his insatiable appetite for wool really began to hit our pockets that we discovered he spent part of the night sitting on the toilet knitting.

We encouraged some gardening. Gordon nurtured a willow cutting until it showed fresh green leaves, and he and his little brother grew some flowers right up to the blooming stage. But the unwary staff made the mistake of praising the brothers in front of the others with the inevitable jealous reaction.

The tree was stripped of its leaves and the plants all mysteriously "hopped out of the ground."

One boy was encouraged to collect stamps and he managed to gather a couple of hundred from cereal packets and from boys at school. Every day he would rush home to add a new stamp or just gloat over his collection. One day there was a heart-breaking wail and we knew at once what had happened.

The book had been stripped — but true to orphanage style, where far greater catastrophes were an everyday thing, the weeks of work and pride were forgotten within minutes.

It was not only the children's things that were tampered with, though often damage done to the staff's things was simply due to curious meddling.

A bottle of marking ink was knocked over by one little intruder in our common room, who thoughtfully mopped it up with Bev's best petticoat, handy in an ironing basket.

Of course, all eatables bought by the staff disappeared, no matter where they were hidden, unless gobbled up immediately. This has left me with the lasting habit of eating my share of any delicacies on the way home from the shops.

We did not believe in locks — not that anything would lock, anyway — so if ever money were missing, we held an inquest. It was incredible, if we stuck at it long enough, how many coins would be produced as boys decided to come clean during the amnesty offered by the staff.

The money would usually have passed through at least a dozen hands—and another dozen boys would have bought their way into a share of the lollies on which it was spent, simply by being in a position to tell.

Swopping increased the difficulty the staff already had in keeping track of 30 boys' belongings. After a trip to some American warships, when each boy was given a wonderful present, we were disturbed at the number of toys left lying around.

Staff member: "Whose beach-ball is that out on the drive looking for a car to run over it?"

Four boys (simultaneously): "Peter's," "Robert's," "Carl's," "Ricky's."

Bigger boy (with authority): "Bobby's."

Staff (calling): "Bobby is that your ball?"

Bobby (when he is eventually brought to heel): "It was."

Staff: "What do you mean — was?"

Bobby: "Swopped it to Max for his ba'minton set."

Staff: "Max! Ma-a-ax!"

Max (from top of cypress tree): "S'not mine. Giv'd it to Lindsay for one of his roller skates."

Helpful onlooker: "Jerry's got the other."

Second helpful onlooker: "And they're too small for 'im."

Staff (grabbing guilty-looking Lindsay as he tries to creep past): "Lindsay, pick up that ball!"

Lindsay: "Not mine. Swopped it to John for his visitors' food and I've eaten it."

"Mongin'" — meaning begging for food—was considered by the boys to be a disgrace, although nearly all succumbed at times. The "outsider" children at school brought lunches which our boys found attractive.

Little shrewdies were not above using the "I'm an orphan" technique to bring pressure on kindhearted children to part with their food.

However, it was not all one-sided. One day we noticed steam issuing from Ken's pocket as he left the dining-room. It was fish-and-chips day, the best meal of the week, and Ken had a date with one of the schoolchildren to whom he owed fish and chips.

After this incident we got permission from the superintendent to wrap the fish and chips in newspaper bundles and hand them out to the boys in the schoolyard, so that for one day of the week they could be the envied ones.

Birthdays, so important to most children, passed almost unnoticed in the cottage. Often they were forgotten altogether, until a child, if old enough, wistfully informed us that he was no longer eight or nine.

Then, a thoughtful superintendent arranged for a cake decorated with candles and the child's name to be sent from the local shop. There would be an uneasy hush while the candles were lit, then the boys sang, or shouted "Happy Birthday."

Party tucker

At Christmas we found we had more than enough presents for the boys, so we started to keep out one present each for them, to be given on their birthdays. These were received with pathetic gratitude and "Little Boys" were the envy of all the other orphanage children.

Staff birthdays, as there were only three a year, were occasions for great parties. While the boys were at school we would hustle around making simple and cheap party tucker.

The moment the boys came home the person whose birthday it was would drop

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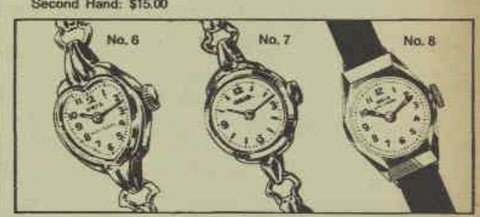
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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The A-line wraparound one-piece, below right, is my choice for a northern reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I am seeking your advice for something cool and smart for a dress to wear during the hot weather. I have made so many shifts I feel I need a change. I take a size 14 pattern. I haven't yet purchased the fabric."

The dress I have chosen to answer your query features one of fashion's newest silhouettes — it's wraparound and belted. Furthermore, it will be cool and comfortable in hot weather. The pattern also includes the same design in evening length. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Is a suit with a bolero jacket still in fashion?"

Yes, it is. The current version of the bolero suit has a double-breasted jacket and flared or pleated skirt. The jacket should be short enough to show the waistline of the skirt and it should be belted.

"I would like to make an evening stole to wear with a white evening dress made on Grecian lines. Could you suggest a color and fabric, also the correct shade for the accessories?"

My choice would be gold or silver lame for the stole and matching gold or silver kid for shoes and evening bag.

"I am being married in December and have chosen a white organdie bridal gown finished with long sleeves and a high bias-cut turnover collar. My problem is the correct length to have my wedding veil. I am 19 and have ash-blonde hair."

My choice would be a two-tier shoulder-length veil made in tulle and held in place with a small cluster of white flowers.

"I would appreciate your help about the correct color of accessories to wear with a summer suit made in brown silk."

Wear all-white accessories. Brown and white is one of the newest color combinations in current fashion.

"Would it be permissible for a bride-to-be to carry a prayer book instead of a bouquet of flowers? My bridal gown is made in white satin and I am wearing shoes to match."

Yes, it would, and it would be a pretty idea to cover the prayer book in the same satin as the bridal dress.

"I wondered if you have a pattern for an Empire-line dress that I could vary a bit with different sleeves and necklines. I take a size 38in. bust."

Our pattern department has a design for a basic dress with an Empire-line silhouette. Variations of the basic pattern include a round collarless neckline, bias rolled collar with or without a bow, short straight sleeves, bias puffed short sleeves, full-length sleeves finished with cuffs, and three-quarter-length bell sleeves. To order, quote Vogue pattern 1743; price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



7337. — Belted one-piece in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7337, the price $1 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

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MYB17

Beauty Line by MYTTON

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Nut-coated confection wins award

● A delightful confection wins $10 this week in our regular recipe contest; it combines marshmallows, cherries, caramel, almonds.

A RECIPE for light, beautifully textured scones, made by an unusual method, wins $2 consolation prize.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

CHERRY AND CARAMEL NUT SLICES

4oz. marshmallows
2oz. glace cherries
1 and 1-3rd cups icing sugar
6oz. soft caramels
1 tablespoon cream or top milk
4oz. toasted almonds

Chop marshmallows roughly, place in basin over boiling water, stir occasionally until melted. Remove from heat, add chopped cherries and sifted icing sugar; mix well. Turn out on to board dusted with icing sugar, knead well. Divide mixture in half, form into 2 rolls approx. 6in. long. Place on greased tray, refrigerate until firm.

Chop caramels roughly, place in heatproof basin with cream or milk. Place over pan of boiling water, stir until melted. Chop nuts coarsely, place on sheet of greaseproof paper. Spread one side of the marshmallow rolls with melted caramel, roll evenly in nuts. Repeat with other side. Wrap each roll in greaseproof paper, refrigerate until set. Cut into slices to serve.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. N. E. Blight, 30 Curedale St., Beaconsfield, Fremantle, W.A. 6162.

AUNT IVY'S FOOLPROOF SCONES

1 egg
1 dessertspoon sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
¾ cup milk
2 cups self-raising flour
½ teaspoon salt
milk for glazing

Beat egg and sugar together until thick; add melted butter to milk. Sift together flour and salt into mixing bowl, make a well in centre. Stir in egg mixture, then milk, mix to a soft dough. Turn out on to floured board, knead lightly. Pat or roll out to ½in. thickness, cut out with floured scone-cutter. Place on lightly greased scone slide, brush tops with a little cold milk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Serve them hot, split and buttered. They're so easy to eat just as they are; but you can serve them with honey, jam, or lemon butter.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. J. Saunders, Phillip St., Victor Harbor, S.A. 5211.

PRIZE RECIPE this week is Cherry and Caramel Nut Slices. Serve as a delightfully festive sweet at Christmas festivities.



EXTRA PRIZES FOR RECIPES

● One of your favorite recipes for a holiday party dish, either savory or sweet, could win you a special Christmas gift.

WINNERS of our weekly cash prizes for readers' recipes will receive additional prizes for recipes published in our issues of December 4, 11, 18, and 25.

The first-prize winner in each of these four issues will receive, in addition to the usual $10 prize, a copy of Robert Carrier's superb cookery book, "Great Dishes of the World."

Consolation-prize winners will receive, in addition to the usual $2 prize, a set of Robert Carrier Cookery Cards.

All recipes for holiday party dishes received up to November 11 will be eligible for these extra prizes.

Mark entries Holiday Dish, and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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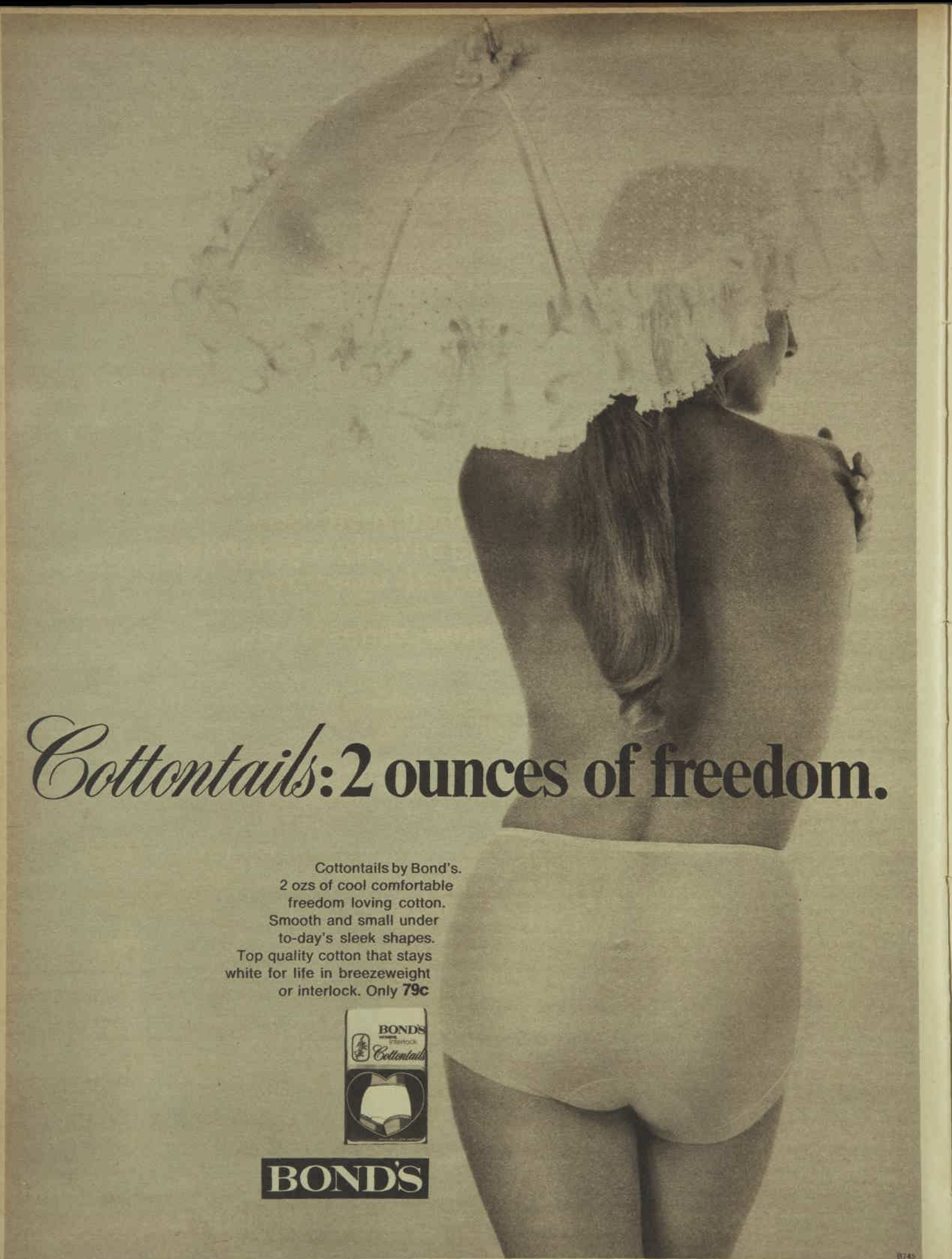
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Hints for the home

● **Readers win $2 prize for each of these household hints.**

USE a piece of plastic to apply floor polish — it does not absorb polish as a cloth does, and so you will use less polish. I find the floors also polish brighter when I use plastic. — Mrs. B. Moore, 20 Seaview St., Kotara, N.S.W. 2288.

★ ★ ★

Never discard the small brushes in empty nail-polish bottles. Clean them thoroughly and use to dust hard-to-get-at parts of your sewing-machine, particularly round the bobbin. In addition, children can use these brushes for painting as they are thicker than normal paint brushes. — Miss Helen Best, 20 Rous St., Hendra, Qld. 4011.

★ ★ ★

For an extra movable shelf for the workroom, screw two cup hooks into the ceiling, suspend a wire coathanger from each, and place a piece of timber between the hangers. — Mrs. C. B. Johnson, 5 Wilmot St., Ararat, Vic. 3377.

★ ★ ★

To restore the body to corduroy velvet which has had considerable wear and laundering, apply a light spray of starch to the reverse side, and iron immediately on this side. — Mrs. C. M. Clarke, P.O., Box 102, Renmark, S.A. 5341.

★ ★ ★

Keep a small bucket in laundry containing water and one of the new stain-removing powders for those grubby white school socks. Encourage your children to put their socks into the bucket as soon as they take them off and you will find there is little need to handwash the toes and heels before putting socks into washing-machine. — Mrs. G. Spencer, 15 Carroll St., Lidcombe, N.S.W. 2141.

★ ★ ★

Waist-line fashions fluctuate from time to time: A quick and easy way to tighten the band of a skirt is to attach a piece of 1in.-wide elastic, about one foot in length, to inside back of waistband. This ensures a snug fit. — Mrs. M. Sharman, 2 Therry St., West Wollongong, N.S.W. 2500.

★ ★ ★

For a suction-door refrigerator that is hard to open, run a light film of talcum powder down the rubber strip and the door will open easily. — J. D. Garrett, 17 Ullapool Rd., Applecross, W.A. 6153.

★ ★ ★

When filling an electric jug with water, pour the water in gently — the constant high pressure of water from a tap on the element can cause the fine wire to break. — Mrs. N. Lucre, 138 Bransgrove Rd., Panania, N.S.W. 2213.

★ ★ ★

If your cement tubs have become rough on the bottom, scour off the old suds with a pot mitt and sandsoap or a good detergent, then rinse well with clean water, and allow to dry completely. Paint over with liquid fibreglass (available from hardware stores that sell boating equipment), and the tubs will be protected from future damage. — Mrs. L. R. Radford, Stowport, Tas. 7321.

★ ★ ★

Keep an old string shopping-bag to use when making steamed puddings. Put pudding basin in the bag and you will be able to lift it out without difficulty or scalded fingers. — Mrs. C. W. Peepall, 89 River Rd., Gympie, Qld. 4570.

★ ★ ★

Press a man's dark business suit by wiping the surface gently with a sponge wrung out in a solution of 1 pint of warm water and 1 teaspoon of ammonia, then steam-pressing over a damp cloth. — Mrs. M. Inifer, Flat 1, 37 Spring St., Preston, Vic. 3072.

★ ★ ★

To stop curtain rings from becoming rusty or discolored, dip them in gloss paint, allow them to dry, and then attach them to curtains. This will also prevent the rings from marking or staining the curtains. — Mrs. R. Robb, 18 Kilsyth Ave., Kilsyth, Vic. 3137.

★ ★ ★

To erase the old car registration transfer, use nail-polish remover instead of a razor blade, which may scratch the glass. — Susan Sowter, 91 Akuna St., Kenmore, Brisbane 4069.

★ ★ ★

During hot summer months, a delightful thirst-quenching idea is to freeze pineapple rings in aluminium foil the night before you intend going on a picnic. When packing the picnic lunch, place them in the portable icebox and they can be eaten whenever you feel like a juicy snack. — Mrs. U. Pidcock, 24 Selmon St., Sans Souci, N.S.W. 2219.



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Try Driftwood on your own skin soon. You'll give a lot of added pleasure to everyone you meet.

Driftwood

DHATI

As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 30

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Thinking of making a move, expanding your personal life, or planning to improve career or status? Well, postpone until after the 1st. The stars offer a mixture of upheaval and delay 31st-1st. Monday, however, is a good day for the new venture. The 31st is also allergic to law.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ The week has a sting in its head — 31st-1st. is adverse — but a harmless tail, so make the most of the tail, 3rd-5th. Romance could suffer from the sting. Shelve important correspondence until after weekend. Career benefits.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Although you may get a rise in life and your relations with the world continue to improve, you'll have to avoid a few pitfalls that strew your path, 31st-1st. If unwed, you could strike trouble with associates; if wed, with the man of the house. Romance drags, too.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ The 31st-1st is no time to launch a new project, but for quiet watchfulness, especially in the morning. A chill wind could blow through the marriage set-up. Romance, however, blossoms, especially at weekend.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ Most Leos have a good flair for planning and organising, but they should stick to routine, 30th-1st. and act before the 6th. There could be a mini upheaval in financial life, or, if a working woman, a job disappointment. Care on the road. However, romance and matrimony are favored.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ Rate the 30th-1st as unco-operative. Although it is a bad time for personal life, some could make sudden moves. It's an unpleasant blend of tension and depression. Watch finances. However, good stars follow.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ You'll need that sense of balance and gymnastic ability to land head-up, 30th-1st. Conditions are bad for clear judgment. However, better influences follow. Many are going through big changes — mostly good ones.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ It's your get-up-and-swing cycle still, but 30th-1st. places obstacles in your path. But what true Scorpio flinches from opposition? Regard conditions as disturbing and delaying, then full throttle until the 5th. There could be a pleasant financial surprise. Exploit 2nd-5th to the full.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ Nasty influences inaugurate the week, but they come bunched, so it's all over and done with. From 30th-1st., stick to routine. It could also be depressing romance-wise. Otherwise, nice influences affect personal life.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Capricornians are far from the melancholy sad-sacks depicted by some astrologers. They can be jolly, but many could find the 30th-1st. a bit of a drag. Postpone new plans or projects during this time, but blast-off, 2nd-5th.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ You could come to the crossroads with a friend, perhaps a final parting, 30th-1st., which is also adverse mentally. You could get depressed. Postpone important trips, and make the most of the 2nd-5th. All the bad comes at the beginning of the week.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ It's a mixed week tidily arranged so that the baddies have their say at the beginning, 30th-1st., and the goodies at the end, 2nd-5th. You could receive a jolt to career and status or lose money via a friend. However, it's good to go into orbit and any damage done can be repaired

Take a close look at his hair tonight:



There may be danger signs!

There are several danger signs that generally mean your husband's hair is *protein-starved*. Don't let them go unchecked. Look for these symptoms:

- ☐ Thinning Hair
- ☐ Loose hair in his comb
- ☐ Lifeless, lack-lustre hair
- ☐ Hair split at ends
- ☐ Excessive dandruff

If you detect any of these signs, it's time to begin a twice-daily massage with Pure Silvikrin — with its unique protein content of the 18 essential amino acids that healthy hair requires. Pure Silvikrin *penetrates* the scalp, *builds* into hair structure, *feeds back protein* deep down in hair roots where the trouble begins. Start him on this simple treatment now . . . massage in Pure Silvikrin — twice daily! You'll soon see the difference in healthy hair growth.



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SIXTY SHINING EYES:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

all hand in the preparations and pretend she had no idea what was going on. The "surprise" was the most important part to the boys. There would be a lot of "shhshhing" and "shut up y' mug."

Soon the arguing about decorations and dividing of food would give way to sudden quiet and someone would call the birthday person to the dining-room. Pent-up feelings would erupt from 30 active volcanoes, and all three cottage mothers would have to quieten things down before the party could start.

"Days off" were a pleasure the boys demanded to share. The staff were often given breakfast in bed on days off and were exempted from all work.

The boys had a number of jobs to do, and the more able ones rarely got a break from the duty list. So we arranged for them to take it in turns to be free of duty for a day and to have breakfast in bed.

It was doubtful if this breakfast was very enjoyable. Porridge and cocoa would be grudgingly slopped upstairs if someone remembered. Often the "day off" boy would come downstairs in his pyjamas to say he had been forgotten.

Some of the smaller, newer boys regarded the whole thing as a punishment and were found howling in the empty dormitory, begging to be allowed to come downstairs. Yet boys' days off remained, despite their nuisance value.

After a year devoid of entertainment for the children, Christmas would bring a glut of parties. People could not do enough for the children at Christmas, although they could quite happily forget them for the rest of the year.

Apart from a few well-conducted outings the program of most was to provide far too many lollies and drinks. The day would then offer such a list of exciting activities that the children would go quite berserk and arrive home in a state of nervous exhaustion. On these evenings the staff would have to cope with calming the boys down and getting them to bed—and this was bad enough—but sometimes the staff were invited, too.

These days were embarrassing, because with ten times the usual number of invitations at their disposal, the children became quite connoisseurs.

They grew very fussy as to the make and vintage of the car they would choose from the line-up offering to transport them. Children who missed out on the best would have the sulks and the Poor Little Orphan would stamp his feet and say, "I'm not going in that old thing!"

At the party table, by the end of the season, jelly and ice-cream would lose their appeal.

Cottage mothers dreaded the moment when the children would be lined up for gifts from Father Christmas. Those who were slick would head the queue, then duck around to the tail.

One tried to turn a deaf ear to some of what went on, as a boy from the cottage tackled a timid "outsider."

"Wotcher get?"

"Cricket set. What did you?"

"Book," disgustedly, "all about . . . all about . . ."

"Cubs." The outsider could read.

"Yair. Cubs," spoken with the scorn of an 11-year-old illiterate. "Swop?"

"No thanks."

"Swop, I said."

"No, I'd rather not, thank you.'"

"Swop! D' y' hear me?"

"No . . . please . . ."

"Swop or I'll call me big nipper."

"No . . ." The outsider would back away.

Bop on the head. "How'd that feel? Care for another?"

"No thanks."

The present would change hands.

"Look Miss, I got a cricket set!"

Day at the show

After some moving speeches by the superintendent, an interested group of people began to take the children on topical outings. Until this happened we felt it was up to us to take them out as often as possible so that they knew what their teachers and the "outsider" children were talking about.

For several weeks before the local show the children saved their pocket-money to buy a sample bag each. As the day for our trip approached, the children became more and more excited and the staff more and more apprehensive. Our greatest fear was losing someone in the crowd.

"If you get lost, tell a grown-up you're from the orphanage and you'll be picked up at the lost children's depot," Bev instructed.

A murmur ran round the room.

"Yer get a better day if yer do get lost. The perlice really spoil yer. Lollies an' comics an' everythin'."

We tried to scotch this idea. It would be hard enough to keep track of 30 children who had no desire to be lost, but impossible if they once got the idea they would get a better deal elsewhere.

We counter-attacked by saying we would not call at the police depot until the end of the day. When we finally got to the show, we did lose a boy within the first ten minutes and, true to our word, left him at the depot until home time. What a bored little boy he was! We lost no more.

As usual, when we went out en masse we excited curiosity and generosity in various people.

It was certainly hard to overlook us. Sixty iron-shod boots raised sparks on metal-capped staircases and we could just about fill a tram or a railway carriage. The staff would be kept busy answering questions as to who and what we were.

The word "orphanage" touched many people's hearts and we usually got a few donations, enough to buy each boy an ice-cream.

This was really very bad for the boys, as they came to expect it and were cunning enough to push Jimmy, a tiny, appealing, undersized little chap, to the fore whenever anyone showed an interest in the group.

Jimmy looked so pathetic, but his eyes shone when the boys clapped him on the back and said, "Good on yer, yer did it again!"

Getting the boys ready to go to the show was bad enough, but getting them ready for Sunday school and church, which they loathed, was a weekly catastrophe.

They had to attend the Church of England or the Presbyterian Church, and from time to time one would be thought to be better than the other and there would be a rush of conversions.

"Those Press - button boys've beat us home three Sundays in a row. Think I'll go Press-button next Sunday," someone would confide.

Some of the younger boys found it impossible to sit still. One Sunday the congregation was entertained by a solemn little six-year-old completely absorbed in seeing how many hymn books he could stuff down inside his shirt and trousers. No amount of whispered messages got through to him.

When the time came for the children to creep out just before the sermon, half the congregation laughed while the rest looked scandalised as he strutted from the church shedding hymn books as he went.

Everything to do with church was labelled "minny," short for minister, and was regarded as cissy and definitely beyond the pale. One little boy spent a busy morning making a kite and then surprised us by giving up the project and throwing all his hard work away. Apparently the crossed sticks in the construction of the kite had labelled him "minny."

We felt that one of the causes of this dislike of church was the way we had to discipline the boys to get them there. We hit on the idea of one member of the staff going in the evenings and taking just a few boys with her.

We were rushed. Whereas in the morning it would take hours of argument, bullying, and threatening to get the boys ready, in the evening the chosen few would bathe and dress in a flash.

Letters from home were a lifeline to those who got them, a heart-break to those who did not. Very few of the parents we were dealing with had enough schooling or confidence to write, but if only we could have convinced them, a postcard "from Mum" would often have worked wonders.

To encourage letters from parents, we helped the children to write to them. If it was not known where their parents were, we got them to write to other relatives.

Most wrote pleading for visits, presents ("me birfday's next week" appeared regularly), or at the very least some return letters. Most found it such an effort they gave up after the inevitable "Hope you are well."

Eight-year-old Max wrote: "Dear Gran, are you dead, yet?"

On visiting days we were very busy. We felt we could learn a lot about the children if we could meet their parents. Of course, only a few of the parents ever came, and some of these were too shy to speak to us.

Some children lived for these days, others found their relationship with their parents so thin that they would arrive back at the cottage to play as soon as they had eaten their visitors' food.

Occasionally there were ugly scenes, though events that would have upset one child deeply did not affect another.

The parents of one boy could be counted on to create a scene.

One visiting day their behaviour was so unpleasant that the police had to be called and the parents forcibly removed in the Black Maria. Unfortunately their conveyance arrived before they had time to talk to their boy, who was expecting a banjo for his birthday.

We did not know whether to laugh or cry as they were whisked away, quite at home with the police, with whom they were on nick-name terms, hurling insults at us and vigorously waving the shiny, new banjo behind the steel mesh.

The banjoless birthday boy was a bit upset at first, but by teatime was heard boasting, "It took two coppers to get Mum in the van!"

To be fair to the parents, some were hardly to blame for not visiting. A mother, either deserted, ill, or widowed, might have children in as many as four institutions and a baby at home as well. She might have wanted her children all together, but been unable to get them in anywhere.

Even when visiting days did not clash there would not be enough money for fares, as her children could be scattered miles from where she lived.

Shortcomings

Some parents, lacking confidence, mistakenly thought their children were better off in an orphanage because they were well clothed, never missed a meal, had clean beds, and "youse ladies speak so nice."

We were only too aware of the shortcomings of cottage life, and it infuriated us when families were split up and admitted for financial reasons. The cost of caring for a large family in an orphanage was greater than that of providing them with a full-time housekeeper.

Once the children had settled away from home, the parents had the tendency to drift away, enjoying the return to freedom. The chances of reuniting the family dwindled with every week that passed.

When I first went to the orphanage, holidays were bedlam. A few boys went away with "holiday parents," leaving the rest upset and envious. Eventually, after TV began, our appeals got enormous publicity and holiday placements were found for all boys.

To page 66

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I'm afraid we were always petty enough to get annoyed with people who took one child for a weekend and then felt qualified to be critical of our stringent rules.

"Poor little darlings," they would sniffle, as they took a deceptively angelic little demon by the hand.

"Oh dear, he just didn't seem to fit in," was a depressingly frequent comment at the end of the weekend.

We tried to explain to people that taking one of our "little darlings" was a real challenge and not to expect them to be cowed and grateful. Quite often they would swagger and boast, due to deep feelings of humiliation at being deserted.

"Mum said to tell you that we're all glad he came, but she's exhausted and the children are still in a state of shock," was one honest husband's remark, as he brought back one of our worst.

At the end of every year the orphanage held a concert. The children were scrubbed and dressed up to the nines, and all unpleasantnesses of the past year were forgotten.

All cottages produced an item, and this was rewarded with a visit from Father Christmas.

Generally the cottages put on dreary songs or earthquaking folk-dances, the older boys looking horribly sullen. We decided we'd be original or bust.

We dressed the boys in their regulation summer kit, khaki shorts and shirts, and stood them in a long line across the stage. I had composed a doggerel, two lines for each boy except for one eight-year-old who couldn't talk and he was to bow at the end.

"We are the thirty Little Boys,
Full of games and tricks and noise . . ."

they began in unison. Then each introduced the boy next to him with some topical rhyme.

"This is Bob with his hair of red,
He jumped so hard he broke his bed."

"Next comes Tom, he swam a mile,
This explains his watery smile."

"Now here's the boy with the biggest feet,
He's also the tallest. His name is Pete."

Then came the twins:

"Don't throw away your specs because you think you're seeing double,
Simply turn and ask your neighbor, he's having the same trouble."

It ended once again in unison:

"Thirty Little Boys all in a row,
Our many interests we've tried to show,
All very different. Now you know.
All needing love and room to grow."

The little boy who could not talk gave the briefest bow ever, and they all stood and beamed at the enthusiastic applause.

A genial committee member then appeared as Father Christmas and the children sat spell-bound waiting for the gifts got ready by their cottage mothers.

We had put all the boys' things into labelled pillowslips and told them beforehand not to empty their toys out until they got back to the cottage.

We had to laugh as our littlest disappeared head first into his pillowslip, where he rummaged around and examined everything on the spot, with only his rear and heels poking out.

Parents were invited to Break-up Day. We continually had to remind ourselves that the parents were just as important as the children, and no matter how they may have failed as parents in our

SIXTY SHINING EYES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

eyes, they were irreplaceable to their children.

Generally, their problems were many, and the only thing they had in common was the number of adversities they had to cope with. Like their children, their behaviour varied.

The immature parent would whistle and cat-call in bawdy music-hall manner the performance of a son he happily neglected the rest of the year. He would look around the hall beaming: "That's my son, that is."

Sometimes you felt tempted to retaliate: "Yes, but it isn't you who deals with his tantrums and hears his spelling and copes with his disappointment when you don't turn up."

Others all but disrupted proceedings when they waved gaily wrapped parcels, making it harder than ever for us to control their excited children. Another parent would sit glassy-eyed, delighted just to see her offspring.

Others were busy eyeing any parents of the opposite sex.

One mother, who caused us a lot of concern, arrived late, staying half-hidden in the back of the hall. She had a haunted look about her large sad eyes, and was, I fear, half-starved.

For various reasons she was not eligible for any benefit and was rarely well enough to work. She loved her children deeply and was adored in return, but had no presents for them. Nor was she ever deemed in sufficiently secure a position to take her children for the holidays.

Her two children were in our cottage, one aged six, one 11. After the break-up I made the dreadful mistake of telling the six-year-old that I had seen his mother at the concert.

He ran off in a fever to find her, but no, she was not there. Round and round the orphanage he ran, peeking closely at the little family groups, calling back at the cottage every now and again in case she had turned up.

I noticed the older boy was not out looking for his mother. At last, when his little brother returned to the cottage in near despair, he said:

"It's no use, Nip."

"What d'you mean it's no use? She was at the concert. Miss said so. She was, wasn't she, Miss?"

I nodded, beginning to feel sick.

To page 67

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SIXTY SHINING EYES: CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

"I know she was, Nip, but she's gone. I saw her go."

"Gone?"

"Yep. I ran after her and she sent me back."

"But why? Why?"

"She didn't have no presents for us and she was 'shamed about it. She just came to see we was all right before the holidays. Sorry, Nip."

The brothers were not the only ones who cried . . .

While at the orphanage, I suffered from a record number of diseases. For the first (and so far only) time in my life I got boils, carbuncles, impetigo, colds and sore throats galore, and finally pleurisy and pneumonia.

We all, on the staff, ended up with voices three octaves lower than when we started, grey hairs, wrinkles, and a vocabulary that would make your hair stand on end.

The hours were very long, the work heavy, and the food would have been excellent if you'd just had your teeth out — stews, white bread, porridge, and soup.

Looking back now, with the experience of four picky eaters of my own, and taking a realistic view of the limitations of bulk cooking, I think the menus should have been framed as yet more proof that institutions are unfortunate places for healthy people to live in.

I had had a patient suitor since long before I took on a family of 30. Each time I came home with a new disease he would say hopefully: "Now will you give up and get married?"

Although tempted, my head still rang with all the things we were trying to prove at the cottage.

We wanted to show that it was ridiculous to rear children in semi-poverty when the land you were doing it on was as valuable as gold. The children would have been better off in a more accepting community, anyway.

We continually asked why cottage mothers were the longest-worked and lowest-paid members of the staff when their job was surely more vital than that of the laundry, bootmakers' shop, or sewing-room?

It also seemed topsy-turvy to us that there were only 15 to 20 cottage staff in actual contact with the children, out of a staff of at least 40.

We wanted to point out the anachronism of maintaining enormous sewing-rooms to turn out convict-style lumber jackets and heelless, homemade socks that immediately branded the wearer "orphan."

We wanted to show that to call the place an orphanage at all was harmful to the children, who traded on the "Orphan Annie" image.

Above all we were champing for the chance to prove that if the ages and sexes were mixed in smaller groups, with all members of one family together, we would not necessarily turn out a mass of delinquents, which seemed to be the underlying philosophy of the strict segregation.

So much remained to be done, but the man who is now my husband, finally issued an ultimatum: "I'm arriving with the ring and if that doesn't work, that will be that."

The night he arrived with the ring I felt more ill than usual. I pushed it on my finger, then collapsed with a few painful coughs.

When I finally recovered, I remember wondering if he had taken advantage of my weakened condition to get us engaged, but I've never regretted it.

Bev and Anne were all for my getting married. I was a bit hurt that they were so willing to see the last of me—until I realised that they expected all 30 boys to be asked to the wedding. They thought it would be a very good thing for them to learn that a wedding had something formal and permanent about it—a thing too few of them realised.

My wedding I adored. I would have, anyway, but life seemed all the richer when the bus arrived at the church, filled with eager, Sunday-suited little boys — all calling my husband by my maiden name because he was marrying ME.

We had kept the front pews vacant, and in they clattered, wreathed in smiles, hair slicked, thrilled to bits.

Fish and chips

My father, aghast as was everyone else when he knew we had invited the boys, chartered a bus without so much as an argument.

He even let the boys choose what they would like for the wedding breakfast.

Once before he had asked the boys what they would like for a present, and they had said a case of tomato sauce. This time the unanimous decision was for fish and chips.

The boys sat through the service like little angels and behaved beautifully afterward.

They threw confetti and cheered and hugged until their bus was ready to leave, then, smelling strongly of fish and chips, they and that part of my life were gone.

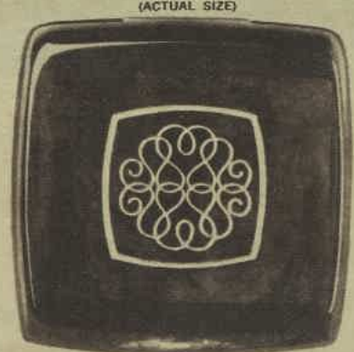
Sad yet happy, I gave my bouquet to Anne and Bev, two of the best friends I have ever had.

.

AND why has all this just come back to me now, ten years of marriage and four children later?

In the last couple of months, on more than one occasion, strange cars, of the heap variety, have pulled into our yard. When I have opened the door, standing there, rather shy, six feet tall, tattooed, married or almost, have been very special callers—Little Boys grown up.

(ACTUAL SIZE)



1/2 We packed it all in a compact so small, you can hide it in your palm or your tiniest purse. See the difference for yourself. Just put the big old blusher you now use on top of ours.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO CROCHET

These pleasant presents will encourage teenage tidiness. Directions for set are at right.



TEENAGE DESK SET

Materials: 3 balls main color (m.c.), 2 balls each 2 contrast colors (c.c.1 and c.c.2) Emu Bri-Nylon 8-ply or English Knit; No. 9 crochet hook; stiffening and lining for case; fasteners for bookholder.

BRUSH CASE TOP

(Make 4 pieces)

Using m.c., make 5 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 12 d.c. into ring.

2nd Round: * 1 d.c. in next 2 sts., 3 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 3 times.

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in next 3 sts., 3 d.c. in next st., * 1 d.c. in next 4 sts., 3 d.c. in next st., rep. from * twice.

Cont. thus, working 2 extra d.c. between corners until there are 10 d.c. between corners. Change to c.c.1 and cont. until inc. to 20 d.c. between corners. Fasten off.

FRONT

Using c.c.1, make 5 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 12 d.c. into ring.

2nd Round: * 1 d.c. in next 2 sts., 3 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 3 times.

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in next 3 sts., 3 d.c. in next st., * 1 d.c. in next 4 sts., 3 d.c. in next st., rep. from * twice.

Cont. thus, with 2 extra d.c. between corners until 7 rounds have been worked.

Change to c.c.2 and cont. inc. as before a further 7 rounds.

Change to m.c. and cont. as before for 9 rounds. Fasten off.

Make another piece the same.

SIDES AND BASE

Using m.c., make 15 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each st. to end, 1 ch. turn.

Rep. 2nd row until long enough to fit 2 sides and base of case.

BOOKHOLDER

Using c.c.2, make chain 24in long.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each st. to end, 1 ch. turn.

Rep. 2nd row until 11 rows have been worked. Fasten off.

TELEDEX COVER

Using c.c.1, work as front of case for 5 rounds. Change to c.c.2 and work 3 rounds. Change to m.c. and work 5 rounds. Fasten off.

Using m.c., make 15 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each st., 1 ch. turn.

Rep. 2nd row twice more. Fasten off. Make another piece the same.

Continued opposite

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Colorful desk set for a teenage room and a dainty handbag kit consisting of make-up purse, tissue-holder, and spectacle case are easy-to-make presents.

Know someone who likes pretty details? Surprise them with this dainty set made in their favorite colors. Directions are complete below.



FOR YOUR HANDBAG

Materials: Tissue Case — 1 ball, Make-up Purse — 1 ball, Spectacle Case — 1 ball, small quantity contrasting color Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; No. 10 Phantom crochet hook; plastic for lining make-up purse; 6in. lightning zip-fastener gold pack; fabric and non-woven stiffening for lining spectacle case; 3 press-studs.

Tension: 11 tr. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

TISSUE CASE

Using m.c., make 24 ch.

1st Row: Miss 3 ch., * 1 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end, turn.

2nd Row: 3 ch. to stand for first tr., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 1 tr. in turning ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 6in., fasten off.

Work 2 rounds d.c. round outer edge, working 2 d.c. in each corner.

3rd Round: Using c.c., work * 1 d.c. in next d.c., 1 tr. around next d.c. of 1st round, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

GUSSETS

(Make 2)

Using m.c., make 16 ch., work 3 rows d.c., fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Catch corners together, placing opening at centre of top, sew gussets to side edges.

MAKE-UP PURSE

Using m.c., make 35 ch., work as for main part of tissue case until work measures 8½in. Fasten off. Work edging as for tissue case.

TO MAKE UP

Cut plastic to size required for lining.

Join side edges of lining and purse, sew zip to top opening of purse, then sew in lining.

SPECTACLE CASE

Using m.c., make 36 ch. Work as main part of tissue case until work measures 7in. Work edging as for tissue case.

TO MAKE UP

Cut material and stiffening to size required for lining, sew to main piece. Fold over 2½in. (lining to the inside) and sew side seams. Sew press-studs in position.

TEENAGE DESK SET

continued

TO MAKE UP

Brush Case: Join side strip to sides and base of back and front motifs, join top 4 squares with flat seam and attach to top of back. Attach stiffening to top motifs and to inside of case. Line as desired.

Bookholder: Work squares in chain-st. in contrasting colors as illustrated. Attach fasteners to close.

Teledex Cover: Sew strips to top of motif, folding in half.



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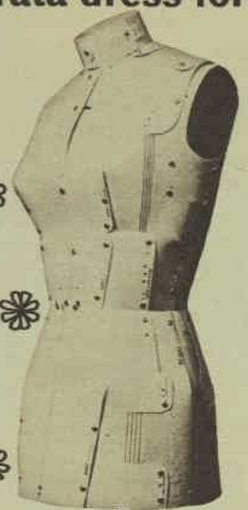
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AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

● Mike has just discovered Don Marquis — and one of the disadvantages of being the youngest in the family.

A FRIEND of Mike's at school was chortling over "archy's life of mehitabel," and lent Mike the book when he'd finished with it.

Mike came bursting in with it, obviously convinced he was about to introduce his family to a masterpiece, only to be greeted by rude and scornful noises from his sisters.

"I worry about your *mindlessness,*" Di said. "I don't suppose you've read it more than 12 times before."

"Never read a line of it," Mike said, put out. The youngest is always being told that he ought to read various things, and he'd obviously been looking forward to telling us we ought to read this.

"Oh, come off it," Kay said. "The whole family was practically reared on it."

"Pretty funny there isn't a copy in the house, then," Mike said.

For ten minutes there was comparative peace, while everyone searched for it. No copy of "archy's life of mehitabel," except the one Mike had brought home.

"Well, somebody's swiped it now," Di said, "but that doesn't alter the fact that we all used to know it practically by heart."

Mike tried to enlist me on his side. I couldn't honestly come to his aid. Mindlessness seemed a strong word, but there's no denying that there's a certain vagueness in Mike in matters that are even vaguely intellectual.

"I can only tell you that I distinctly remember reading it aloud at least 137 times while Diana had her broken leg in plaster," I said. "I remember that very clearly because I jacked up when the plaster came off, and refused to read it any more."

"I know I was an exceptionally bright child," Mike said. "Everyone knows that. But the fact is I've forgotten it. I was only six months old at the time, or so I've been told. Remember?"

He was. I do. Apologies all round. I think it's quite likely that archie and mehitabel loomed so large in the entire family's life at that time that the minute Di's plaster was off it was thankfully put away and forgotten, and probably Mike has never since set eyes on a copy of it.

"Literary deprivations" of youngest children

NOW I'm wondering how many other absolute musts of childhood reading Mike has missed out on, just because by the time he was ready for them everybody else was taking them for granted.

Perhaps some day some brainy Honors student will write a thesis on the literary deprivations of youngest children due to parental lapses of memory and the fact that the copies handed down to them are likely to have pages missing, and whole passages rendered illegible by over-enthusiastic coloring-in, or by spilled cups of cocoa or splodges of jam.

Anyway, having discovered Don Marquis' classic late in life, Mike is getting his full fun out of it, and our cats are being quoted as sharing many of mehitabel's outrageous views on domesticity and respectability.

Remember the book? I expect you do, even if you've never had to read it aloud 137 times in a space of four weeks. Like all the best humorous books that go on and on, it's funny for children and funnier still for adults.

A lighthearted satire on life in the 'twenties, on free verse, on economics, on society, and a host of other things, it was written originally as separate pieces for several U.S. magazines.

Archy writes mehitabel's story down, using Don Marquis' typewriter, and since he is a cockroach who has to depress the typewriter's keys by hurling himself at each one head-first, it is all in small letters except for one triumphant poem all in CAPITALS when someone had left the machine with the shift-key locked.

For the last few days Mike has been feeding us "mehitabel" for breakfast, dinner, and tea (quite like old times!) and we've all been rediscovering favorite bits. Mike is particularly devoted to

one queer thing about
spring gardens is
that so many people
use them to
raise spinach
instead of food

and hopes that Hugh will take it to heart. My favorite, for its sheer zany logic, is:

i never think at all when i write
nobody can do two things at the same time
and do them both well.

Kay and Di, re-reading "mehitabel" at their present advanced ages, are discovering all the things in it that weren't intended for children. Marquis wrote it, after all, for adults.

"What an unsuitable book to read to small children," Kay said, chortling over some of mehitabel's amorous adventures.

Well, yes, mehitabel's advice was to live while you were alive, and postpone morality to the hereafter. Anyway, I pass on Kay's warning, for what it's worth, to parents.

A new — and good — piece of Australiana

A READER from Inverell, N.S.W., has written to me about a children's book that she loved as a child 45 years ago, and that her son enjoyed just as much in his childhood.

The book is "At the End of the Moonpath," by Donald MacDonald. She writes: "The author is quite forgotten now, yet some considered him a better writer, and certainly a better war correspondent, than 'Banjo' Paterson.

"MacDonald wrote for one of the Melbourne papers for many years, and was very good on what was then called 'natural history.'

"His work has dated, of course, but I do feel that 'The Moonpath' has a special magic and is a piece of Australiana that deserves not to die."

It's a book I hadn't heard of before, and so far I haven't managed to get hold of a copy.

She also strongly recommends Norman Lindsay's "The Magic Pudding," a book I wrote about with great glee when I discovered it only about seven years ago.

I remember feeling that I'd been a DEPRIVED CHILD. Somebody should have seen to it that I had a copy in my schooldays.

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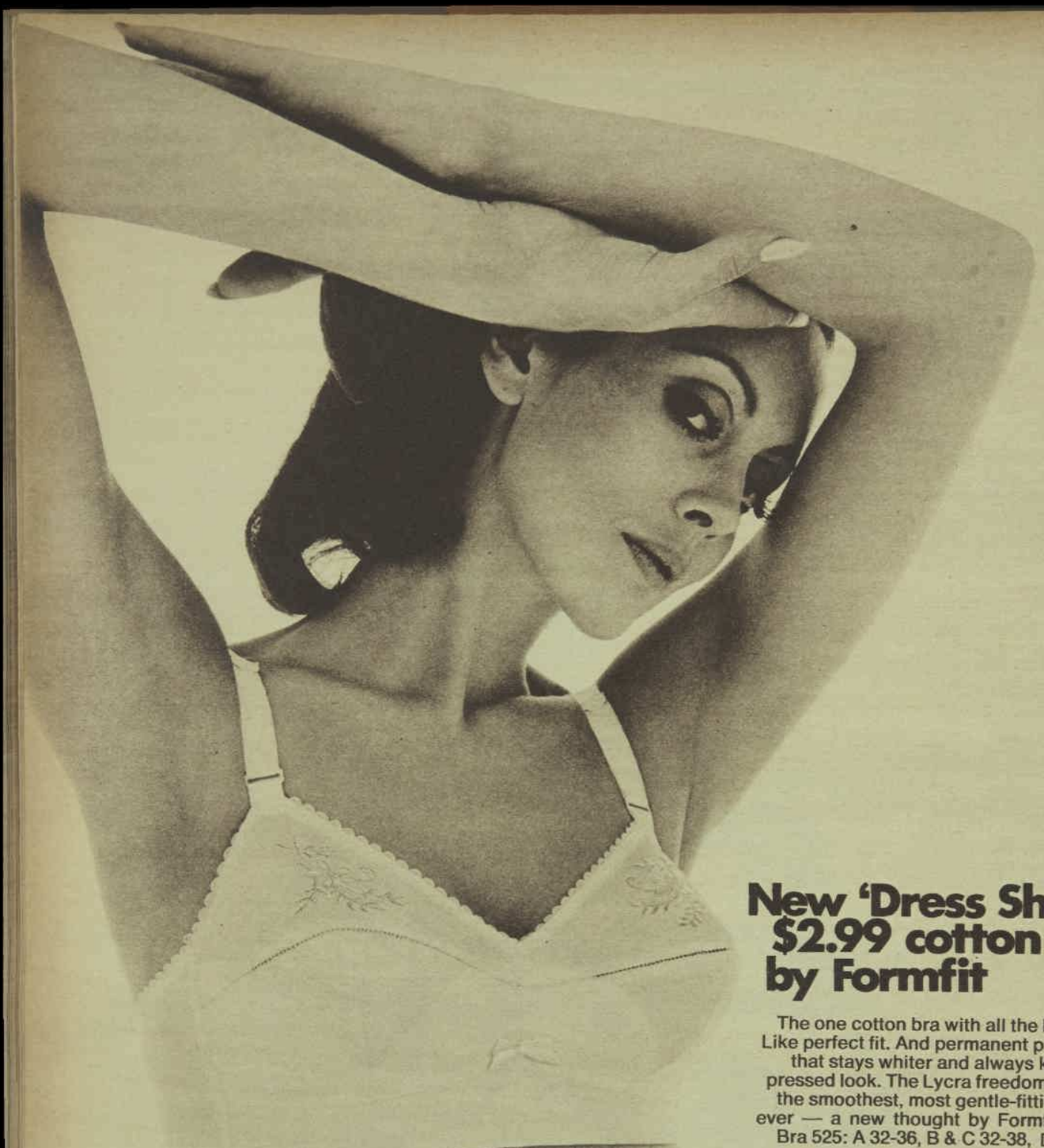
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THE SUSAN HAMPSHIRE STORY

From page 25

Moving to Dolphin Square also meant I had a bedroom, and I used to miss being talked to sleep at night by my family's conversation.

Like many good teachers, my mother had a gift for making people want to confide in her. She had a kind heart and was a sympathetic listener. I remember that, as well as running the day school, we often had children living with us whose parents were temporarily disorganised. Suzannah York lived with us at one time.

Often we'd all go off on camping holidays. I suppose they were the only holidays we could afford, and my mother was never put off by the thought of hard work, or not having running water and lavatories.

Mother was a great believer in us leading a healthy life, and even in a gale she'd get us all pitching tents and building fires and burying rubbish and all that. And although describing those holidays makes them sound like an ordeal, I know we enjoyed every minute.

When my sisters were old enough they could have led completely independent lives, but they preferred to stay. My mother was quite dynamic, and generated enthusiasm and energy.

My sister Ann wanted very much to be a dancer. She really was stage-struck, and started a stage career before she developed something wrong with her hip and had to give it up.

But before this happened, when she was touring with a company, I used to be allowed sometimes to join her on tour during the school Easter holidays.

I revelled in every moment, and used to wait backstage in her dressing-room, and the other girls would spoil me and give me sweets. It was during those holidays that I was first bitten by the "theatre bug."

As there was never much money in the family, I remember how impressed I was by the people I used to see in Harrods. Very often my mother, cooking school lunch, would realise that she had forgotten some vital ingredient, so she would send me off to Harrods in the mid-morning break.

Naturally I'd be in my school clothes, and in any case all my clothes were handed down from my sisters, so I'd feel rather plain, and if I saw any friends of my mother's I would squint or limp so that they wouldn't recognise me and notice how tatty I looked.

I distinctly remember looking at all the customers in their gold bracelets and furry things and being very impressed, and thinking how nice it would be to have such things when I grew up.

But I would also be impressed at weekends when we used to go off and stay in funny old barns and places, with friends of my mother who were painters, with lots of children swarming about the place. I would be equally impressed by their freedom.

We were allowed to sit up all night while they discussed painting or listened to music. So I was — and still am — drawn between the two things, between the bourgeois and the bohemian. To this day I am a mixture.

I saw very little of my father, so that the occasions when we did meet were tremendously important. I remember once he told my mother he was coming to London and would take me out to lunch.

When I heard this, I talked of nothing else.

"You'll see my father today," I told all the other children in the school. And I put on my brown Harris tweed coat and went downstairs to wait for him.

I waited all afternoon, but he didn't turn up. I suppose there was an explanation, but I can't remember what it was. All I remember was the disappointment and the embarrassment as the other children passed to go home after school.



ABOVE: Susan Hampshire in the London stage success "Past Imperfect," in which she had the lead—the only girl with seven men.

My father was an extraordinary man. Although he was rich (he could probably have afforded a mansion) he lived in half a semi-detached house in a suburb of Liverpool and had none of his own furniture.

My brother and I always went to visit him on Christmas Day, by train to Liverpool. For Christmas lunch he would serve the turkey that had been given to him by the firm.

Fruit had been given to him by one of the firm's Canadian contacts. Everything was sent to him by some branch of the firm somewhere in the world. He bought nothing himself.

If we wanted to boil the kettle, in order to light the gas we had to take a piece of paper, take a light from the small drawing-room fire, carry it along a windy passage and into the kitchen. This saved matches. Those were his principles in life.

His Christmas presents to my sisters were nylon stockings given to him by a subsidiary of the firm.

And he would say, "Well, Susan, how did you do in algebra and geometry?" And that was all he was interested in. As my marks were bad, he was disappointed in me.

In contrast to the times with my father, life with my mother was always exciting. She had a great sense of humor and could turn anything into a joke — being hard-up or having working holidays.

It was when I went to stay with friends who had nannies that I was aware there was a vastly different way of life from ours.

I'd been brought up to realise that material things were not important at all and that values meant kindness and that sort of thing, which my mother believed in very strongly.

Even at that age I used to think it a waste of money buying a lot of clothes when they couldn't fit for more than six months.

I would say to the nannies, "It's a very silly thing, you know, your smocking that dress. You've been at it for three weeks, and she'll grow out of it in a fortnight. She might even grow out of it before you're finished."

My friends had nannies who would sit smocking, at home or in the park with all the other nannies.

But I rather enjoyed staying with those rich friends, because they would spoil me and there would be a lovely hot tea, plenty of food and ice-cream in the refrigerator, and there wouldn't be any washing-up to do. Not like home, where the cry was "Susan, empty the pig bucket." "Susan, have you made your bed, and washed your socks for tomorrow?"

At their houses everything was done for me. The only instructions would be after we'd had tea, "Run upstairs and play, or watch the television."

It was luxury. My mother didn't believe in television. She didn't have a wireless, either. She didn't even like gramophones. We were taught to occupy ourselves helping with the housework, doing our own washing and mending, and to amuse ourselves with piano practice. I never questioned her edicts.

My mother wanted me to be involved with show business, because she was a dancer and there was always one little part of her that was hankering for me to be a ballet dancer, so I started training at three, and in my early teens she arranged for me to walk on with the Royal Festival Ballet. That meant I'd be put into a costume and walk on in a crowd for 7/6 a night.

But before that, when I was quite small, my mother and I were travelling on the underground one day and met a friend of hers who was connected with the film business, and happened to be looking for a child to play Jean Simmons as a little girl in a film called "Woman in the Hall."

I went along, was tested and got the part. I was paid £50 for three weeks' work.

Really it was the ruination of me, I was so spoilt in those three weeks. I had my picture in the children's pages, was driven to work early in the morning in a luxuriously warm car.

Just hearing people calling "action, cut"—just that taste of what it was all about — meant that never could I settle down to anything else.

I was just waiting for when I would be grown up and could get back to that ambience again.

If I had a child I wouldn't allow it to work when it was small. I think it's a disaster. Anyway, I loved doing the film.

Jean Simmons was sweet to me, which was more than I deserved, because I was always silly and cheeky when I met someone important. To this day when I meet someone who is very important I tend to be silly. It's a sort of self-defence. I pretend I'm unbelievably stupid, so that I can float on my own particular cloud and nobody can contact me.

I became devoted to Ursula Jeans, who played my mother in the film, and wanted her to adopt me, much to my mother's horror. She had no children of her own, and she promised to take me to the zoo.

I told all my school-friends, "I won't be having lunch with you today, a film star's coming to take me out." Once again I put on my Harris tweed coat and waited downstairs for four hours.

My mother kept saying, "This is ridiculous, Susan. You're freezing cold. You must come upstairs and have school lunch." It was an identical situation to the day my father didn't turn up and I thought Ursula Jeans had forgotten.

Later, I heard the explanation. She had been called to do some more filming and had sent a telegram, and it went to the wrong address.

We never went to the zoo together, but she was a terribly kind person, and at the end of the film she gave me the huge teddy-bear, called Mr. Bruno, which had featured in the film.

I had imagined that when they paid me my £50 I would be able to have a great spending spree in a toyshop or something. But, in fact, the money was used for a family holiday. I rather resented that, but in our family one person's money was everybody's money.

All children who experienced the war in England, no matter how young, have vivid personal recollections. I have two particularly evocative memories.

The first is of the time, on a Friday evening at the end of the war, when my mother decided we had had enough of the bombs and we would all go that night into the country for the weekend, to the house where she had lived before her marriage split up.

She thought it would mean a peaceful weekend in fresh country air and would do us all good. My sisters and brother were delighted. But I didn't want to go.

The more obvious it became that the trip was on, the more my hysteria grew. Even now I can remember screaming wildly that I didn't want to go, that she mustn't go there. I became hysterical and nothing would change my mind.

Eventually she gave in. That night the house we were to have visited was hit by a bomb and completely destroyed.

My other memory is less dramatic but somehow more stirring.

My mother was very clever at producing something out of nothing, and one Christmas she managed to produce, goodness knows from where in wartime, a doll for my Christmas present. It had a rag body and a china head. It was beautiful and I loved it passionately from the moment I saw it.

LATER that day there was an air-raid warning and we all trooped down into the underground. There was a rush of people, and in the crush — it seemed a stampede almost — the doll's head was pulled off.

I heard somebody yell, "'Ere, yer doll's 'ead's orf." It rolled to the ground. I was so hurt and so embarrassed that I pretended I hadn't noticed, and pulled the shawl over the stump where the head had been and just walked on. It was so awful that I couldn't cry.

Later I said, "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter!" I continued to cherish the poor headless doll as if it were a thing of beauty.

In the school holidays, when I was about 15, I met a boy named Brook Williams, whom I was to regard as my special boyfriend for the next few years.

During term (he was away at school) we wrote regularly and every holiday my first thought was to see him.

I was often invited to his parents' house, and because his father was Emlyn Williams it seemed always to be full of interesting, famous people. This friendship was another link in the chain of events which led me to an acting career.

I met Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier there, Richard Burton and his former wife Sybil, Kay Hammond, John Clements, and John Gielgud.

Because I felt I had nothing to offer, I wasted the opportunity of talking to these accomplished people, and used to react by wanting to get out of the room.

It's a habit I've never grown out of. As soon as I'm introduced to somebody important, I believe I can say nothing that can be of genuine interest to them, and I want to get away so that they can talk to people who would interest them more. This humility, which I regard as a desperately outdated virtue, has been one of my greatest drawbacks.

Anyway, before I had even begun to find my feet in this theatrical circle, my mother decided to launch me into a different sort of circle.

Continued overleaf

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THE SUSAN HAMPSHIRE STORY

From page 73

She intended that I should "come out" in the conventional debutante fashion — not that there was much conventional debutante about me. The other girls doing the season were mostly rich, some with blue blood and some without.

The actual business of being presented was a nightmare. I spent the morning sitting for a GCE exam, then rushed home, and like an idiot shaved my legs for the first time in my life. Of course, I made a ghastly mess.

I hardly ever wore make-up and I was quite useless with my hair. I laddered my one pair of stockings, put on a too-tight pair of shoes borrowed from my mother, which made my ankles swell, my mother's bag, gloves, and some sort of wrap.

A friend of my mother's was presenting me, so we went to the Palace together. It was like a parrot house. You went in and traipsed up all those stairs, then you waited and went from one gold room to another until finally you were presented. And all I can remember about it was how clumsily most people curtsied.

The season began in March, and very quickly I knew that I didn't like it one little bit. I embarked on the season with a wardrobe consisting of one new white dress (long), one new green dress (short), and a grey suit.

To add variety to this sparse assortment, I borrowed my mother's evening dresses. By now I was working during the day in Harrods' jewellery department (sitting in a little cubicle mending strings of pearls) so I was sometimes a bit exhausted before the parties even began.

The other girls would turn up, having spent all afternoon at a beauty salon, and I'd arrive late, having come by bicycle or bus, and my first thought was to get away early.

Besides having to get to bed in order to go to work the following morning, I was also desperately determined to guard my honor! I'd heard such sordid stories about what went on at these parties, so I always left before I'd had time to find out for myself.

Usually I found a sympathetic chap to take me home in a taxi. My mother always waited up and we'd have a cup of tea while I told her all about it.

She rather enjoyed hearing about the earls and dukes. And I was young enough to feel flattered by the fact that some earl was telephoning to take me out, or sending me huge bunches of flowers. And I was impressed to be spending the weekend in a country house where the Queen had stayed the weekend before.

But, of course, I could never really dress for the part — I simply didn't have enough clothes. I was gay and friendly and happy all the time, and I probably had some sort of attraction for those people. Perhaps, by their standards, I was a bit common and they liked it.

I think the truth was that they knew I wasn't a snob and they found that a relief.

Happily, I was never more than an outsider — an observer looking on. If I went to a stately home for the weekend I'd take home a piece of notepaper with the family crest, thinking it would make a nice souvenir. When I was at the Palace I pinched a pin out of the pincushion in the powder-room.

I hadn't any friends in that particular world; I didn't much want any, and didn't fall in love with any.

There were two or three who became real friends and still are, but not romantically. In fact, I dodged being kissed throughout the entire three months—a fact of which I am extremely proud.

My father, seeing my photograph continually in the papers, was deeply embarrassed by the whole thing and used to write to my mother, saying, "If this nonsense doesn't stop I shall have to change my name."

I never finished the season. I cancelled my coming-out dance. I disliked everything about being a debutante and it seemed quite disgraceful to spend all that money on a dance. I told my mother I didn't want to go on with the season, and I think in a way she was relieved. It had started to worry her, as it worried my father and me.

I WAS still stage-struck, and I felt sure that was all I needed to make me a star. I'd had no training (except dancing) and I had no idea what show business — or life for that matter — was really about.

I sat down and wrote 100 letters of application, which I then sent off to every repertory company in the country. I expected to be swamped under the deluge of offers.

In fact, I received one reply, from Bognor Regis Rep., offering me the job of assistant stage manager — that misleadingly important title given to the person who runs errands, makes tea, fetches props and shifts scenery, and makes sure that "God Save the Queen" is played.

In my optimism I could already foresee playing understudy to the leading lady, and the leading lady being taken ill the night Cecil B. de Mille was in the audience. I'd be noticed and signed up for instant fame and fortune.

I had, just in case you haven't noticed, a lot to learn.

I was very well paid for my job as assistant stage manager at Bognor — £6/10/- a week. My digs cost £3/5/-, which included bed, breakfast, and supper.

I would get up at six or seven each morning, study, and then cycle off to collect props. Rehearsals started promptly at ten, and after making coffee for the cast I'd work with them until lunchtime.

When everybody broke for lunch, I would set the stage for the afternoon performance (if there were a matinee) and in between breaks I would have all sorts of other jobs to finish off, such as painting scenery.

Then the actors would go out for their supper, or eat in their dressing-rooms, while I'd collect more props, make lists, prepare

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(ENTRY FORM ON OPPOSITE PAGE)





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The SUSAN HAMPSHIRE STORY

From page 74

the prompt copy for the evening performance, and have a quick meal myself.

Then I'd put on the music to be played as the audience arrived, get made-up myself, dim the lights, draw the curtains, and the play would start.

Some weeks I'd play the lead, and some weeks the maid. At the end of the play I'd run off stage, draw the curtains, put on the house lights for the people to leave their seats, and turn up the grams to play "God Save the Queen."

Then I'd take my script home and sit up half the night learning my lines for the next day's rehearsal.

I was blissfully happy.

I didn't know then about being a good actress or a bad actress. I differentiated only between those actors who were famous and those who were not.

I thought that tomorrow somebody would come along and discover me and the next thing I'd be a big star and my whole life would be taken care of.

I know now that I wasn't much good as an actress, but at least when I was on stage people listened and didn't chatter to each other or go to sleep.

I didn't understand in those days how valuable that was. Years later, when I was doing "The Forsyte Saga" for the BBC, one of the directors said to me, "All I know is when you are on I'm not bored."

And by then I knew enough about "the business of acting" to realise what a great compliment he was paying me.

I stayed at Bognor for six months and that was the happiest six months of my life. Then the season ended, making it necessary for me to find another job.

Once again I sat down and wrote dozens of letters of application, and the Oxford Playhouse offered me the job of ASM.

If it was a step up career-wise, it was a big drop in salary. They paid me 25/- a week, which was exactly the price of my digs. I had been very careful with my wages at Bognor and had managed to save enough to enable me to live on the 25/- that Oxford paid me.

I managed to make £1 a week on the tea, and by doing other people's washing and ironing earned a few more shillings on top of that.

I did little to distinguish myself at Oxford. The only big part I played was the lead in "The Heartless Princess," to which my mother brought the entire school. They almost filled the dress circle, and they all applauded enthusiastically.

My performance did not, I'm sorry to say, create any ripples in the show-business pond, but I did cause quite a memorable stir at the digs where I stayed with the rest of the cast by having the bright idea that the one way to keep warm in that desperately cold and damp place was to share all our blankets and sleep in the same bed.

The landlady, when she found out, was horrified. I couldn't understand what she was so het up about. I distinctly remember being quite puzzled by her attitude. Now I'm puzzled that I was ever so naive.

I left Oxford and returned to London, to work at the Arts Theatre Club as assistant stage manager. I thought this meant the bright lights at last, although it certainly didn't mean instant fortune, for my wages were £7 a week, on which I managed to scrape by only because I was once more living at home.

They were incredibly kind to me at the Arts Theatre despite my rather scatty lapses. On one occasion Diane Cilento was starring in a play with Andre Morrell. In the play she wore a beautiful petticoat, cream taffeta with layers of frills.

At that time frilly petticoats were very much in, and one evening when I was going to a party after the



ABOVE: Susan in 1960, when she was 21 and just beginning to be known on the stage.

theatre I asked permission to borrow the petticoat.

The following day I completely forgot it and it wasn't until the curtain was due to go up that I remembered I'd left the petticoat at home. I had no alternative but to confess to the stage manager what I'd done.

He was very nice about it and announced to the audience that the curtain would be a bit late going up, while I hailed a taxi and went home.

I left the taxi, motor running, outside the block of flats while I tore upstairs — only to find I'd left my door-key at the theatre!

Meanwhile the audience was sitting waiting for the curtain to rise, and I was desperate. I knocked at a neighbor's door and persuaded her to let me climb through her bedroom window and walk along the tiny parapet outside (a foot wide and nine stories high) and into our flat through my bedroom window.

I grabbed the petticoat and left the flat by squeezing through the space reserved for the garbage bucket, sooner than walk the parapet again.

It was a ghastly experience altogether. I suppose I deserved to get the sack, but the man in charge was very jolly and probably told Diane Cilento the ASM had taken the petticoat home to wash.

I don't think she ever knew the real story. She certainly never referred to it, and was always very charming to me.

While I was at the Arts, I had my first real break. Wolf Mankowitz and Oscar Lewenstein were putting on a play there and noticed me, and suggested I might like to audition for a part in a musical they were going to put on called "Expresso Bongo."

I rehearsed for weeks for the audition, and then I put on my gathered skirt and starched white blouse and went along and sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

My rendering was somewhat unusual as I took the song literally, and thought it was a song about a girl who loved her daddy very much. I didn't know about sugar daddies.

Anyway they sat back and laughed and said, "You're the most amusing thing we've seen today," so of course I was sure they were going to offer me the star part.

However, they said they'd pay me £9/10/- a week as assistant stage manager, and to understudy the girls.

One of the parts was that of an extraordinarily stupid debutante, and I had to read this several times during rehearsal, as they had not cast it. Before the play went on they gave me this part and put my wages up to £12/10/- a week.

It was a marvellous show. Paul Scofield and Millicent Martin were the stars. I had only about eight lines to say, but they were marvellous lines, and on the opening night I stopped the show several times, and got wonderful notices in the papers the following day. I thought I was made for life.

As well as playing the deb, I understudied everybody, including Hilda Fenemore, who played the part of the mother of the hero, Bongo Herbert, a pop star.

She was supposed to be a 45-year-old cockney, starved and impoverished, living in the East End, and always washing and ironing. I was, at that time, about 19 and very healthy.

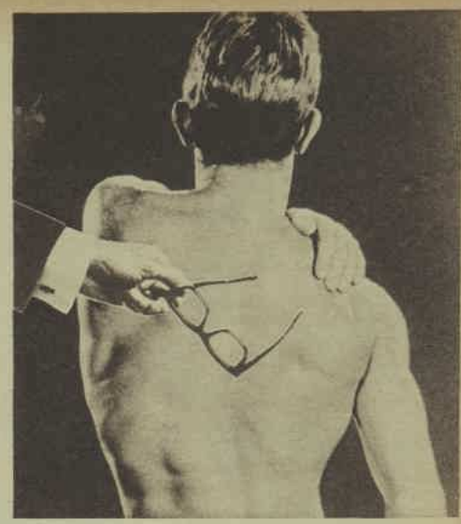
Anyway, Hilda was taken ill, and I had to play her part. I went on with blacked-out teeth and lines drawn all over my face, and my hair greyed with talcum powder.

It was a ten-minute scene in which the mother does most of the talking, while she's ironing, and Paul Scofield came on stage, said his first line, and was so shattered at the sight of me that he spent the rest of the scene with his back to the audience absolutely speechless with laughter.

It was a good thing he didn't have to say anything.

The show ran for ten months and I loved every moment of it. As well as that, I was always busy with very small television parts, and I also managed to get some small parts in three different Tony Newley pictures at about £15 a day, which was, of course, a fortune to me, and most useful, because by this time I'd left home and was sharing a tiny attic flat with a school friend.

To page 78



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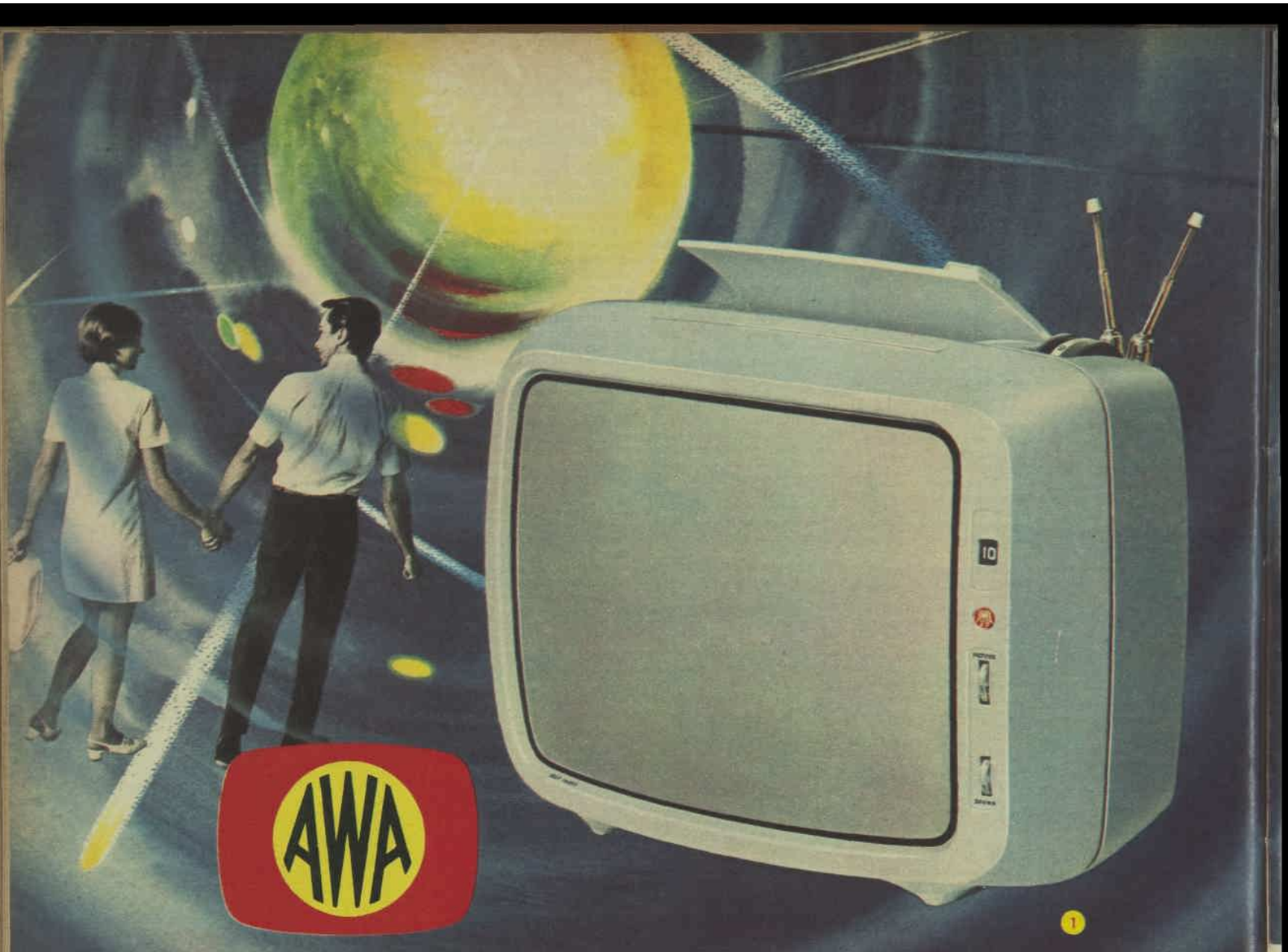
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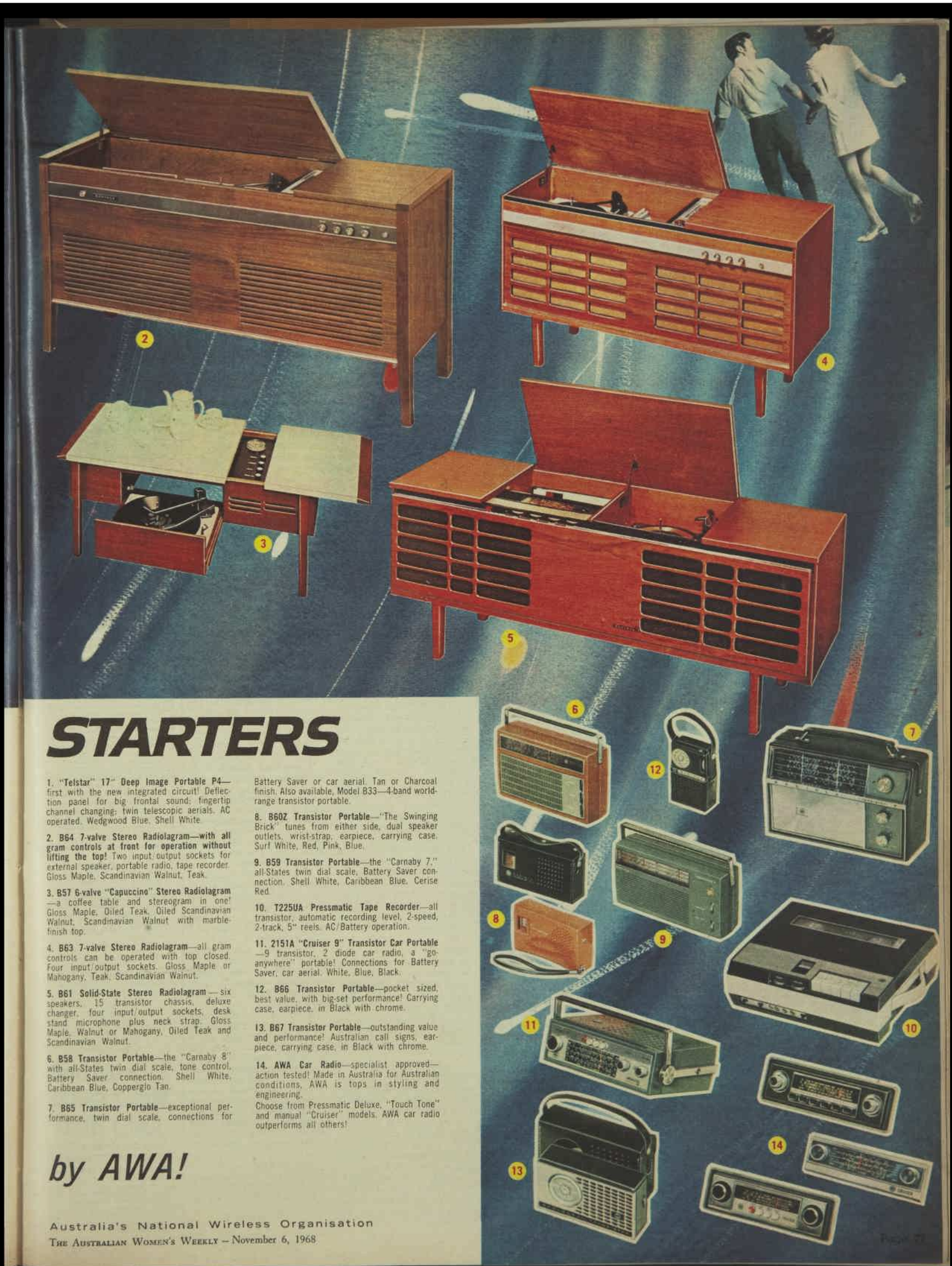
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AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

THE SUSAN HAMPSHIRE STORY

From page 75

I was always full of energy then and would often get up at four if I had to be at the studio for a day's filming which began at six.

After a day there I would rush into the theatre and "set" Paul Scofield's personal props — six cigarettes, a box of matches, a lighter filled with gas, a notebook, money, all the things he needed on stage. And I would tell him in detail what I had done that day.

I could see stardom looming ahead for me and he was always interested. We all worshipped him because he was so kind and took an interest in everybody.

Once he told me a funny story. His small daughter was sitting in the bath and she was stretching her arms, and flexing her muscles, and he said, "What are you doing?" and she replied, "I'm trying to grow bosoms like Susan Hampshire."

Around this time I began to realise how much more was required of me than just going on stage, trusting to luck and youth, and I realised all the things one needed to learn.

I wanted to get on and to develop into something more substantial than I was, so I decided to take voice and singing lessons. I went to a teacher named Iris Warren, who taught everybody from Anthony Quinn, Anne Massey, Dorothy Tutin to Julie Harris, who wouldn't go on stage unless Iris was in the wings.

She was a past master at finding what voice you had, then showing you how to make the best of it — and then widening your range.

Everyone who went to her was enormously under her influence. She was like a mentor to us all, a powerful woman who never interfered, but was very strong.

I went three times a week for an hour. You felt after each lesson that you'd started a new life. The curious thing is that while I was going to her — and I went for five years — it had a destructive effect on my work. But then she died. The benefits of five years' work I am reaping now.

Very often, when someone is teaching you to do something, you cannot do it well, but, as soon as the teacher leaves you, you use all you've been taught.

SHE introduced me, and everybody whom she felt was ready for it, to transcendental meditation, the belief that the Beatles and others took up. She knew the Maharishi well, and introduced me to him.

They call it "meditation for the householders"—which means for people who live in towns and have a normal working life as opposed to those who become recluses—and, in fact, I think its weakness lies there, for if a person really enjoys meditation he or she would probably want to become a recluse.

For me, meditation was destructive, because it made me withdraw. It was the beginning of an enormous withdrawal when my whole personality changed.

Up to that time I had been a very bubbly, gay, bouncy, extrovert personality, always making people laugh and playing the clown. I enjoyed being alive.

But with meditation I became a different person. Other people who took up meditation at that time have told me that it also made them withdraw and become less creative.

I am glad that I experienced this when I was an adolescent and have had time to recover from its effects.

Supposing it had happened to me now when I understand so many more problems? I might have seized on it as the solution to everything—and, of course, there isn't a solution to living.

If you live in a world, if you live in a town, if you have to work as hard as most of us do, if you have all the pressures of civilisation, can withdrawal from all this in meditation achieve anything?

For me—no.

But obviously my teacher derived a lot from it. She was always saying that meditation gave one more power and strength, that one would see colors more brilliantly, be more aware of nature. And this was true. But if it was fulfilling to oneself, it did nothing when one wanted to give out. Many actors have told me the same thing.

NEXT WEEK: Stardom at last!—and happy marriage

However, I was influenced by meditation for some time. Having become withdrawn and introspective it wasn't easy to shake it off, and eventually it was Cliff Richard who, years later, brought me back to reality.

I remember it very well. We were filming "Wonderful Life" in the Canaries. It was December 13, we'd been there for months too long.

There was no proper script. We were on some sand dunes, with the wind blowing. We'd been there since four that morning and would still be there at eight that evening.

We had sand in our eyelashes. We felt ghastly. And on top of this windy dune he taught me a good lesson.

He said, "You live once. Now is the time you live. Make the most of it."

And I thought, "He's absolutely right. It's no good waiting for tomorrow, it's now that counts."

I suppose that was one of the great lessons of my life, and a great cloud was gone and I started to feel better from that moment.

Anyway, all this happened much later. At the time that I first started singing lessons, I was continually auditioning, mostly for revues and musicals. "Expresso Bongo" was filmed with Laurence Harvey, Cliff Richard, Sylvia Sims, and I played the deb part again.

Not all auditions are genuine. At that time, any not-too-busy producer could have an amusing afternoon auditioning girls for a non-existent part.

But I took it all very seriously, washed and curled my hair each time and put on the same blouse (freshly laundered, of course) which I kept for auditions. Then I'd meet the pianist, to whom I paid 12/6 for an hour's practice, before going along to the audition.

Usually it led to nothing. One of the rare occasions when there was actually something in it for me was when Anglia Television auditioned, and chose me for the resident singer on the "Mid-Day Show."

THEY said I was going to be the biggest television name in the next six months. Needless to say I wasn't, although I certainly worked hard—singing, dancing, interviewing every day.

It didn't make me a television star, but somebody must have noticed the show, for I was given a part in "Follow That Girl," with Peter Gilmore, Marion Grimaldi, and Newton Blick.

On the first night people in the audience shouted "rubbish." The critics slated it. Nevertheless it ran for eight months. But this was the start of a long period of professional restlessness for me.

When I first began my career, I was happy to be connected with the theatre, I was happy working hard, taking lessons, getting up at crack of dawn for auditions. I felt I was investing in me.

Now I am happy in my career, because I am able to play some three-dimensional parts. But somewhere in the middle I knew I was unhappy and dissatisfied.

I now knew enough about the business to be aware that what I was doing was lightweight and mediocre, and that I was not really connected with things that could possibly be respected by other people in the profession. And this mattered a great deal to me.

I was in this frame of mind when a young Canadian director offered me a part in a film he was making. He told me the film was going to be a masterpiece and I believed him.

His name was Sydney Furie and the film, to be called "During One Night," was a low-budget picture, costing £14,000 and made in ten days.

I was wild with delight and so grateful at the chance of working with him that I was prepared to obey his every command—even when he said he objected to my driving to work in a chauffeured Thunderbird (which belonged to a girlfriend of mine, who said I could use it during the filming) and would I please travel on public transport like everyone else?

The leading man was an actor called Don Borisenko, and it was about a girl and a boy during World War II.

To page 79

Graham Kerr, International TV Gourmet, says:

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LAMB NOISETTES CHAMPIGNON

Standard 8 oz. measuring cup is used. All spoon measurements are level.

2 lb. boned middle loin lamb
salt, pepper and rosemary to season
3 oz. Clarified Butter
1 tablespoon flour
2 medium onions, diced
2 cloves crushed garlic
1 small carrot, diced
2 tomatoes, peeled and diced
2 oz. bacon, finely diced
1 dessertspoon tomato paste
10 oz. (1¼ cups) beef stock
8 oz. cooked flat noodles
1 4-oz. can champignons, drained
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Remove skin and excess fat from loin. Season well. Roll up, tie at 1" intervals with string. Cut between string into eight noisettes.
Fry onion, garlic, bacon and carrot in 1 oz. melted Clarified Butter. Add flour, cook till brown—about 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, paste, stock, salt and pepper to taste. Stir till boiling, simmer 30 minutes. Melt remaining Clarified Butter in frying pan. When hot, cook noisettes, turning once, for five minutes or longer to taste. Remove string. Toss noodles into sauce over heat. Pile in centre of hot platter, arrange noisettes around. Garnish with champignons and parsley. Serves 8.

Clarified Butter (also sold as Ghee or Butter Oil) may be purchased at all the best food stores. If you have trouble obtaining it, or would like our recipe leaflet, write to: The Director, Dairy Foods Services, Australian Dairy Produce Board, G.P.O. Box 1657N, Melbourne, Vic., 3001.

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THE SUSAN HAMPSHIRE STORY

From page 78

It had the ingredients of a good film, and I thought I had made a masterpiece!

While I was full of this new-found confidence, I was invited by director Philip Wiseman, who had been a friend of mine for a long time, to do a small part in J. P. Donleavy's play "Fairy Tales of New York." It was being done in a "theatre-in-the-round" which, in those days, was in its infancy at The Ashcroft, Croydon.

There was no music and I was the only girl in the cast. I suddenly got a taste of being a proper actress — even to getting good notices in the heavy Sunday papers.

A good film, a good play, and suddenly a marvellous TV offer! I was to play the lead in a Sunday Night Armchair Theatre play called "Man on a Mountain Top." It was a marvellous part, but indirectly it led to the worst crisis of my life.

Unknown to me, when the play went out on television that Sunday evening there was in the audience an American film company executive who happened to be in London on a brief trip. The moment the play was over he cabled Hollywood: "Have found girl we want for Henry Fonda picture."

And within 24 hours I was on the way to America, clutching a copy of the film script which they said would make me a world star.

They used the word "star" deliberately, knowing that it would impress.

OF course, I was absolutely dazzled by it all—any girl would be—and after all I was an actress about to be given the chance of a lifetime. The urgency, the pressure, the excitement, the promises of fantastic sums of money!

By the time I arrived, the script had been revised three times and I was given a new one. (I was later to learn that in Hollywood they revise most scripts every 24 hours) and I was immediately given wardrobe tests, make-up tests, hair tests, tests for at least 21 other pictures, which the company said I would make after the Henry Fonda picture.

They all got very excited about these tests (they get excited about anything) and were practically hysterical most of the time.

Spyros Skouras took me to lunch and said: "We're going to make you a big star. Look at Fabian. He's got a million-dollar car, a million-dollar house . . . he's got this, he's got that. He's got everything. You can have all those things."

Then the publicity department took me aside for three days and interrogated me about my life and said, "We'll have you on the cover of 'Life Magazine'."

All this time I was staying in a huge glamorous hotel in Beverly Hills, and film executives (or men who said they were film executives) were continually trying to get into my room, and I couldn't walk through the lobby without somebody trying to pinch my bottom.

Meanwhile, the company was trying to persuade me to sign a seven-year contract, and my initial excitement had changed to a terrible sort of fear.

I was paralysed with dread at the thought of being stuck out in that terrible desert for all those years.

In England even an unknown actress can work all the year round. In Hollywood it's all or nothing. And those who qualify as "nothing" — who never make the stardom bit — can vegetate for all the years of their contract, drawing their pay but never doing any work.

I needed time to think, and I moved out of the Beverly Hills hotel and into a smaller one, and read scripts and tried to work out what to do—for there was nobody I could ask; I hadn't a friend in the place. Naturally I was in constant touch with my family in England, but that was 5000 miles away.

And then I remembered that before I left London I'd been given the name of a director and told to contact him if I needed advice. Looking for a straw to grasp I called him, and in looking for help I found disaster.

He was small and dark, dynamic, with dirty fingernails, and desperately, pathetically highly strung.

My problem seemed trifling compared with his. At the end of our first lunch he clung to my hand in the taxi, "Don't leave me," he begged.

I have always had a capacity for attracting lame ducks. It is something which has happened several times to me. People who have problems, like they're out of work, or going through a big emotional upheaval, or physically ill, seem to find in me some sort of strength. And I have always found a cry for help irresistible.

In the frenetic atmosphere of Hollywood, which heightened my sense of insecurity, I was very vulnerable.

I had already decided I couldn't possibly sign away seven years of my life, and this enraged the film executives, who couldn't imagine why any girl should not do absolutely anything to star in a film with Henry Fonda.

And as the dream of a Hollywood career drifted further away, the immediate task of what seemed to me to be saving the sanity of this man became more urgent and real.

I decided to look after him and I did — seeing no one else, talking to nobody, not even on the telephone, for six months. I was very young and had no experience of men.

He seemed to derive great comfort from my devotion and my youth. It was an empty, barren patch.

One day I overheard him talking on the telephone to his wife. I hadn't even known that he was married.

It brought me to my senses. I packed my bags and caught the next plane back to London.

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READERS' STORIES

FACING LIFE ALONE

Three women who recently became widows tell how they learned to live with their sadness by becoming more involved with the world around them.

"Sorrow, if it comes, is never faced alone"—reader from South Australia

THE last few years of my life have been shadowed by one haunting fear — the fear of becoming a widow.

As my husband's health generally declined, I looked round at all the widows in the small country township in South Australia in which I lived, and knew that soon I would be counted among them.

What I was most afraid of was that when the time came, I might not be able to keep up my composure among my family and friends.

I had, in my heart, planned for a private funeral, as I was certain I couldn't stand the ordeal of a public one.

When the time came I did not dare tell the family of my thought. When it was suggested we should have a service at the chapel, I said, "No." I was too afraid of breaking down.

I was overruled, and the service was arranged. Never have I known such composure. I think it was the numbing of my faculties which carried me through the service and the long drive to the cemetery, my eyes glued all the way on a huge wreath, "From Your Loving Wife and Family."

During this time in my life I had so feared, everything seemed hallowed by some "presence," and I was given strength — strength I'd not have thought possible.

No one saw me shed a tear, and the one thing I feared was pity.

"You poor thing!"

When one friend said when she visited me, "You poor thing!" and invited me down to her home for the next weekend, I shed many a tear after she had gone.

I was appalled at the very thought of leaving the house, the house where we had lived together for more than 40 years, a house which seemed still hallowed by my husband's presence.

I did go away a few weeks later. On Sunday morning I crept into the corner of a strange church. I could not go to my own church, not yet, anyway, and the minister and congregation must have wondered at my tearful face.

Music of any kind upset me, even after several months. When in the city, just before Christmas, I was quite unprepared for the unending Christmas carols and music from every store and street corner. I had to get out of the city as soon as possible.

Television is a great diversion, but there are some programs I haven't looked at since my husband died. They were his favorites, and he and I enjoyed them together so much that the memories would be too overwhelming.

I have tried to turn my thoughts outward, not inward. I didn't think I would ever buy a stamp album, collect stamps, and swop with my grandchildren.

And there are many ways in which I can help other people, as many are worse off than I am. I accept all invitations out, and mix with people socially. I have a nice home and garden.

I think it is important not to neglect your appearance, and I try to be well groomed at all times. It gives a certain dignity to know you look your best when you are alone.

I miss my husband most in the afternoons. I had had him home for years. In the morning I can keep myself occupied, and in the evening with writing, reading, and TV — but the afternoons we generally spent together.

There are still times, after many months, when without warning the tears begin to flow, and a feeling of desolation and utter loneliness sweeps over me.

I ask myself: Am I seeking an escape in a whirl of duty and pleasure — yet deceiving myself not at all?

I am writing this to comfort other women in a similar situation, hoping they might realise that the sorrow which comes to everyone at some time in their lives is never faced alone.

I recently read a text on a wall which read: "We think we go to God when sorrow falls, but in reality God comes to us." For me this has proved true.

A widow from Victoria writes:

"I plan to do something positive every day"

AFTER my family married and my husband died, all in a short space of time, I felt defeated. Financially I was all right, but mentally set back.

Having a quiet, retiring nature, and having spent a busy life looking after a large family, any advice to join clubs and help charities was no use to me.

What could I do? Not young enough to go to work, house not suitable to take in boarders, out of touch with friends, I felt very sorry for myself.

The empty house and quietness was appalling. So I took myself to task. I decided to think of life only one day at a time, shutting off the vision of the lonely years ahead.

I planned each day to do something positive — turn out a room or cupboard, plan a new flower arrangement, a day in the garden, a walk to do window-shopping, to design a child's frock or apron to give as a present.

I screwed up enough courage to attend a Country Women's Association demonstration of making foam novelties. I knitted interesting kiddies' jumpers, and revived the smocking and fancy stitches I used to do on my children's clothes.

It wasn't easy, and many a day I gave in and sat down and wept bitterly, but after two years I feel much happier and realise that, after all, "self help is best."

And from Western Australia:

"When I feel sad, I wander out to my garden"

I AM a widow of 70, living on a small holding in the country. There are no other houses in sight, but just over the rise live my daughter, her husband, and children.

My husband died last year, and I felt so alone until I realised I must keep up my interests. Now, when I feel sad, I wander out to my garden.

I look at a camellia in bloom, and feel amazed at its perfection and beauty. A rose in bud, the dew still on it, takes my breath away.

A willy wagtail cheeps, "Good morning," and the honey-eating birds flit around. The tamest of them all is a plain little green bird which will almost let me stroke it.

I wander inside and pick up my knitting. As I knit I dream of better things to come—of a holiday I might have, or an unexpected visitor.

I dream of the things my husband and I could do if he were still alive . . . but then I shake myself. I am getting morbid. I pick up my crochet work, and at once feel creative.

I dream of designing new patterns for the babies' clothes I make, and the planning puts me in a different mood.

But listen. I hear the kookaburras laughing outside. I must go and throw them some meat. After all, they are my friends.

— ELIZABETH SOUNNESS

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Mother's buying hyacinths again . .

and everyone in MELODY ARDEN'S family knows what that means. It's one of the family jokes she writes about here.

WHAT'S your family catchphrase? You know what I mean . . . that little pungent phrase that is so baffling (and so senseless) to the outsider, but conveys a wealth of meaning in the inner circle.

Some have been handed down, cherished like family heirlooms. Others spring from incidents in the not so distant past.

In our large and exuberant family catchphrases are popular. There is the one handed down from great-grand- (now great-great-grand) mama.

The origin of her stern *"Not before the duke, Maria, not before the duke"* is lost in the mists of time, but that telling phrase, used in just the right tone of voice, has served to correct any breach of manners in at least four generations of teenagers.

Great-aunt Mary, who had delusions of grandeur, gave us *"Bowing to the peasants, Mary?"* because her regal and condescending manner was once described by a cousin as "that of royalty bowing to the peasants."

Use of this phrase quickly brings down to earth any member of the family beginning to show signs of self-importance.

A neighbor from our country-dwelling days gave us a popular one. He was a gentleman who disliked water in any form, and his nickname was Black Jack.

But occasionally, say once or twice a year, he would announce, loudly and often, that when the weather cleared he intended to have a bath.

So any dilly-dallying when bathtime comes around brings the cry of *"Another Black Jack!"*

Yet another comes from Mother's story of the neighbor who always explained the strange actions of her brother by saying that he *"had never been right since the tree fell on him."* Any outburst of foolishness in our family is met with the query *"Tree falling?"* Anything extremely silly and the phrase changes to *"TWO trees?"*

Any tale beyond the limits of credulity meets with a soothing *"Yes, of course there's a seal behind the bed"* — which needs no explanation to Thurber fans.

My occasional outbursts of sheer extravagance bring forth a resigned: *"Mother's buying hyacinths again."*

This derives from the old Persian proverb: "If of thy worldly goods thou art bereft, and of thy store two loaves alone to thee are left, sell one, and with the dole buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

Catchphrases save time, tongue, and temper. Many years ago, in the era of very large families, a great-aunt found that she could avert the wrath of her spouse about any household matters by a dabbing of eyes and a wail of "But remember, Ben, I'm nearly always pregnant."

Any member of our circle now can be laughed out of a threatened flare-up by a simple *"Nearly always pregnant, Ben!"*

But my favorite phrase is one borrowed from a dear friend. Her grandmother, having often given her cousin advice on marriage, always stressing that the two most important things to remember were to "bear and forbear," decided on cousin's wedding day to send her a telegram reading: *"Remember the two bears, and keep out of trouble."*

Unfortunately, the post office had trouble with the telegram and it reached the happy couple as: *"Remember the two beds and keep out of trouble."*

Friend and I both endeavor to quell any threatened foolishness in our families with a frantic *"Remember the two beds!"*

Silly, I dare say, and incomprehensible to the outsider, but how very satisfying a catchphrase can be to the initiated. How much can be conveyed in its few words!

MEET A BOY WITH A TERRIBLE PROBLEM

Mum's got a wig called 'Laura'!

"I have written this story for the benefit of other children who may have an unusual mother. My parents have read my story, and they said, 'Good on you, son'."
— STEVEN KIM BUDD

I AM a boy of 12 who has an awful problem — my mother. Don't get me wrong. She is a good mother, a good cook who often whips up snacks for my mates and lets them lie all over the house, which is usually tidy but homy, and she can be a beaut footie, tennis, or wrestling opponent.

There are always entry forms for various contests, such as trips overseas, piled in the "correspondence" drawer. At other times, Mum has wanted to skip off to America or to hike all round the State. Very good for us, she told Dad.

Her latest mad idea was to buy a blonde wig. Mother is very dark.

It was about this last idea I was most concerned. Dad is a pretty easy-going man, and when Mum gets all het up on some new project, Pop just says, "That's OK with me, if you think we can afford it."

Often this slows Mum down. However, this time there were a few dollars in the "fun account," so when Dad gave the green light, Mum practically ran to the bank to withdraw it.

Next morning, off she went to Sydney. We live fairly handy, you see.

When I arrived home from school, there was my mother sporting this glamorous creation all over her head, laughingly referring to it as "Laura!"

I was in a panic. How could I explain Mum's madness to my mates? Would they drop me? Was I mortified!

Much to my disgust, all the neighbors came over to gush and carry on about how it suited Mum and made her look jazzy.

Dad came home next and raved about his "blonde girlfriend," and all that mush, while I grew more embarrassed hourly.

My mates were due soon for a study session. Perhaps I could let them in the back door, so they wouldn't see Mum.

It was obvious that, short of surgery, that wig would not be coming off before bedtime, if ever.

Somehow I managed to force tea down. Shortly afterwards my mates arrived, rang the front-door bell, and — you've guessed it — Mum beat me to the door. Boy, can that woman move for a 30-year-old!

Firstly the boys gaped, then turned so polite it made me sick. They couldn't take their eyes off her. You would think Mum was a celebrity or something.

They eventually remembered why they were there, and moved into my room to study. Before I had time to apologise for Mother's mental lapse, Simon, who is the leader of our group, spoke up. "Boy, Steve, are you lucky to have such a with-it mother. She is a doll."

Well, I figured Mum deserved my loyalty, so I said, *"Thanks, Simon, we think so."* Later that night, I started thinking, *"I wonder if I could talk Mum into wearing 'Laura' to the school tuckshop next time she's on duty?"*



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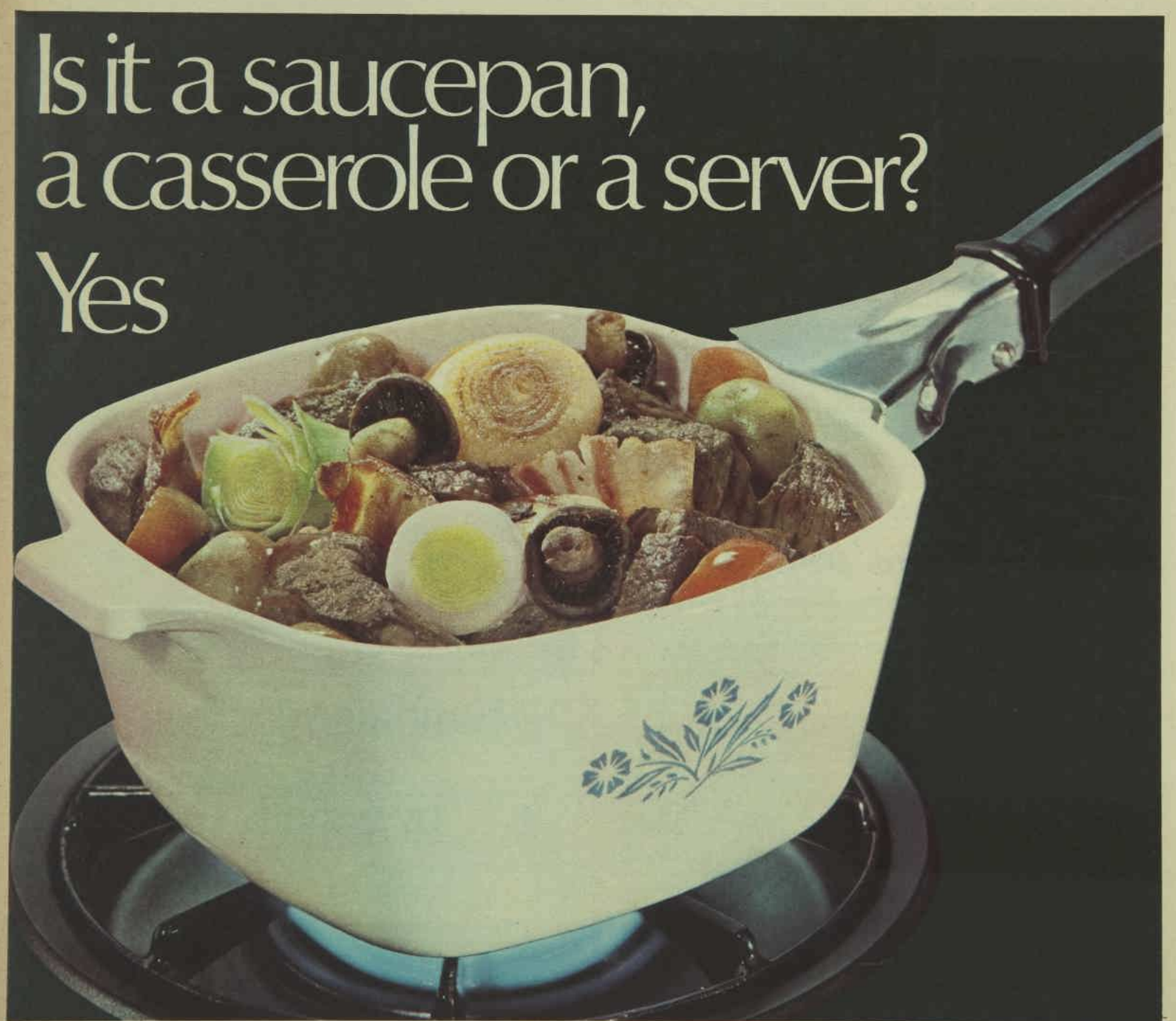
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That long, hot trip to the dentist

● Having to take the children when you go shopping or to the dentist, for instance, poses problems — especially, as this Western Australian farmer's wife found, when you have to drive 100 blistering miles in 100-deg. heat with two fretful toddlers to have an aching tooth extracted.

● And below left, a Sydney reader makes a plea for more child-minding centres to let Mother do a bit of peaceful shopping occasionally.

IT WAS hot, and the bedroom curtains drooped dejectedly against wide-flung windows, not stirring. Husband lolled, hot and irritable, flat on his back, ejecting irregular snores into the humid air.

I, miserable with toothache, tried desperately to lie still without wriggling. We had just had an argument on this subject.

The dawn light found me putting the last packet of sandwiches into husband's lunchbox, while he angrily plucked grass seeds out of his socks, dropping them on to the kitchen floor.

A thunderstorm was brewing outside as well as in, and the prospect of a damaged crop and a wife with a toothache at HARVEST time was more than he could bear. Farmers' wives aren't even allowed to DIE at this time of the year.

The nearest dentist was 50 miles away, and after much pleading over the telephone, I managed to make an appointment for 1.30 p.m. What a time to be on the road with a ten-month-old baby, a three-year-old — and a toothache!

By M. A. GENT

By 11 o'clock, the thermometer was tipping 100deg. as I loaded the children, towels, and waterbags into the station-wagon, and set off.

By the time I reached the first siding the radiator was boiling and so were we. We took on water, set off again.

Behind me in the back seat, the children wilted under damp towels draped over their heads. The baby discovered a new trick. Squirming sideways, she could slide under the top bar of her car seat and get hopelessly stuck, half in and half out.

The only help three-year-old could give was likely to dislocate her neck, so every five miles we had to stop while I climbed out, untangled baby and car seat, handed out drinks, and redampened the towels.

At last we reached the dentist's surgery and, while his assistant minded the children, I parted with my molar.

Out of pain at last, and refreshed by cool drinks and ice-cream in an air-conditioned cafe, we headed for home. Ten miles on, and 15 miles from the next siding, the car suddenly began lurching about. I had a flat tyre.

I got out, dawdling in the vain hope that somebody would come along. I attended to the children, who had both started to cry, but no dust cloud on the shimmering road heralded an approaching vehicle. I decided to change the wheel myself.

The wheel nuts were stuck, and it was only after a great deal of heaving, sweating, and unladylike language that they all finally reposed in the upturned hub cap.

The metal burnt my hands and the road burnt my knees when I was foolish enough to kneel on it.

Having not been used for months, the spare tyre was half-flat and dreadfully heavy to extract from the boot, but at last it was on, and the last nut tightened.

In the car, the children had reached a crescendo. My dress was filthy, my face red and pouring perspiration, and my arms were black from blistered fingertips to elbows.

At that precise moment a car streaked past, showered me with dust, and braked abruptly. After backing back, the driver leaned out of his window, and in a beautifully modulated Oxford accent asked me if anything was wrong?

We finally made it home, and for a long while loud splashing noises issued from the bathroom, where the two children cooled off in the tub and I revived under the shower.

By 8 p.m. the storm clouds had dispersed. Husband, relaxed and happy after a good day in the paddock, stretched out luxuriously on the old cane lounge on the veranda and sipped a long, cold drink.

From the south, the cool breeze was blowing. As for me, I gently felt with the tip of my tongue the spot where the molar had been and reflected not on the difficulty of *paying* the dentist but on the effort required just to *incur* the jolly bill.

Let Mum shop in peace

SHOPPING, which can be a pleasant excursion, can also be a trial with young children along. Some mothers are lucky enough to have friends or relatives to mind little ones while they shop, or can afford the expensive luxury of a paid babysitter.

Few and far between are the casual minding centres where children can stay for a couple of hours at a minimal charge while mother keeps appointments or shops.

Shops have so many hazards for small children—high counters behind which a child is lost from view, escalators to whisk them unseen to another floor, highly balanced pyramids of breakable bottles, pretty reels of cotton within reach, the tempting lolly counters.

Shopkeepers offer no distractions to a child, but are quick to glare if a bored youngster begins to explore the store. Mother, catching resentful glares, usually ends up rushing the children out.

A thousand heartfelt thanks, then, to those rare shops with a children's corner. One such as an exclusive dress boutique which had a doll's house and a box of toys to amuse children while mother tried on clothes.

Let's face it—shopping can't be much fun for tinies. Mother is absorbed in her own interests, and in a hurry. She has to be back for baby's sleep period, to give Annie her lunch, to collect Judy from school.

The toddler is rushed hither and thither, despite tired legs and an empty tummy. He is expected to wait if mother is interested in anything, but it doesn't work both ways!

This probably explains why a youngster who has been so tired and irritable while shopping suddenly brightens up and is full of life as soon as he strikes home ground.

So how about a few more child-minding centres, to let Mum shop in peace! — JENNY FINDLAY

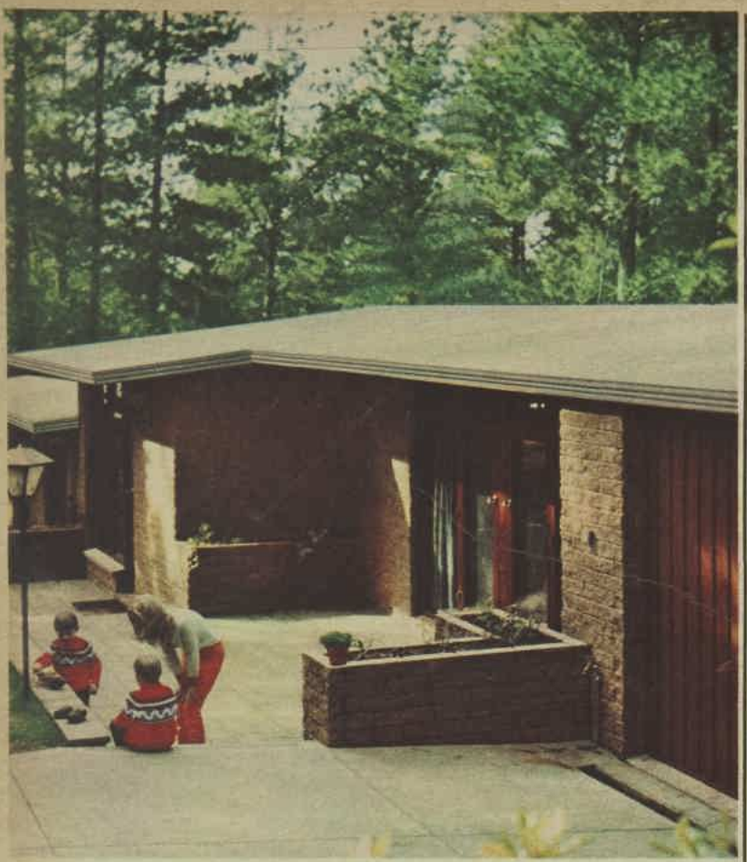
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SIMPLE MATERIALS AND

● Australian timber and clinker bricks are shown to advantage in the Wingham, New South Wales, home of Mr. and Mrs. John Machin.

HOUSE of the WEEK



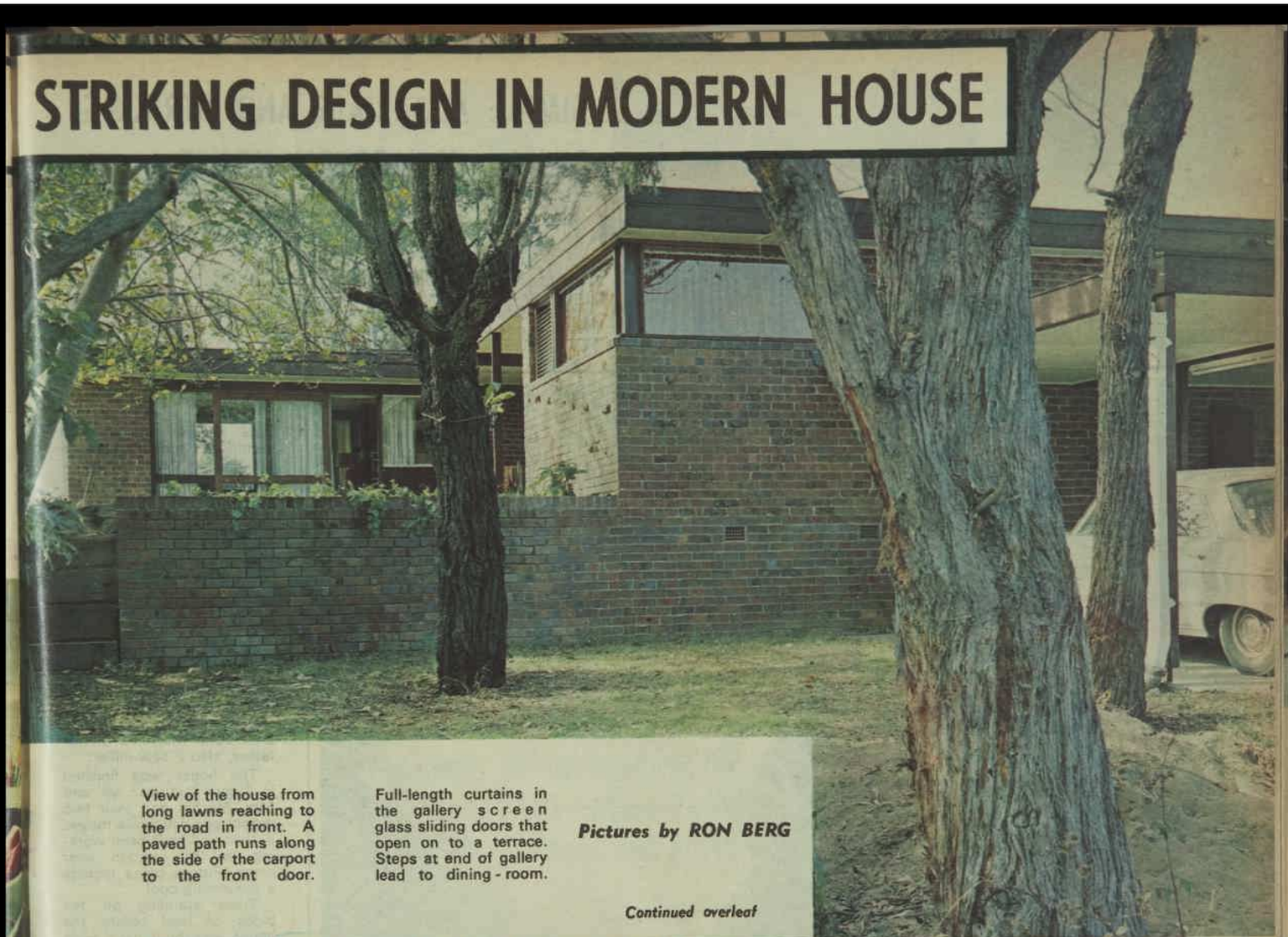
Above: Slate, identical with that in the long gallery, is used in the free-standing fireplace separating the living-room from the dining-room. Both rooms look out over the Manning River and open on to a concrete terrace facing the riverbank.

Below: A wide bench acts as a room-divider between the kitchen and family room. Comfortable armchairs are grouped for watching television. Specially made louvred wooden doors behind chairs screen the laundry.



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STRIKING DESIGN IN MODERN HOUSE



View of the house from long lawns reaching to the road in front. A paved path runs along the side of the carport to the front door.

Full-length curtains in the gallery screen glass sliding doors that open on to a terrace. Steps at end of gallery lead to dining-room.

Pictures by RON BERG

Continued overleaf



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THE two girls' bedroom, a pretty, feminine room of white and shades of pink. Out the window one can see the river.

SIMPLE MATERIALS AND STRIKING DESIGN IN MODERN HOUSE

Continued from page 85

JOHN MACHIN is a saw-miller, so he and his wife decided they should include as much timber as possible in their new home at Wingham, on the New South Wales North Coast.

Situated in a superb position overlooking the Manning River, the timber and clinker-brick house was designed by architect David Hanly. All the timber used in it was milled in Mr. Machin's mill.

Three generations of Machins have lived in the Wingham area. The walk along the high bank of the river in front of the terrace was named Machin Parade after John Machin's grandfather, also a saw-miller.

The house was finished in August last year. Mr. and Mrs. Machin and their two school-age daughters moved in then and have been working on the garden ever since. Future plans include a swimming-pool.

Trees standing on the block of land before the house was built have been incorporated into the garden plan. A specially attractive one is a large old flame tree in the yard near the kitchen. It keeps the room cool in summer and being deciduous does not screen out the sun in winter. Sliding glass doors and windows in the kitchen face the tree.

Exterior woodwork, mainly of tallowwood, blue gum, and ironbark, has been painted with a special stained-oil mixture containing a fungicide that preserves the natural color of the wood. Some of the beams are of bloodwood, a timber not usually liked by builders, but Mr. Machin was determined to show how effective it looked if one regarded flaws in the grain as part of the pattern.

Steel sheeting has been used for the house roof.

The clinker bricks used extensively for both exterior and interior walls had to be specially made. Once these bricks were the rejects from brick kilns, available for practically nothing, but, as Mr. Machin said ruefully, now they have become fashionable in modern building their price has risen.

One outside wall of clinker brick continues to become the wall of the entrance hall.

Most of the rooms in the open-plan house have river



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SHOWER recess fitted with a sliding glass door occupies a corner of this bathroom.

views and the amount of glass used admits a lot of natural light. This, combined with furnishings in subdued shades highlighted with splashes of bright color, gives a warm appearance in winter and coolness in summer.

Blue is the predominant furnishing color. A soft greyish-blue is used for carpeting through the house, giving a feeling of unity to the rooms. It also sets off extremely well the deep blues and greys of the slate wall in the passage and the fireplace, and harmonises with the blue in many of the clinker bricks. Velvet, in the same color as the carpet, has been used to upholster the dining-room chairs. Mrs. Machin has hung full-length silk shantung curtains in a slightly deeper blue in both dining-room and living-room.

The end wall of the dining-room, panelled in red cedar, provides a striking color contrast. Boards are cut in varying width for added interest.

—Lorraine Smith



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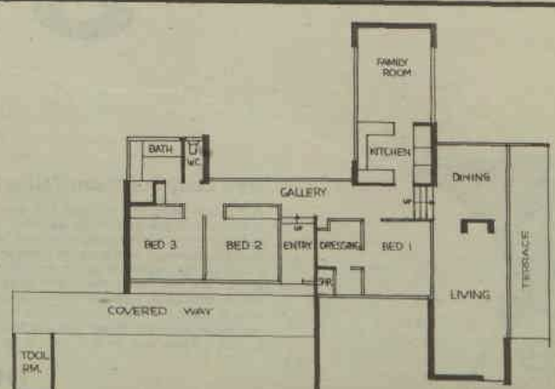

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A SUPERB view from the front terrace overlooking the Manning River. Veranda posts of tallowwood are all bolted on to the concrete surface.



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Encouraged by the loyalty of her parents the little girl eagerly looked forward to this ceremony

AN EVENING FOR JULIE

By RALPH McINERNY





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THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

THE night of Julie's Campfire ceremony I did not change clothes when I came home from work and as seven o'clock approached I sat on the edge of the couch scanning the paper.

"Knock, knock." David's three-year-old face pecked over the crook of my elbow.

"Who's there?" I put down the paper and rubbed my jaw. I would have to shave before we left. Julie danced into the room, flushed with excitement.

"Boo," David replied. He looked up, eyes sparkling in anticipation. I put my arm around him.

"Boo who?"

"Whatcha bawling for?" He dug his face into my side and laughed with glee. It was the 20th time we'd been through the routine that night.

From upstairs, Catherine called, telling me to get ready. Julie echoed the suggestion, turning it into a plea, and I stood up and tousled David's hair. As I left the room, he shouted after me, "Knock, knock."

"Davy, please!" Julie obviously regretted having introduced the game, but for a week Catherine and I had had to endure her incessant knock knocks: Havoc. Havoc who? Have a cucumber.

When I came upstairs, Catherine was in our room. "Are you ready?"

I stood at the door. "I should shave."

"Harry, it's nearly seven."

"I'll hurry." I went into the bathroom and began to move my electric razor over my jaw. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was shaving an author's face. I turned off the razor and the quiet surprised me.

"Finished." I felt my chin. "Say, are they going to use the script I wrote?"

"You know they are." Catherine came in and stood behind me at the mirror, inspecting her hairdo.

"That play's awful," I said, seeking reassurance.

"It's not so bad." She left, urging me to hurry.

Harry Simmons, author, was not a role I had sought. My only previous writing was a column I contributed to the alumni magazine the year I was class secretary, and that had been five years ago. Jack Fletcher, our neighbor and my former classmate, was one of the few who recalled that effort. He had a noisy way of introducing me as The Author to soon-to-be-disillusioned strangers. But Catherine remembered, too, it appeared; she had offered my creative services to Mrs. Hurley, the woman who leads Julie's Campfire group.

"She wants to do a puppet show," Catherine had informed me several weeks ago.

I displayed a minimum of interest. "Good idea."

"Something on the Campfire movement."

"I see," I said.

"I made some notes for you,"

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Catherine continued. "And she gave me a book."

I began to sense that something was afoot, and it turned out that I, Jack Fletcher's frustrated Hemingway, was going to write the script for a puppet show. I protested that I knew nothing about the Campfire movement. And Catherine reminded me of the book and of the notes she'd made.

For an hour Catherine and I sparred over the issue. My argument was that I hadn't the time, talent, or inclination. Hers boiled down to the claim that parental love required it. Besides, she had already committed me. But what finally resolved it was the trusting look in Julie's eyes.

Julie and I retired to my chair to block out the play. Her tale of what they did at Campfire meetings was replete with you-knows and kind-ofs and I was beginning to wonder whether I knew anything of my own daughter's activities when Catherine joined us, armed with the book and her notes. Somehow I wrote five pages of dialogue. I read them over, wincing, and gave them to Julie.

Several days later Julie said Mrs. Hurley liked the script and I asked how the show had gone. Catherine explained they were still rehearsing. That was when I learned the play was to be given for parents. "Who are the other parents?" I asked uneasily.

Catherine shrugged. "This will be a chance to meet most of them. The Hurleys we know, of course. And the Fletchers."

"The Fletchers!"

The thought of Jack Fletcher watching the puppet show and connecting it with my supposed writing ambitions did not please me. Somehow I had managed to forget it, but now, with the production only an hour away, I was getting worried again.

When the baby-sitter had arrived and the three of us were on our way to the school, I asked Julie what else would be on the program. She smiled mysteriously. "You'll see."

"Lots of things?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh, yes."

That was something, anyway. And maybe Jack Fletcher wouldn't be there.

Our destination was a classroom on the second floor. A dozen mothers congregated at the side of the room and their husbands sat in a semicircle at the back, Jack Fletcher among them.

Mrs. Hurley called for order and the ceremony began. One by one the girls stood; each gave her chosen Indian name, recited her accomplishments, and, as a reward, was given a string with the appropriate number of beads. Julie told of making beds, rinsing the dishes after dinner, and watching David. She received the most beads and I would have liked to feel only pride, but my eyes kept going to the puppet theatre at the front of the room.

Then Mrs. Hurley announced that the entertainment would begin. Songs were sung and poems recited. Finally Julie and two other girls disappeared behind the puppet theatre.

For a minute the only sounds in the room were muffled whispers; then a puppet came into view and the play was on. I writhed as I watched the bobbing dolls and heard the words I'd written. I was dimly aware that Julie was performing well, but the play seemed interminable. When it was over the parents applauded and Catherine nudged me. The girls had emerged to take their bows and Julie's smile could not have been more radiant if she'd just won an Oscar.

Her glistening eyes sought us out and I was almost startled to realise that this evening was for her a triumph. While most of the parents were congratulating Mrs. Hurley and the girls, Jack Fletcher intercepted me.

"I don't know when I've had a more exciting evening, Harry." The sarcasm was unmistakable.

"Diana did well." His daughter had sung a song, mostly on one note, while studying her shoes.

"Julie did, too." Fletcher moved closer. "But who wrote that play, Minnehaha Hurley?"

I felt a tug on my arm. It was Mrs. Hurley. "There you are, Harry. I'm so grateful to you."

I smiled sickly. "Where's Catherine?"

Mrs. Hurley gripped my arm and turned to Jack. "Didn't you think the puppet show was wonderful?"

Jack added two and two. He looked at me with an impish grin. "Did you do that, Harry?"

Julie ran up, her face glowing. "How was it, Daddy?"

"You were great, honey." I took her hand, aware of Fletcher's delighted chuckling.

"You always wanted to be a writer, Harry. Well, there were some fine lines in it." He was really enjoying this.

"Forget it, Jack," I warned. Mrs. Hurley patted Julie's head.

"It had power," Fletcher said gleefully.

"Forget that stupid puppet show," I snarled.

I became aware of Julie's rounded eyes looking up at me. All the lights that had illuminated her face had gone out. I glared at Jack, but he walked away grinning, and when I turned again to Julie she scooted across the room toward Catherine.

Before I could follow her, Mrs. Hurley hailed her husband and I had to be polite to him. I watched the string of beads swing in a little listless arc from Julie's hand. She stood beside Catherine, head down. I took Hurley by the arm and started across the room. When we arrived where Catherine stood, I put a hand on Julie's shoulder. "Knock, knock," I said.

She stood rigidly for a moment and then she buried her face in my chest. It was not pleasant to think that I had let my vanity spoil her moment of triumph. My arm tightened around her.

Julie lifted her face, a sparkle in her eyes. All at once, that silly game seemed a symbol, for aren't we all seekers after each other's response? A smile formed on Julie's lips. "Who's there?"

"Olive," I said.

"Olive who?"

"I love you, sweetheart. You did a fine job."

She laughed then. And, as I looked into that shining face, I knew what a proud and important night this had been for both of us.

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The Wind off the Small Isles



They were strangers meeting for the first time, yet a spark of recognition glimmered hauntingly between them

PRELUDE. Lanzarote, January 20, 1879.

She knelt on the windowsill, looking out over the sea. The night was clear, with a faint moon rising, but the stars seemed dim and far away. It must be imagination, but they were not white tonight; the evening star had risen apricot-yellow, and now the main flock of stars crowded hazy and ill-defined above a horizon smoking with purple and cinnamon and grey. This was strange, for the day had been sharp and fine, with a sky settled to blue again after the eruption, and the wind blowing strongly from the north, straight from Cape Finisterre and the coast of Spain and down the chain of the Atlantic islands.

Anxiously she peered into the darkness. Yes, the wind blew still. On the wall of the goat pen near the cliff's edge she could see the bougainvillea tossing, and above the roof the palm leaves shuffled and clicked like playing-cards.

Her father had gone to bed long since. He had won tonight, and lying wakeful, waiting, she had heard him call a jovial "Buenas noches" after his friends. Then the heavy door had shut, and the men's footsteps, with the quick pattering of old Senor Perez's donkey, had dwindled up the lane into silence.

That was two hours since, and soon the moon would rise clear of the cactus slopes behind the house, and by its light she would see him coming.

Mother of God, let him come. He promised, and I know he is true. I know he will come. He promised.

The rosary moved in her fingers, but she was not praying. That time was over. This was now, the night itself, the night the prayers were to be answered. The clenched beads scored her fingers and she shut her eyes. When she opened them again he would be here, his boat stealing round the headland into the bay . . . Till then she would shut her eyes on that empty sea and think about him, as if by thinking she might make his coming sure.

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Beginning a new romantic two-part serial by **MARY STEWART**

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THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

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Against the fizzing dark inside her eyelids she could see him now as she had first seen him three weeks ago, down there on the white sand of the bay, the muscles glancing and sliding under his brown skin as he braced himself in the shallows to pull his boat inshore. She had turned quickly away, as a modest girl should, but Conchita had run, childlike, down to the boat to peer in at the catch of fish. She had hesitated then, and called, but the child paid no attention, and then the young fisherman had turned, straightening, and smiled at her.

He was barefooted, and his breeches were ragged and faded with salt and sun, but the light ran and glinted on wet gold skin and black hair, and she could think of nothing but how the smile drove the deep crease down his cheek and lit the dark eyes . . . Then the smile had gone and he was staring, and she had stood with her eyes on his and her heart choking her, till Conchita had run back, laughing, and pulled at her hand.

She opened her eyes and he was here. Round the north headland, shadowy on the shadowy sea, the boat stole like a night bird under sail. She thought she could even see him, a shape at the tiller, dark against the sea-fire as the boat heeled in the gentle curve that would bring him into the bay.

She left the sill and moved over to the bed. Her sister's breathing was so quiet that it hardly stirred the air. She hesitated, stooping over the bed, the rosary dangling from her hand, its tiny cross swinging on a silver link. She tugged at this and the link parted, and she dropped the cross, warm from her skin, on the child's pillow. Then she picked up the bundle of clothes wrapped in her shawl and paused, with a hand on the door.

A cloud, thick and dark, drove past the window, but she did not need light to show her the room in whose familiar safety she had slept every night of her eighteen years — the bed of Canary pine, the coffer with its worn oak carving that had been her great-grandmother's dower chest, the wrought-iron candlesticks, the crucifix on the wall: they had been here all her life, they had spelled safety and love.

Now she would spell love her own way. And safety, too . . .? Mary Mother, but she must believe what her heart told her, and soon she would be sure . . .

She slipped out through the door and along the flagged passage to the kitchen. The dog raised his head and blinked at her, and his tail thumped briefly. The wind blew strongly, and in the draught the straw mats rose along the flagstones.

Something drove, rattling against the window panes, like a handful of rain. The moon's light had gone, and now she saw how the dark clouds smoked across the stars. Against them, suddenly, light beat redly and was gone.

Then she smelt the faint, familiar reek and knew the clouds, the sleet, for what they were: the ash-cone to the north, the little Loma, had woken again and was throwing out more ash and cinders. And the wind blew from there.

She checked, while beside her the dog flattened his ears and his ruff stirred. If she called now to wake them . . . La Loma was harmless; all it had done last week — all it ever did — was to shower the place with ashes and singe a field or two . . . Ten minutes and the boat could be clear of the island and beyond pursuit . . . But call them she must. She could not go like this, leaving them asleep . . .

As she turned back from the door she felt the air move like a blast, and round the door the light pulsed red, then died to black again. The dog's chain rattled; he whined, then began to bark furiously. Somewhere a door slammed and she heard her father's voice. They were awake.

She pulled open the heavy door as the night lit once more with an arched jet of fire and the smell of blown sulphur rolled over the yard. A gull went up from the roof, screaming, and as she ran past the pens she heard the beasts bleating with fear.

Her father called out again, and she saw her bedroom window flower with light as he ran in with the lamp. Her sister's voice answered, shrill and startled. The light sharpened suddenly as he approached the window. The pane was thrust open and the light spilled out to catch her where she stood, pinned against the outhouses like a moth.

She saw the big head thrust out, peering past the flame. The night was black again. The mountain held its breath. But he saw her. He shouted, "It'll be no more than last time. Let them bide, but see the windows are boarded. Then get yourself to the cellar with your sister."

The casement shut. The lamp withdrew. As she put a hand, dutifully, to the gaps that served the pens for windows, the mountain shot out a plume of fire that lit the night and showed her the boards fast in their places.

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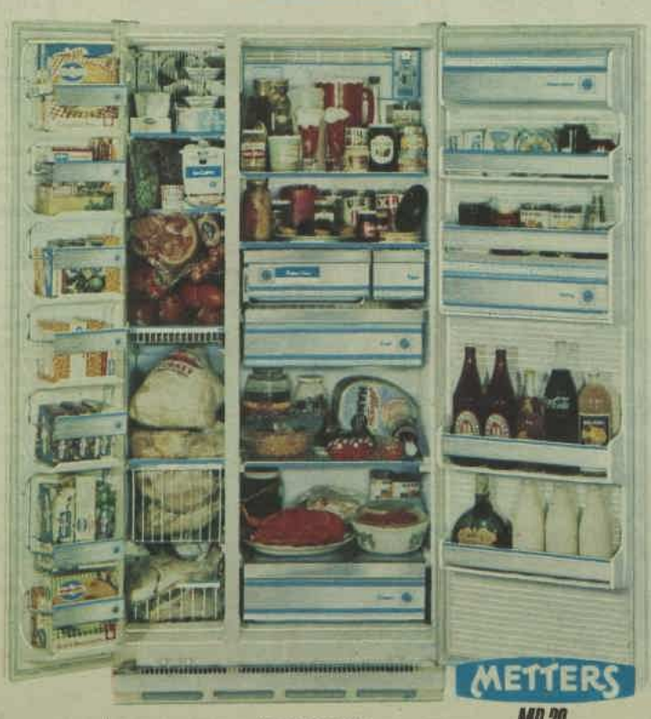
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The bread that "grew" in the sand

Behind the hut on the goldfields a strange mound seemed to be heaving itself out of the desert sand.

By G. EASTWOOD

WE were living on the goldfields, my husband and I. Our home at the time was a hut and a tent, set up among the short scrub and spinifex of the Western Australian desert, 53 miles from Coolgardie.

So far from civilisation, we naturally had to make our own bread. We also had to make our own yeast.

I had long ago learned to find the wild hops which grew round about and to add them to potatoes to make yeast.

One day I had no success with my breadmaking. The dough didn't rise, and I threw it out and made another lot.

This also refused to rise, and I talked about throwing that out, too.

My husband, in some ways a frugal man, was adamant. No more dough. "You're losing your touch, Jumbo. You've been playing too much tennis," he said mildly.

The next lot of dough, which once more did not rise, had to be disposed of discreetly. Before the lord and master returned, I had buried it safely behind the hut.

Three days passed. On the third, I was pegging out some clothes when my husband called from behind the hut.

"What's this? What's she been up to now? Come round here, Jumbo. Look at this. Must be some animal."

As I came round the corner of the hut, he was standing scratching his head. At his feet was a small mound of earth, and if you watched closely you could see it rise imperceptibly.

The real truth of the matter did not strike me for a second. When it did, I burst out laughing, and it was some time before I could splutter out the facts to a very surprised and amused husband.

We dug up the risen dough — for that's what it was — and never did we taste better bread than this, made from dough raised by the warmth of the desert sun, safely protected from draughts in its earthy hole.

No, never had we tasted such bread after it had been taken, cooked, from my faithful old dutch oven and had its crust of desert sand cut away.

Sydney reader KATHLEEN DAWSON poses an interesting quiz.

What sort of a husband will YOUR son make?

NEXT time you are staggering round the house with a bout of flu, berating your husband for his helplessness, and denouncing his mother for Training Her Son So Badly, take a long, hard look at your darling son and see if he isn't heading along the same path.

Does he look on you as a person with definite opinions, preferences, and interests or are you just "Mum," with no rights, at everyone's beck and call, whose opinion is unsought or overlooked?

Well, it may be your own fault. Lay down the law a little. Give yourself a break.

And don't, please, palm off your lazy, selfish, albeit charming son on some poor unsuspecting girl. How does your pride and joy measure up to this list:

1. Does he keep his room tidy?
2. Can he look after his own clothes?
3. Can he cook a simple meal?
4. Will he help out with household chores at weekends?
5. Does he do his share of outside jobs?
6. Can he mend a fuse, do simple household repairs?
7. Does he leave the bathroom reasonably tidy?
8. Will he spontaneously make you a cup of tea?
9. Does he pay adequate board?
10. Does he take some trouble to buy you a birthday or Christmas gift?

Ten out of ten might be too good to be true — but if your dear boy scores below five, then offer a silent prayer of sympathy for his future wife!

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She turned and ran across the yard and down the cliff path.

He was there. He was waiting for her below the cactus slopes, as he had said he would wait. He had his best suit on and a cloak made of coarse blanket and he was bareheaded.

He put his arms out for her and she ran into them.

.

My employer, Cora Gresham, is a woman of wealth, and also a woman of whims. She is a writer of children's stories, anything from rip-roaring adventure to animal cartoons and space fiction, and has the habit of using exotic and authentic backgrounds for what she calls their educational value. In consequence she

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

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is liable to set off for the most out-of-the-way corners of the world at a moment's notice, and the life of her secretary and personal assistant — myself — is by no means a dull one.

It came as no surprise, therefore, when it was the turn of a new "Coralie Gray" adventure about pirates along the Barbary Coast, to be told to get things in train — and that within a matter of days — for a visit to the Canary Islands.

This was my fault, if fault it can be called. I had had to do all the preliminary research; I had combed through loads of books from the library, haunted travel agents, and pestered the airlines, and then presented Mrs. Gresham with glowing and wildly enthusiastic descriptions of the islands, which from time out of mind have been known as the Fortunate Isles or the Isles of the Blessed, and which, we are told, were the original Garden of the Hesperides.

And if there weren't still nymphs and golden apples, I told her, there were still dragon trees, and the great Mount Teide, twelve thousand feet high and crowned with snow, and, for all we know, with Atlas still up there, on his shoulders carrying the sky. There were warm indigo seas lapping on black lava beaches, and aquamarine seas lapping on white beaches, and everywhere flowers and bright birds and perpetual summer . . .

I don't think she was even listening. She sat looking at a map of the Canary archipelago, while outside the windows the northern English rain beat solidly down on the brave, soaked daffodils of March. Then she put a finger on the map.

"That one," she said.

"Lanzarote? But you can't possibly — weren't you even listening? That's the one I told you was practically a desert! It's all volcanic ash, and the book says it's like a lunar landscape or something from another world. Heavens, they filmed 'Two Thousand Years Before Christ' there, and I'm told it looks like it!" I drew in my breath. "What's more, there's a great chain of volcanoes called the Fire Mountains, still hot and active, and probably going off at any minute —"

"It's the one nearest Africa," said Mrs. Gresham.

"I dare say it is, but your pirates could just as easily get from the Barbary Coast through to Grand Canary, or Tenerife, and either of those would make a perfectly gorgeous setting."

"Probably, but I've been looking at the references you gave me, and it seems to have been Lanzarote they usually got to first. Look here at the maps and you'll see why. The point is that, apart from all the landings recorded—there were a good many —there must have been dozens of small raids going on all the time, so anything I like to invent can fit in very well."

"Yes, but does that actually matter?" I looked over her shoulder. "There must have been raids on the other islands, and you see how the Barbary Coast lies north of the Canaries, so if your pirates cast just a little farther west they'd have missed Lanzarote and the other dry island — what's it called? Fuertaventura — and come on the fertile islands in the westerly group." I ran my finger down the map. "That way."

"I see that, but I think it really will have to be Lanzarote. It fits my story too well." She tapped the pile of books beside her.

"You remember that I want my pirates to run an expedition to recover some of their friends taken in the slave raids? Well, the Counts of Lanzarote seem to have done a tremendous amount

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IN AND OUT of SOCIETY
By RUDD







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THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

of slaving along the African coast. In fact, I thought I might even use a genuine return raid, the one some time in the 1580s, when the Countess of Lanzarote had to hide in that cave under the lava beds. I forget where you put the notes."

"They're here. Yes, the Cueva De Los Verdes. All right, I give in. It would be rather good, I see that. I'll put it down as a 'must' for us to explore."

"I'm sorry you won't see Teide and your dragon trees," said Mrs. Gresham. "Some other time, I hope. And I'm sure Lanzarote can't be as bad as you make out. It's even coming on to the tourist route now, isn't it? It wouldn't do that if there wasn't something to be said for it. At least one person I know — James Blair, as it happens, and my younger son was with him — spent a few weeks there getting over the flu last year, and I remember reading something he wrote about it. He loved it. He called it 'the last paradise.' Of course, Michael raved about it, but that's nothing to go by, all he thinks about is swimming."

"I'm rather that way myself. Ah, well, at least it will be different. Though as for 'paradise' — I suppose it's all in the mind. According to the pictures there are no trees, and they have to make special holes in the volcanic ash to grow their fruit, and there'll be no flowers worth mentioning because it only rains about two days in the year."

"And that," said my employer, closing the atlas with a snap, "settles it. We go there. Fix it up, will you?"

THERE is one thing about Mrs. Gresham, when she has made a decision she sticks by it. Now that she had decided on Lanzarote, she would find it delightful, or die in the attempt. So when precisely ten days after the conversation (in my own way I am as efficient as Coralie Gray) she surveyed the strange, windy landscape of Lanzarote and exclaimed, "But, Perdita, it's beautiful!" I was not surprised. What did surprise me was that I found myself agreeing with her.

The island was every bit as wild and barren as I had imagined. The roads stretched, pitted and dusty, between ridges of black basaltic lava. The only tree was an occasional palm, the only hills the symmetrical cones of dead volcanoes, or, to the south, the great burnt ridges of the Fire Mountains, with the frozen black floods of lava filling the valleys between them. There was no grass. There were no woods.

The villages were pure African — square flat-roofed houses painted white and ochre, set flat like little boxes on the baked earth. Above them, where one looked for minarets, the towers of the Spanish churches looked incongruous and foreign.

Strange and exciting, you would have thought, rather than beautiful. "Paradise"—no, never. But then it got you. You stopped the car on some deserted track they called a road, and got out into the silent afternoon, the thick dust muffling even the sound of your footsteps. You stood looking at the long, yellow fields, with their pattern of growing corn like ribbed velvet, the soot-black slopes honeycombed with pits, each enclosing a fig tree in brilliant green bud, the burning range of volcanic mountains shouldering up in great sweeps of red against the dazzling sky . . . all these made a tranquil and somehow intensely satisfying pattern of shape and color in the pure air.

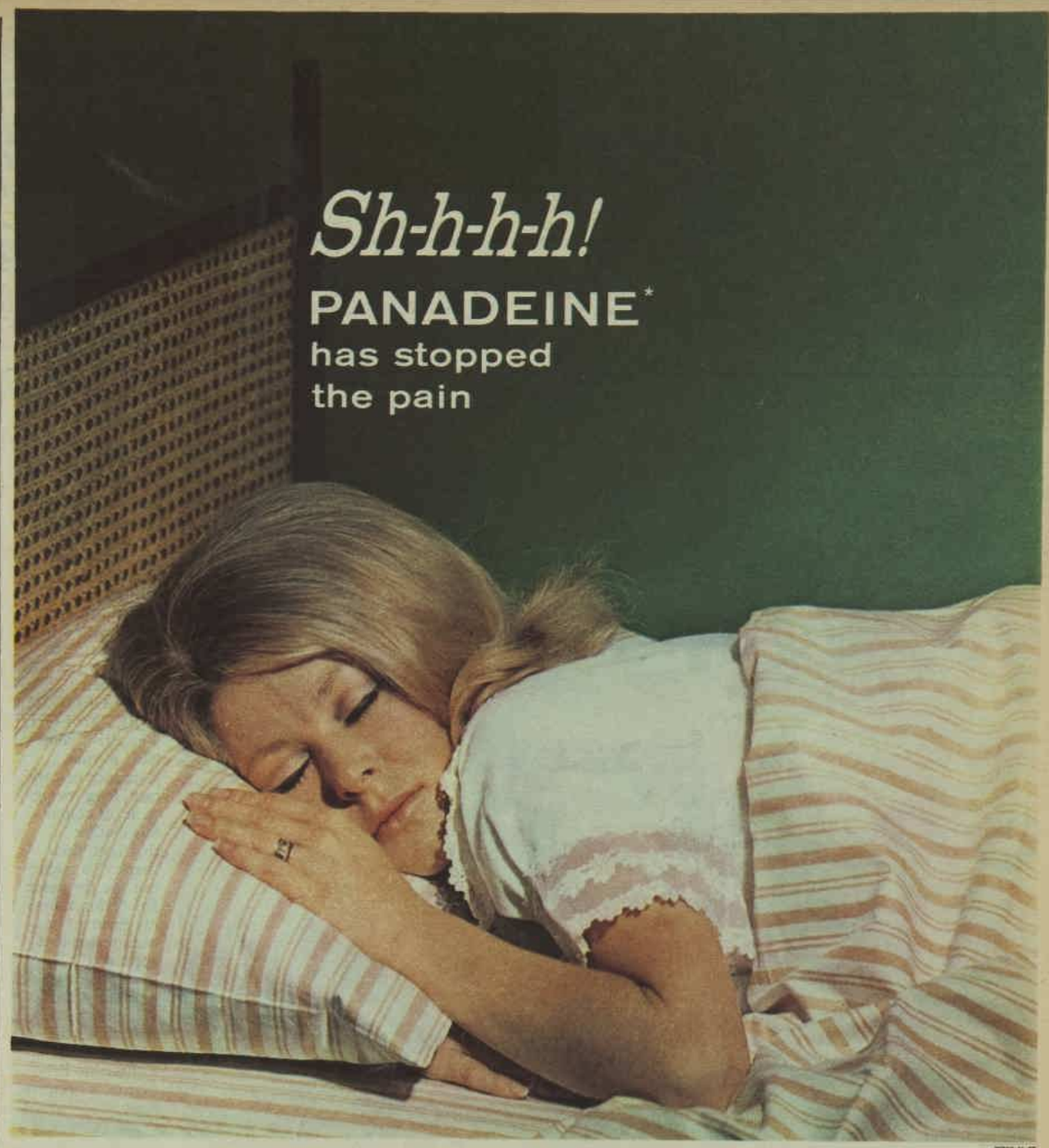
It was beauty more than naked; beauty pared to the bone. And always there was the wind. Cool and steady, the trade wind — "tracked wind" — funnelled its way down through the small outlying islands to overleap these dry eastern isles and drop its rain on the flowers and green forests of Tenerife and Grand Canary.

It was on our second day in Lanzarote that Mrs. Gresham decided that she would buy a house there.

"It really is the perfect retreat," she told me. "'Paradise' was true enough, if by that you mean something out of this world. Just think of the peace and quiet, think of the sunshine, think of being able to get all the help in the house you want without having to worry about it."

"Think of being nearly two thousand miles away from home. Think of the Canary telephone system. Think of having your mail all opened and read. Think of not knowing a single word of Spanish except *manana* and *hasta la vista*," I said. "Besides, I'd leave you. You know perfectly well you couldn't do a thing without me. I practically write your books as it is."

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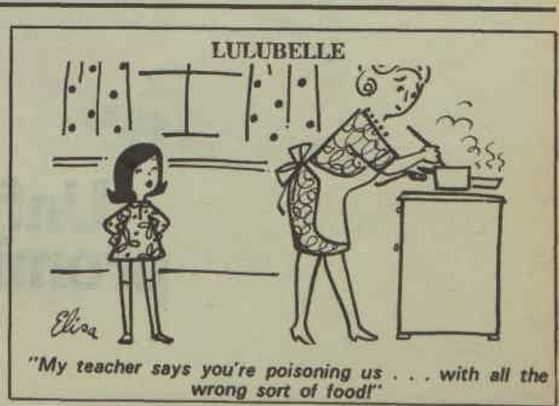
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"My teacher says you're poisoning us . . . with all the wrong sort of food!"

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"Dear child, I know. But you'd love it, you really would. It isn't as if it would be for ever, just a year or two—"

"A year or two. Now, look—"

"What's a year to you? You can spare it better than I can, after all. No, I'm serious. This might be the place really to pause and take stock of oneself, and maybe write something worth while."

"Everything you write is worth while," I said, promptly and firmly. I knew this mood. Mrs. Gresham, who is nothing if not clear-sighted, once called herself "the clown with the normal clown's urge to play Hamlet," but this didn't seem to me to fill the bill. I called it her "Sullivan act" — a finished master of light music breaking his heart to be Verdi.

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

I said: "I wish you'd stop tormenting yourself because you're not Graham Greene or James Blair or Robert Bolt or someone. The number of people who'd miss 'Coralie Gray' if you stopped writing could be laid end to end—"

"I know, I know. It's all right, you don't need to hold my hand today. That's one reason why I think I would like to stay in this place, even if it's only for a few months — there really is peace here, and yet not a relaxing peace. Tranquillity's the word. One would be hedged in by quietness, and I think one could write. Look over there, nothing but sea and sky and wind and the small islands . . ."

We were sitting — and we had been picnicking—on the northernmost point of the island, the Bateria del Rio, where a high cape rears a windy head of red cliff some fifteen hundred feet above the blue slash which is the strait between Lanzarote and the white island of Graciosa. Graciosa is white because it consists entirely of sand, save for the grey cones of its three dead volcanoes. Beyond these ghostly pyramids, more dimly, floated the shapes of the other islands.

"Even their names," said Mrs. Gresham. "The Pleasing Isle, the Isle of Rejoicing, the Clear Mountain, the Eagle's Rock—"

"You're surely not thinking of living there!"

"No, that's a little bit too peaceful, even for me. I'd go round the bend in a week, and what you'd do I hate to think."

She shivered suddenly and pulled her coat round her. "And the wind. I don't like the wind."

"Don't you? I love it."

"You're young. When you're my age you'll find that 'the wind on the heath, brother' is only good for rheumatism and damaging the garden. Come back to the car. We'll go home the other way and see if we can find somewhere sheltered."

I picked up the picnic things. "There's always the Cueva De Los Verdes, where your Countess hid out during the raid. Do you want to visit that this afternoon? I think we go right by it."

We found the signpost — a rather chichi affair of polished rustic work and antique lettering — which pointed the way off into a plain of tumbled black lava, but when we had bumped our way hopefully along the appalling track, the only "cave" we could find was a large gaping depression in the lava, more like a quarry than a cave.

It looked as if the top crust of solidified lava had collapsed, exposing a section of an underground tunnel which ran into darkness under the sharp and overhanging edges of the hole. We looked at it without enthusiasm.

"Well, that's it," I said. "Even if you could get in; it simply wouldn't be safe without a guide. What do you say I fix it up and bring you back another day?"

"And that would let you out?" She laughed. "All right. Go and turn the car while I take a look round the top."

IT was quite a relief to be back on what the maps were pleased to call the main road. Some way farther on, right in the middle of the lava plain which stretches along the north-east coast, we saw the notice sticking up: "Plots for Sale."

It was about as reasonable as seeing "Good Building Land" advertised in the middle of the Solway mudflats. This was old lava, from long-ago eruptions, nothing more or less than a plain of dusty, broken black rock with cutting edges, lightened here and there by the brilliant yellow-green sponges of some succulent, and the phalli of the candelabra cactus, like clustered stands of organ-pipes acid with verdigris. Nothing else grew.

As building land it was ludicrous. The only way one could live there was to buy one of the caves that gaped here and there in the lava — monstrous holes disappearing into blackness—and set up house in that.

"Cheaper, too," I said. "Look, if you want to use a cave for your story, why don't we just go to the Jameos del Agua? It's another cave near here, and they've turned it into a restaurant, so at least it should be easy to get into. It shouldn't be far away — in fact, isn't that a signpost a bit farther along the road, to the left?"

"It looks like it. Well, if you like. Do you suppose they'd run to a cup of tea?"

"I'm sure they would."

"Then *vamos,*" said my employer.

But the signpost did not mention the Jameos del Agua. It was merely a board, weathered white by sun and the salt wind, on which had been roughly painted the words Playa Blanca.

"Doesn't that mean white beach?" asked Mrs. Gresham. "If it's like those lovely beaches in the south, there might be a cafe —"

"I'm sure there won't be. This isn't the tourist end of the island — I mean, you can see why, can't you? And that's not a touristy kind of notice, it's too shabby and genuine. If it leads anywhere

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A soft circle of colour falls lightly over fluid jersey, made memorable with the sentimental sorcery of lace. Shoulders are gently treated (by special arrangement) with a trio of hand-rolled bands.
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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

ORIGINALLY my clock (picture enclosed but not published) had a pair of matching vases. I would like to know the age and origin of the set. The face of the clock is white porcelain with a gilt central design. — Mrs. Margaret Marion, Sunshine, Vic.

Your clock which originally had matching vases was made 1890 to 1900.

COULD you tell me anything about a teapot (right) I have? On the base is a picture of Britannia, followed by the wording "Ashberry & Sons, Sheffield, 318,DD." — Mrs. H. A. Davis, Pomona, Qld.

The Britannia metal teapot was made during the last quarter of the Victorian era. The tall, fluted body is typical of the period.



● Victorian teapot



● Spinning-chair

I AM enclosing a picture of a chair (above). Could you give me information regarding its history?—B.M., South Yarra, Vic.

This unusual spinning-chair was made between 1895 and 1905. It was used to sit by a spinning-wheel.

★ ★

MY father brought these candlesticks (pictured below) from England in 1912. The bases and tops are brass. One blue-coated soldier rides a white horse and one red-coated soldier rides a black horse on each candlestick. The figures are porcelain. They stand about a foot high. — Mrs. M. J. Durant, Warradale, S.A.

The candlesticks are unique and were made during the second half of the nineteenth century—



● Unusual candlesticks

probably about 1875. But I must state that the black-and-white photograph does not assist me in identifying the exact location of manufacture or the name of the potter. It would be necessary to personally inspect your interesting candlesticks before passing final judgment.

★ ★

COULD you please tell me the age of my teapot or coffee-pot which I have sketched? It is in colors of cream, brown, green, and blue, and has a rooster on one side and the words "There would be no shadows if the sun was not shining" on the other side.—Mrs. N. Springett, Clapham, S.A.

The teapot was made by the Torquay Terra Cotta Co. Ltd. of Hele Cross, Torquay, Devon, who commenced potting about 1875 and ceased production about 1909. Your pot was made in 1880 to 1890.



Pink milk for your skin.

As you grow older, the plump moist skin you had when you were very young begins to change. The years have made it drier. Rougher. Tiny lines appear.

This is the moment for Skin Dew. The deeply penetrating, replenishing emulsion that puts back the moisture growing up took away. Skin Dew is far different from the thin watery moisturizers you may have tried before. This richly textured emulsion is made with "ferment lactiques", a unique milk-culture derivative that nourishes thirsty skin, restoring the smooth, soft tender young radiance it once had. A few drops under your make-up each morning, and a few drops before you go to sleep, is all you need. Skin Dew is pink in the bottle. Invisible on the skin. Skin Dew from Helena Rubinstein. It's the milk dry skin drinks.

Helena Rubinstein

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at all, apart from the beach, it'll just be to a farm or something."

"Go down, anyway, and let's have a look."

"I thought you were dying for some tea?"

"There might be something there. In any case, we've still got some wine left over from lunch, haven't we? And if it is a white beach you can have a swim."

"This being the one day I haven't brought my swimming things."

"It mightn't matter, at that. Go on, it would be lovely to find a quiet place right out of the wind, and the shore down there's bound to be sheltered. We'll probably find we've got it all to ourselves."

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said grimly, as I put the car in gear and turned it off the road into a horrible track that plunged down at right angles through the lava bed. It was like driving through a coal tip. The black dust was at least six inches deep, and the wheels churned and skidded through it, every now and again jerking across hunks and ruts of broken lava so sharp that I was in constant terror for my tyres.

The track became a lane, deep between lava walls crowned with the candelabra cactus which, after a while, gave way to a sort of jungle of prickly pear so thickly grown that not even a goat could have pushed its way through. We ploughed steeply downward, trailing our wake of black dust.

"I only hope if we do get down that there's a place to turn," I said.

"It must go somewhere. After all, there was a signpost."

"It might only be to a beach. If I've got to turn on sand —"

"You could reverse up."

"You've got to be joking." We bucketed round a bend between the monstrous cactus hedges. "Thank heaven for that! There's a farm or something, there's bound to be a gate where I can turn. Look, we really will have to stop here, I'm afrad. I daren't go farther. Any minute now one of these tyres will go phut, and then we really will have to spend the night in a cave. It isn't far to the sea from here, we can walk down. I'll manage the picnic things."

In fact, the farm gate, set back to our right, marked the end of the track. Beyond the gate this dwindled merely to a path for goats, which wound its way even more steeply downward for twenty yards or so, then branched off to zigzag down the shallow cliffs toward the glimpse of white sand and sea.

I stopped the car between the stone gateposts. "I'll have to drive right in to turn. We'd better ask them."

"Drive in first," said Mrs. Gresham reasonably, "then they can't stop you, can they? Besides, you've got to leave the car somewhere, and they might let you leave it in the yard."

"You've got a point there."

Inside the yard was the usual clutter one associates with a peasant's small holding — a wood stack, buckets, what looked like a galvanised-iron trough. I only vaguely saw them as I turned the car carefully in between the gateposts and manoeuvred to turn. But beside me I heard Mrs. Gresham make some sort of subdued exclamation, then she said, sharply for her: "Look. Just look at that."

It was certainly very picturesque. The house was single storeyed, low, and flat-roofed, with a "picture" window facing the sea, and a garnet-red bougainvillea tumbling over a whitewashed wall. Behind the house was the big beehive shape of a primitive oven, with the wood stacked beside it. Between the long front of the house and the edge of low cliff there had obviously been at one time a sprawl of buildings; sheds and sties roughly built of mudbrick and undressed stone.

THESE now lay tumbled into piles of rubble. Masonry and wood lay everywhere, and I realised that the trough and the buckets I had noticed were not farm implements at all but builders' tools, and that there were no animals about, nor any sign of them.

Now that I came to look at it, the house itself, with its new whitewash and the modern window, looked too sophisticated to be one of the primitive farmsteads we had seen elsewhere.

I knew what Mrs. Gresham was going to say, and she said it. "My house. This is it. No wonder my Daemon gave me a nudge and told me to come down here. This is my house, Perdita. Look at it. All we'd have to do is knock down the rest of these old sheds in front and floor the yard to make a terrace, and look at the view we'd have. Straight out of that window — the sea, and that flash of white sand at the bottom, and those black cliffs reaching up with their arms holding the bay. And not a living soul."

"Well, somebody owns it," I pointed out.

"Indeed yes, and now's as good a time as any to look for them and ask about it. You can do it. No, don't gape at me like that, my child. Switch the engine off and go and knock on the door."

"Me? Why me?"

"Because I'm fat and fifty and you're twenty-three and a dish," said my employer frankly. "You'll at least get a hearing, where I might not."

"A hearing? And what do I use for Spanish?"

"Anything you like. If they're Spanish all you have to do is smile at them and they'd listen even if you talked gobbledegook."

"Well, thanks, but a—"

"Now stop arguing and go and see who lives there. They might speak a bit of English, anyway, and at the very least you can probably find the name of the owners. Then when we get back to Arrecife we can make inquiries, and get a lawyer to take over from there. Go on, I'll wait in the car."

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Mini-Weight or All-Purpose



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THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

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I got out resignedly and picked my way across the yard to the door, which was set deep in an archway in the end wall of the house. It was a thick, studded affair of heavy planking, which had recently been given a lick of blue paint.

If it had been any use arguing with my employer, I would have pointed out that the new paint, and the evidence of building operations, suggested that someone had recently moved in and was doing on his own account just the improvements she had suggested, but I knew from experience that Mrs. Gresham's impulses had to be allowed to wear themselves out in their own time, so I merely lifted a hand and knocked at the door.

The wood must have been very thick. The sound seemed to drown, almost, in the door itself. No echo. It was like knocking on a solid wall instead of a hollow door.

I WAITED for a bit, then tried again. Still no answer. But when I turned away, half in relief, Mrs. Gresham called from the car:

"I can hear something round the other side. Someone talking, I think. Go round the front, I think they're at the far end." And she waved toward a grove of palm trees and some softer green which showed beyond the house.

I went. At least it would be shady, and it was pleasant to be out of the car. It was mid-afternoon now, and the sun was hot, but a small breeze wandered even here, clicking the leaves of the palm trees. These made a grove of shade where a small patio had been newly laid out at the far end of the house and out of sight of the entrance yard.

The patio, facing the sea, was enclosed on its three landward sides by the wall of the house, by the slope of black lava which rose steeply behind the house, and was formidably overgrown with prickly pear, and by a black wall — now grey with builders' dust — where a gap made a gateway to the cliff top. In the shade of the palms stood a white-painted metal table with a chair drawn up to it, and two or three brightly colored beach chairs.

There was no one there. But a portable typewriter stood on the table with a pile of paper beside it, weighed down by a rose-colored shell.

On the top page I could see a line of typing which looked like a title: "The Wind Off The Small Isles."

"Senorita?"

A man's voice, sharp. I jumped and turned.

He was standing in the gap which opened on the cliff top. I hadn't heard or seen him coming, and now I saw why. Beyond the wall a small clump of tamarisk trees waved their frothy green at the cliff's edge, and in their light shade two men lay dozing, hats tipped over their eyes.

Beside them was the remains of their meal, and a little farther off some shovels, buckets, and piles of what looked like sand and lime. They seemed to have been building a kind of low retaining wall along the edge of the cliff. It was their voices which Mrs. Gresham must have heard, and now I had interrupted their siesta.

The man who had spoken was evidently some kind of foreman, for where the other two wore patched and dirty khaki trousers and the floppy straw island hats, and apparently worked stripped to the waist, this man had on a pair of reasonably decent blue denims and a short-sleeved shirt open at the neck. He was bare-headed.

"Perdoneme," I said. *"Buenas tardes, Senor."*

"Tardes." He was unsmiling, but this didn't mean anything. Spain is not, like Italy, a land of flashing teeth and ready hands. He waited for me to explain myself.

"Por favor, Senor—" But here my Spanish ran out. At the sound of my voice the other two had roused themselves, and were sitting up, staring. I tried the smile that Mrs. Gresham had recommended. "Excuse me, but do you speak English?"

"Yes." I thought there was something wary about the admission, as if he wasn't quite sure what it was going to let him in for. He was much younger than the other two. "Can I help you?"

"It's only—my friend and I were driving down from El Rio and we saw the signpost and came down this little road to see what there was, and she . . . well, we couldn't turn the car, so we drove into the yard. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all. You wish me to turn it for you?"

"Oh, I can manage, thanks. It isn't that. My friend . . . as a matter of fact she's my employer

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"And then he said, 'Let me show you the old grannie's knot.'"

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"Bub, bub bub bub... nice fresh JOHNSON'S smell."

(THINKS)
"I think Daddy only uses JOHNSON'S on me because he likes the smell of it himself."



"Best for baby, best for you."

. . . she sent me to ask what this house was and who owned it. I did knock at the door, but no one answered. I suppose it's a bad time to choose, siesta time? I'm sorry if I'm intruding."

"There is no one at home." He said no more, just waited there in the gap of the wall. If I was to find out anything at all I was going to have to persist. Perhaps he hadn't understood my rapid English. I spoke more slowly:

"Then perhaps you would just tell me—is the house itself called Playa Blanca, or is that the name of the beach?"

"It's the name of the beach, but the house goes by that name, too. It's the only one here."

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

The sun was making me blink. I moved a pace into shadow, narrowing my eyes at him. "Surely you're English?" His eyes were hazel, not dark as I had thought. "Is it your house then?"

"No."

I am not by nature aggressive and persistent, but since these are qualities which Cora Gresham values in her secretary, I persisted. "But you speak it so well, *senor* . . . Now I won't interrupt you any more, but I wonder if you'd just give me the name of the owner, please? That's really what my employer sent me to ask."

I thought he hesitated. The other two men were on their feet now, staring at us, and he gestured irritably to them, with some phrase in Spanish and a glance at his watch. As they trudged off to their buckets and cement, he turned back to me. "I'm afraid I don't know. I only work here." There was, in fact, I noticed now, a faintly discernible Spanish accent. "We are employed by an agent in Arrecife. Now we turn your car, eh?"

He crossed the patio, and with a gesture invited me to precede him back to the car. We walked together along the house-front.

"An agent in Arrecife?" I said. "Then if you would be kind enough to give me his name? Just for the record, you know."

"*Que?*"

I stopped dead and turned. A hoopoe, startled, shot off a ruinous pigsty with a flare of camellia-rose and brilliant barred wings. Beyond it the sea flashed and glittered. The silence was profound.

I faced him squarely. "Look, I'm sorry, but it's as much as my job's worth to let you push me right out without getting some kind of answer. And don't pretend you don't understand what I'm saying, because your Spanish accent's only just descended on you like Elijah's mantle.

"You are English, aren't you? And you've probably only just moved in, which is what it looks like, and you don't want to be bothered answering a lot of questions from someone who's obviously interested in the property? Fair enough, you wouldn't dream of selling — then all you have to do is say so. But wouldn't it be just as easy to tell me the name of your lawyer in Arrecife and let him do it for you?

"Straight up, it's as much as my job's worth to go back to the car now and tell my employer I haven't found out a thing about it. What's more, it's the quickest way of bringing her down on your neck that I've ever known. Just give me chapter and verse, and I'll clear us both straight out of your life and never come back."

He grinned. It made him seem all at once much younger. "That'd be a bit rough when I've only just met you, but if you want the truth, it's as much as my job's worth to tell you."

No trace of Spanish accent now. I regarded him curiously. "Top secret stuff? You mean you've actually had instructions not to tell?"

"Yes."

"I'm right, they have just bought it? English?"

"Yes."

"Well, that lets us both out, doesn't it? Relations of yours, parents?"

"No. I'm just assistant, looker-upper, apprentice, architect, watchdog, chauffeur, and quite often keeper. But I'll tell you this, there isn't a chance in a million that my employer would dream of selling. This is his idea of the perfect hideout. I'm supposed to guard the gate like Cerberus and stop everyone coming in except the girl who brings the milk. Hence the strongarm stuff, for which I apologise, but orders is orders."

He waved a hand to the emptiness in front of us. "He sounds like a wanted criminal, but he's not. All he wants is peace, and he thinks he's found it here."

"Then this is where I came in. That's what my employer says, too, and what's more, your job sounds very much the same as mine — p.a., chauffeur, dog, devil, and dairymaid, and whatever you call the person who is sent out in front to draw the fire. As now." I turned away. "All right, if you've had your orders, this is something she will understand. They're two of a kind."

"Mine's a writer," he said apologetically, "and more or less mad north-north-west."

"I was busy guessing that. So's mine. That's what I meant. I don't mean she's mad — I must admit she's perfectly sane — but I see what you mean for all that." I paused. "Well, I'm sorry to have bothered you. Don't come any farther, or you'll have to turn Spanish again. I can manage the car quite easily. Goodbye."

"Half a minute, don't go yet — look, it's not my fault I've had to clam up like this, so won't you make it good for evil and tell me your name? Where are you staying? The hotel in Arrecife?"

"Yes. But I reckon I don't owe you my name."

"Have a heart, I'll tell you mine. It's Mike, short for Michael—"

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NOVEMBER in the garden

By ALLAN SEALE

A little attention to the garden this month will make it bright in time for Christmas.



• Quick-growing petite marigolds like these flower in six weeks.

QUICK-GROWING seedlings planted now should flower in about six weeks. Try dwarf phlox and petite marigolds, even a few here and there in any sunny foreground where there is a spot.

Dig the space down 4 or 5in., temporarily free it of roots, and sprinkle in a couple of teaspoons of complete fertiliser. If planting close to shrubbery, fertilise the entire area, and give it all a thorough soaking after planting, or roots of nearby shrubs, attracted to the favored sections, will compete unduly.

Mixed plantings give a more lively, interesting result. For example, **yellow petite marigolds** add sparkle to **dwarf phlox**, and combine strikingly with **Blue Mink ageratum**; all about the same height.

Sow a few clumps of **Little Star zinnia** in the background. In a sunny position it grows only to about 18in., and is covered for months in a shower of bright, golden-orange, star-like little flowers. It is very hardy, and can be sown direct.

Dwarf impatiens is useful for quick color in shaded areas — in fact, the only summer flowerer for very-shaded areas. It loves moisture, so grows well in difficult, damp situations.

It has fleshy, balsam-like growth, but is squat and spreading, flowering from about 10in. in height, reaching about 18in. by the end of the season. Unlike balsam, the colorful, flat blooms are well displayed about the foliage in coral-red, wine, rose, pale pink, and white.

Where space is limited or soil too overrun with tree roots, grow colorful annuals in troughs or large pots dotted about between shrubbery or wherever the color is most appreciated.

Apart from annuals already mentioned, **petunias** are ideal for containers. They are hardy, and flower best when feeding and watering is kept to a minimum.

LAWNS. Transform a reasonably well-covered lawn into a lively green carpet by feeding with a good lawn fertiliser. This also thickens the grass and chokes out most weed growth. Spread fertiliser when grass is quite dry, water in well afterward to avoid burning.

Where weed is very prevalent, you could burn off the lawn with fertiliser by applying it, about twice as strong as recommended for ordinary feeding, when the grass is wet with dew. Don't water until the whole lawn is brown, usually about a day later, then give a good soaking to speed recovery of the grass.

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Rich green usually returns in couch or buffalo lawns in about ten days. Bent is a little slower at this time of year. Only use soluble lawn foods for this.

This is the best time to sow couch seed, whether for patching, thickening up, or starting new lawns. **Speedie or hulled couch** is the best choice, as it germinates within about a week at this time of the year, and goes a little further than ordinary couch — 1lb. to about 400 sq. ft. A good fertiliser, used before or at sowing time, helps — not lawn fertiliser, as it contains too much nitrogen. Phosphorus or superphosphate is needed, so use a standard complete fertiliser or lawn starter.

ROSES. Weeping standards or climbing wichuriana roses, such as Dorothy Perkins, Emily Gray, Excelsa, or Bloomfield Courage, are pruned now or soon after flowering. Unlike the climbing hybrid tea roses, these types don't make new flowers from old canes, but flower on wood made the previous summer. So canes that have flowered are cut back to at least half on weeping standards, and close to ground level on climbers. This encourages a flush of new growth to carry next year's flowers.



• Pretty, colorful dwarf impatiens will flower even in shaded areas.

The **hybrid tea or polyantha roses** after flowering are pruned back to just above the second or third leaf at base of old flower stems. Cut about ¼in. above an eye or bud, starting back slightly behind it.

If blooms are cut like this after they flower, you won't need to summer prune. Use a complete rose spray for black spot or mildew.

Keep **hydrangeas** well watered from now on until flowering time, feed occasionally with complete plant food such as Aquasol, Thrive, or Zest. It is too late to change their color, but a little sulphate of aluminium or hydrangea blueing tonic will intensify blue tones.

In all but very hot climates, **strawberries** can be kept cropping by removing runners and, if necessary, renewing mulch. Any soil cover will improve strawberry performance — good fibrous compost, even several thicknesses of newspaper held down with stakes or soil. Newspaper also helps keep down weeds.

Commercial growers use black plastic sheeting as a mulch. Don't use grass clippings unless heaped for at least a week beforehand.

Regular applications of liquid plant foods suggested for hydrangeas will help maintain fruit size and plant vigor.

LETTUCE. Good hearts in summer result from plants growing rapidly, without a check, such as transplanting shock. So the first step to successful summer lettuce is to sow seed direct. Thin out resultant seedlings as soon as possible.

Lettuce like a well-fed, limy soil. In acid-soil areas, use up to a cup of lime to the sq. yd., about one-third cup of complete fertiliser, and, if available, a layer of rotted compost or manure, worked in. From the time plants are about 1in. high, water each week with complete liquid plant food; and keep moist.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 311

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

There are two ways to put bubbles into wine. We do it the hard way.



PORPHYRY PEARL—THE NATURAL SPARKLING WINE WITH CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES.

LW3126

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"Doris! I'd just about given up hope."

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"Michael!"

We both jumped and spun round. Mrs. Gresham was standing at the corner of the house, and as we both gaped at her, she screeched again: "Michael!"

"For crying out loud." There was more surprise than ecstasy in the young man's voice, but he advanced to meet her, and submitted cheerfully as she folded him to her.

Over her head he grinned at me. "Well, what do you know? It's Mum. No wonder you said your employer needed a keeper."

Mrs. Gresham released him. *"Did* she?"

"Actually, she didn't. That was me."

"If there's one straitjacket I covet more than another," said Mrs. Gresham, "it's James Blair's. Perdita, as you'll have gathered, this is my son, Michael."

"I — is it? I mean, yes, we've met. I was just getting my breath back. So it's James Blair who lives here? I'm afraid he's beaten you to it, Mrs. Gresham. He's just bought the house, and he's not parting."

"You've seen him?"

"I have not. Your son said he was out, though I have no means of knowing whether that was the truth, but when you happened along I was being thrown out neck and crop, if that's the right expression, and you were to go, too, but if he's your son, he can't very well now, can he?"

"Certainly not. He's going to entertain us to tea," said my employer, leading the way smartly toward the chairs under the palm trees.

.

"Well, now, Mike," said Mrs. Gresham, settling herself comfortably, "what's all this about? I thought you were in Morocco."

"Oh, we were. But ever since we stayed here before — in Lanzarote, I mean, the time he had flu and wanted to recoup so that he could finish "Tiger Tiger" for Julian Gale — he's talked about getting a place here as a bolt-hole."

"I know. He told me about it."

"Well, he'd asked an agent in Arrecife to keep his eyes open and report if anything suitable became vacant, and a couple of months ago it did. So here we are, moving in."

It was coming straight now. The younger of Mrs. Gresham's two sons had ambitions himself to be a playwright, and a year or two ago had, so to speak, apprenticed himself as research assistant and jack-of-all-trades to James Blair, one of our leading playwrights and a friend of the family.

I had gathered from Michael's mother that learning, rather than earning, was the object of the job, and from the rare letters she had received it seemed that her son was enjoying himself hugely, the periods of gruelling work no less than the fallow intervals of travel and study *"Michael was with him at the time, and raved about the swimming . . ."* That was probably the letter she had had at Christmas, written from Morocco, and I knew there hadn't been one since.

WELL, since I gathered that James Blair worked his assistant as hard as Cora Gresham worked me, Michael Gresham wouldn't write letters unless he had to. Few men did. Nor had he been home since I had been with his mother, so I had never met him, but now that I came to look at him, I could recognise through the dust and dishevelment the Mike Gresham of the younger photograph, which stood in his mother's study; dark brown hair, hazel eyes, a face that would have been undistinguished except for its shrewdness and humor and (what the photograph didn't show) the attractive crease that his sudden smile drove down his cheek.

He was smiling now. "Look, do you really want tea? Won't you make it wine? It'll come up good and cold from the cellars. We're right over a nice holey hunk of lava here, and we've a genuine *cave*. Yes?"

He vanished into the house, from which he presently emerged carrying a tray with glasses, ice, olives, and a bottle of the pale local wine called chimidas. He set these down on the table, moving the papers on to a chair to make room.

"I know one's not allowed to notice something that's only half done," I said, "but is that his? Another play?"

"We hope so." He began to pour the drinks. "Only in the thinking stage as yet, and snag-ridden as usual. Ice? Try some soda, it sounds disgusting, but it makes a long cold drink with a mild sparkle, very refreshing when you're hot. There. Like it?"

I accepted the long misty glass, and sipped. "Mm—yes, it's rather good."

"My own invention." Then he turned to his mother, and the two of them plunged into a rapid exchange of news, from which I gathered that Michael liked the job very much, and that he didn't expect the Canary Islands phase to outlast the writing of the play.

"Though, goodness knows how long that will be. He's been going through a bad period, a more or less complete block since he got "Tiger Tiger" off his desk. If it's been anything like as trying for him as it has for me —" He grimaced. "Still, we may be

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THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

through it now. Down in the forest something stirs. He's prowling round and round a new theme, so here's hoping."

He raised his glass, drank, and smiled at me. "Do you go through this with my mother?"

I shook my head. "Didn't you know? When she's stuck I just write them for her."

"These rarefied agonies are not for me, thank heavens," said Mrs. Gresham. "So he plans to stay here till it's finished? That could be a long time. What about you?"

"Oh, that's what he says," said Michael, "but you know what he's like, restless as the devil, and uses up about as much energy in a day as keeps most people going for a week. We'll no sooner get the place straight than he'll be fretting for London again. Not that I'm grumbling. I'm all for change myself, and, let's face it, there are certain obvious lacks in this paradise of his. Or were . . . Well, Mother, it's your turn. What on earth brings you to Lanzarote?"

"Pirates," said his mother concisely.

"Not Barbary Bill again? I thought you killed him off at the end of 'Coast of the Corsairs.'"

"Dear boy, I can't afford to kill off my best-selling buccaneer. Reports of his death were found to be much exaggerated."

SHE set down her empty glass. "No, no more, thank you. It was delightful. Now, Perdita and I are staying at the hotel in Arrecife, so the next time you can get off the chain, come and have dinner. Now we'll go. I don't want James to come back and find us here; I know how I feel about being interrupted myself. Give him my regards and tell him he'd be welcome, too, if he feels like an evening out."

"For goodness' sake, don't go, he won't mind you," said Michael. "Some interruptions he minds, and some he doesn't. I mean it; do stay. I know he'll be pleased to see you, and you might think of me, marooned here all this time with only the workmen and my revered employer for company! In any case, work's over for the day . . . His, that is. Mine goes on." He gestured, not to the typewriter but to the workmen busy along the cliff.

"Good heavens," said his mother, apparently seeing them for the first time. "What are you doing over there?"

"Saving money and labor. As we demolish the goat-pens or whatever they are, we carry the stones along and use them for the retaining wall."

"Will it be safe? It's very near the edge."

"It's safe enough where the house is, never fear. I'm not so sure about the sides of the bay, but this centre part is solid. We're taking the retaining wall a little way along there to the right . . . Over that way there are one or two cracks in the surface lava, but they only go a short way down, and later eruptions obligingly filled them up with volcanic ash."

"I see," said his mother drily. "I was wondering what you'd been doing to your clothes. He interprets 'assistant' pretty liberally."

Michael laughed. "I enjoy it."

"That I can see. You surely haven't done the alterations to the house yourself?"

"Oh, no, a real builder made the window, and rebuilt the main fireplace, and made the kitchen usable, then he looked at the rest of the job and sold us his advice and the materials. Actually, it looks as if we're doing an awful lot, but all that we've done ourselves is pull down the outhouses. They were just about derelict anyway. The builder comes and takes a look at us now and again, and his lads know their stuff . . . Everyone on this island seems to know all there is to know about working with stone. Have you seen the way they terrace the slopes?"

He had turned to me with the question, but before I could reply he looked quickly past me toward the house.

"What is it?" asked his mother.

I knew already. While he had been speaking I had heard the sound of a car bucketing down the horrible little lane. Now a door slammed, rapid footsteps crossed the yard, and James Blair came round the corner of the house.

I knew him from his photographs, of course. One's first impression of the famous playwright was that he looked very like Beethoven. He was a smallish man with deep-set eyes, a wild bush of hair, and a quiet manner which seemed to hide immense reserves of nervous energy. His voice was deep and rather harsh, and he occasionally hung on a

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THE BOYFRIEND



"They must like his after-shave lotion!"

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"See, it's like I always said—you just can't keep a good man down!"

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

word in a way that suggested a stammer overcome. It was only after some time that you realised he was shy.

He stopped dead when he saw us. Michael got to his feet. Mrs. Gresham said:

"Well, James!"

James Blair's face changed. "Cora Gresham! Well, well . . ." He came forward and met her outstretched hand. His look of pleasure was obviously genuine. "Looking Mike up? He gave me away, then?"

"Not a word. It's pure accident that we came across him, believe it or not. This is one of those coincidences that nobody would believe if you or I put it into print — at least, if you did they'd say it was a subtle denial of causality, and if I did they'd say it was romantic nonsense . . . James, this is Perdita West, who writes all my books and protects me from the world, presumably as Mike does for you."

We murmured greetings and shook hands, grinning. "Let's hope she's a bit more efficient at at it than I am, letting my mother loose on you like this. I'm sorry, James."

"From what I know of your mother, whom I esteem dearly," said Mr. Blair, "Miss West's job will mainly consist of protecting the world from her, not her from the world. Isn't that so?"

I laughed, shaking my head. "I want to keep my job."

"I'll get you a glass," said Mike. He picked up the typewriter and papers to leave the fourth chair vacant for his employer, then vanished with them into the house.

His mother glanced after him. "I'm told we may be going to have a new play from you?"

"It may come to something. At present it's quite hideously in embryo, all beginning and no end." He pulled one of the chairs forward and sat down between us.

"But at least it has a beginning. I was on the verge of deciding I'd dried up for good. You know how it is? For the past few years I've been lucky, one thing so to speak begetting the next as I worked, but after "Tiger Tiger" the vein ran out."

HE spread a broad hand on his knee, regarded it for a moment, then looked up at Mrs. Gresham with simplicity. "It never happened before, and it frightened me to death."

"It was probably just the flu." Her tone was not unsympathetic, merely matter-of-fact, and it must have touched some common chord of understanding, because he laughed, relaxing back in his chair, and stretching his legs in front of him.

"Probably. If so, it wasn't such an ill wind for me after all — it blew me to Lanzarote to recuperate, and so found me this house, and my story."

"How do you mean?"

He turned the hand, palm up. "The story belongs here. Actually here, to this house. Something that happened here."

"Then you've robbed me twice over," said Mrs. Gresham.

"Robbed you?"

"Certainly. That's why we're here. I'd no idea this was your house, or that my son was here. Perdita and I simply came down to look at the beach, found we couldn't go any farther, and drove into your yard to turn. Thereupon I fell in love with the house and sent her along to find out who owned it and if there was anything to be done about buying it.

"She ran across Michael, who was unco-operative, and would have got rid of her in double-quick time if it hadn't turned out that I was his long-lost mother. So you see, you have robbed me, first of the house, which I envy you bitterly, and now, apparently, of a story, too. If I had only got here first I would have fallen heir to both."

He laughed. "I'm very sorry."

"Well, there's a divinity that shapes our ends. No doubt the story, whatever it is, will come off rather better as the new James Blair than as the latest adventures of Sockeye the Salmon or the Teenage Pirates. Those," added my employer modestly, "are two of the world-beaters I am currently engaged with. I can't expect you to know."

"I was brought up on Beatrix Potter," said Mr. Blair, "and if I were forty years younger I'd be an ardent fan of Sockeye the Salmon."

"Aren't you nice? I suppose we're not allowed to know this story? I'm afraid I couldn't help seeing the title, but don't worry, silent as the grave, and, of course, Perdita is, too. At least tell us

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. . . Margaret Merril

where it comes from? I thought the 'small isles' were the Hebrides?"

"Not this time." This from Mike, coming out of the house with a glass and another bottle. "It's just a phrase we used translating from the Spanish." He spoke a phrase in that language. "That just literally means the wind from the little islands — in this case the islands off the north cape, Allegranza, Graciosa, and the rest. If you've been that way you've probably seen them. James?"

"Thank you." Mr. Blair took the glass. "Yes, I suppose the phrase 'the small isles' suggested itself because it was familiar, though heaven help us, we might be on a different planet here."

He sipped the wine absently, both hands cupping the cool glass, his gaze slowly travelling over the green bubbles of cactus, the black basalt, the glittering sea, the cloudless blue, focused seemingly not on them or beyond them but on some sharp point of light thrown by them inward into himself, as by a burning-glass.

But his voice was ordinary, even faintly apologetic. "The story . . . As a matter of fact, it's hardly a story at all, and what there is of it is so ordinary, so much the classic cliche of a love story, that told baldly like this it hardly bears repeating. But there's something there, if one could find the treatment."

We all sat watching him. I thought to myself, there's always something there, if one can find the treatment. The same old material, the same old line, the same old setting — all that counts is the quality of the mind that processes them. And this was the man — I looked up suddenly and caught Mike Gresham watching me. His eyes flickered and he looked away quickly.

"And I can't even pretend there was anything exciting or dramatic about the way I found the material," James Blair was saying. "I suppose you'd gather that this used to be a small farm. It was a rather specialised kind of farm, Lanzarote style . . . As you can see, there's nothing in the way of arable, or grazing for anything except goats. It was a cochineal farm."

"A cochineal farm?" I exlaimed.

He smiled. "It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? About as ridiculous as a silk-worm farm, only a cochineal farm is far less picturesque. You see those great slopes of prickly pear behind the house? That doesn't just grow there by chance, it's been deliberately planted, because it's the host to the insect from which you get cochineal.

"It used to be one of the main industries of Lanzarote, but with the introduction of aniline dyes the bottom dropped out of the cochineal market, and the farms which relied simply on the one product went out of business, this one among them. There's a limit to what can be done with land of this type. This has been nothing but what you might call a small run-down steading now for years, so when the last owner died the farm was put up for sale — very cheaply.

"The owner was the last of the family who'd lived at Playa Blanca for a couple of hundred years, and the place was sold just as it stood, furniture and all. There was nothing of any particular value, but it's real Canary Islands stuff and it suits the place and I find it attractive."

"And then," said Mrs. Gresham, "in the secret compartment of the old desk you found the papers?"

He laughed. "As I said, it's all in the treatment. I did find papers, certainly, but highly unromantic ones. Simply a shelf of files, and two or three books of farm records — accounts, mostly, and on the whole not particularly interesting. Mike had a look at them — his Spanish is fairly good — but they turned out to be just a sort of log, giving details of crops, harvests, prices, and so on.

"Well, that might have been that, except that I've never been the kind of person who could sit idly in an interesting place and not begin to think about it. It occurred to me to wonder if there were anything interesting recorded about any of the eruptions, for instance. The last big one was in 1824, and I had an idea the logs went back that far at least, so Mike and I got the books out and started hunting."

"And you found?" I asked.

"Very little — but this in itself is interesting, wouldn't you say?"

"How?"

HE turned up a hand. "I take it you've seen the Fire Mountains in the south, and those appalling deserts and glaciers of lava? Most of it was thrown up in the eruptions of the 1730s, which went on at intervals for about six years and devastated hundreds of square miles; then part of the same area was destroyed again in 1824.

"Well, there's no reference to the eruptions in the log book except to say that 'Cousin Andres from Yaiza came over with his daughter and his dromedary.' He seems to have stayed, and ten years later the daughter married the son of the house. The inference one draws is that Cousin Andres lost his house and land — and possibly the rest of his family — in the eruptions." He looked at me. "But it remains an inference. That's what I find interesting, humanly speaking."

"I see. They take eruptions in their stride here."

"Shall we say they give them rather less news value than we give a snowstorm at home?"

"And Cousin Andres from Yaiza gives you your story?" asked Mrs. Gresham.

"No, no. A ten years' love affair is hardly dramatic material, would you say?"

"I wouldn't, certainly, but then Coralie Gray's readers like love at first sight, however much cynics like you and my son may deny it ever happens."

"Did I?" said Mike.

"Almost certainly," said his mother. "It's the kind of thing young men do deny, isn't it?"

"I can see I'd better guard my real story from you with my life," said James Blair, "because it is love at first sight, and it would probably suit Coralie Gray down to the ground." He hesitated. "You'd really like to hear the rest? I'm afraid the bones are very bare as yet, but you know as well as I do, Cora, how it goes."

I saw her smile, and knew why, but I don't think he noticed. He was moving off again into his private world. As I watched him I became conscious — as one is of a switched-on heater — of some other steadily focusing concentration. But when I glanced again at Michael, he was studying a grasshopper on the pavement beside his foot.

"After that first entry," said James Blair, "we read the rest of them for the time of the eruptions. Did I say that the 1824 eruptions lasted about three months? The only other reference to them was that 'the wind off the small isles by God's mercy blew day and night, and carried the smoke and ash away to the south, thus sparing this end of the island.'"

To be concluded

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Jesus said, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.*

— Mark 10; 15.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

THE WIND OFF THE SMALL ISLES

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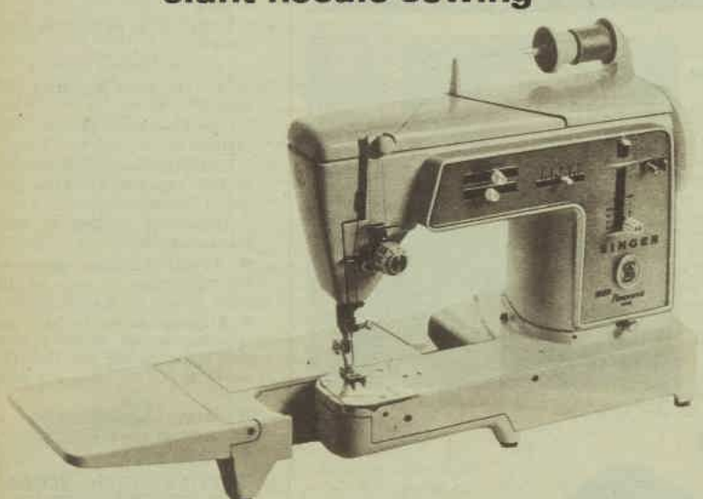
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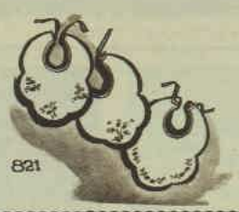
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A QUIZ TO TEST YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

QUESTIONS

1. The drug LSD, or "acid," as it is called, is constantly in the news. What do these initials stand for?

2. Miss World, 1968, has been in the news recently during her visit to Australia. Can you recall her name?

3. What is a "baluster"? Is it (a) A type of cushion? (b) Part of a ship's rigging? (c) A short, slender tapering pillar? (d) A weight used for balancing?

4. The British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson, and the Rhodesian leader, Mr. Ian Smith, met recently to try to reach a settlement on Rhodesia. Where did they meet?

5. How well do you know your classical music? Who wrote (a) "The Unfinished Symphony"? (b) "The Moonlight Sonata"? (c) The opera "The Magic Flute"?

6. To extirpate is (a) To praise? (b) To force by violence? (c) To draw forth? (d) To destroy?

7. From the name of what goddess is the word cereal derived?

8. Does supertonic mean (a) A marvellous pick-me-up? (b) A note in the scale? (c) Something that breaks the sound-barrier?

9. A European prince recently became the first heir to the throne of his country for 742 years to marry a woman of his own nationality. Who was he?

10. London Bridge has been sold, and the Lord Mayor of London laid the foundation stone of the bridge in its new setting. Where did it go?

11. An earthquake wrecked an Australian town in mid-October, when 75 per-cent of the buildings were reduced to rubble. What was the name of this town?

12. What rapid, whirling dance was said to cure the bite of a spider?

13. Would you know the correct names for the young of the following (a) A whale? (b) A hare? (c) A fox? (d) A mule?

14. As the Apollo 7 space capsule passed over Australia during its many orbits, its course was carefully tracked from a special station in this country. Where was this station?

15. Who recommended his friends to "walk with the animals, talk with the animals"?

ANSWERS

1. It is lysergic acid diethyl amide. Doctors have warned of serious side-effects, sometimes proving fatal, if this drug is used indiscriminately.

2. She is Miss Madeleine Hartog-Bel, of Peru.

3. (c) A short, slender tapering pillar. Its main use is as a post to support a handrail.

4. On board the British warship Fearless, in Gibraltar harbor.

5. (a) Schubert (b) Beethoven (c) Mozart.

6. (d) To destroy.

7. She was Ceres, the Roman goddess, who represented the fertility of the earth, as producer of corn. Her festival fell on April 19.

8. A note in the scale.

9. Crown Prince Harald of Norway, who married a commoner, Miss Sonja Haraldsen.

10. Arizona, U.S.A., where it is to be the centrepiece of a new tourist resort.

11. It was the Western Australian wheatbelt township of Meckering, east of Perth.

12. The tarantella, which, in southern Italy, was supposed to cure the bite of the large, poisonous spider the tarantula.

13. (a) A calf (b) A leveret (c) A cub (d) None. The mule, the offspring of a mare by a he-ass, does not reproduce its own kind.

14. At Honeysuckle Creek, in the A.C.T.

15. Dr. Dolittle, the central character of the well-known "Dr. Dolittle" series of children's books, written by Hugh Lofting. It was adapted as a film, with Rex Harrison as the central character.

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FP19



HETTIE AND THE PROUD WILD BIRDS

Uncle Rory boasted of his conquests in exotic places but this dowdy little woman was not at all impressed by this

By STELLA JOHNS

AS the first Scarlet Woman in my life Hettie was rather a letdown.

Books and plays and films and the brighter byways of history had all given me the impression that Scarlet Women came in two varieties. They were either slatternly, slumber-eyed women with hearts of gold and blouses forever slipping off their shoulders; or they were elegant, witty *femmes fatales* winding kings and kingdoms around their carefully manicured fingers.

No one had warned me that they could also come in the Hettie-variety, apologetic, and dowdy in hairnet and faded beige cardigan.

I was careful not to let the girls at school meet Hettie, for if they had seen her they would never have believed she was anything more than my Uncle Rory's housekeeper, and at fifteen my prestige leaned heavily on the legend of my Uncle Rory. No one else in our form had an uncle who had run away to sea in his teens after a dust-up with his stepfather.

No one else had an uncle who had been believed dead by his family for 50 years and who had returned rumbustiously from the grave in time to gladden the dimming eyes of his old mother.

My parents did not share my romantic schoolgirl view of Uncle Rory, my father often remarking that he had always thought the unprodigal son in the parable had had a pretty raw deal, while my mother said that if she had a son who left her for 50 years without as much as a picture postcard he would get the cold shoulder rather than the fatted calf on his return, and as for Granny leaving Rory the house in that last-minute change of her will — well, everyone knew the old lady had been very muddle-headed in the last year of her life . . .

The house which my grandmother left to her prodigal was a five-storey one in a decaying terrace in the centre of the town, an area once occupied by the shipping and cotton merchants who had grown fat on the American slave trade. But long before it came into my uncle's hands the house, likes all its neighbors, was sheltering a dozen families, whose several dozen children played and fought and ate their jam buns all over the six front doorsteps which had once been donkey-stoned to shimmering whiteness by little-girl servants in cold Victorian dawns.

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EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY

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"You should have a caretaker or a housekeeper or something like that," my mother told Uncle Rory. "And how you can bear to live in that frightful place yourself, I just don't know."

"I have lived in much worse and much better in every part of the globe," said Uncle Rory. "I've slept in canoes and caverns, on park benches and palace beds." His flair for poetic turns of phrase was one of his main attractions for me. "I've shivered in tents in the Yukon and boiled in mud huts in India."

He turned his wicked glance toward me: he delighted in annoying my mother by telling me stories of his love-life. "And talking of India, Elizabeth, did I tell you about my Indian princess?"

When she could get a word in again my mother asked — "How was it you never married, Rory?" She was convinced he must have collected a score of wives in his travels and was always hoping to trip him into an admission of this.

"Marriage?" boomed Uncle Rory. "Marriage? Proud wild birds I'm talking about, not women who'd sell their souls for a ring and a scrap of paper to keep in a tin box under the bed. A proud wild bird she was, my little princess—"

Blissfully I imagined her — long black lashes against olive cheeks, scarlet jungle flowers rioting over her silken sari.

When I emerged from a day-dream in which the princess and my uncle gazed at each other from adjacent elephants, my mother was saying — "All that ghastly lino on the landings and stairs should be taken up and burnt. It's so torn that it's a miracle no one's broken a neck over it. And heaven knows what horrors you'd find underneath it after all these years. I'm sure you could find some decent elderly couple who'd be glad of a rent-free room in return for being responsible for the cleaning. I wonder if the Vicar knows of anyone?"

But before she had time to ask the Vicar Uncle Rory had met Hettie.

Tract-writers looking for material to point the danger of even one visit to a public house would have pounced on the story of Hettie. There she was with 43 lonely, hard-working, poverty-stricken and virtuous years behind her, sitting in a public house for the first time ever, nervously considering the first port-and-lemon in her life.

The kindly couple with whom she lodged had persuaded her to come out with them to The Four Feathers, because they had accidentally discovered it was her birthday — or, as Hettie in her magnificent honesty would have been quick to point out — the nearest anyone had been able to get to her birthday, for she had been a doorstep baby.

Hettie was wearing, as always, a coat and hat passed on to her by one of the ladies for whom she "obliged," and, as always these articles had merged into her aura of neutrality as soon as she had put them on, immediately losing whatever style and color they had known in their previous lives. Faded was the first word which came to mind when you tried to describe Hettie, yet it was not the right word for her, for how can anything fade when it has never flowered?

It is unlikely that Uncle Rory, leaning on the bar and flirting with the more flamboyant of the two barmaids, would have noticed Hettie at all if it had not been for the little disability from which she suffered in times of stress. This was an involuntary twitching of the muscles round her left eye — for all the world like a determined winking. Uncle Rory saw her first in the mirror at the back of the bar and was intrigued by the contradiction of this dowdy little mouse of a woman and the outrageously inviting wink.

He had no doubts at all that it was at himself she was winking, for she was staring directly at him; and when she told me all about it afterward she said that she had felt quite powerless to look away from him. He was in his late 60s then, but his hair and cavalier beard were still of the curling red-gold of his youth, his eyes flashed blue light with every quick turn of his head, and you could not look at him without thinking of pirates and wide horizons and far-away lands and long-ago times.

He turned round from the bar to make sure the little winking woman was not a trick of reflection, blazed his woman-baiting smile at her from sheer force of habit, and in a single moment toppled all the teachings of the orphanage which had set Hettie's feet on the narrow path.

Even in my most romantic moments I never believed that the falling-in-love in The Four Feathers was mutual. My uncle saw in Hettie an adoring slave and perhaps the thought of his approaching 70s made the acquiring of a slave desirable. By closing-time, Hettie, encouraged by a second port-and-lemon and the kindly couple who had led her to her fate, had agreed to abandon all the ladies for whom she obliged and to take on the care of the landings and stairs of Uncle Rory's house and to shop, wash, cook, and clean for Uncle Rory himself.

She went on living in her old lodgings for the first two weeks of her new life and then moved in, not — as we first supposed — to a room which had become vacant, but into Uncle Rory's own rooms on the ground floor.

"What can he see in her after the Indian princess and the American millionaire's daughter and the Sicilian brigand's sister, and all the rest of them?" I asked my mother.

"She's a woman and she adores him, poor thing, and maybe he's getting too old for hunting — and you really shouldn't believe all those fantastic stories of his," my mother said, adding thoughtfully — "Maybe he'll settle down and marry the poor little thing and that will save us all a lot of bother when he really does get old."

BUT Uncle Rory had no intention of marrying Hettie, although she wanted, more than anything else in the world, that little scrap of paper on which he poured such fine scorn. "You see, dear," she would tell me when I called in on my way home from school — and in later years from the office — "I've never had what you could call a proper birth certificate because of them not knowing who my mother was and not being able to put much on it, so it would be nice to have marriage lines, wouldn't it?"

"Then why don't you put up a fight?" I fumed at her. "Why don't you tell him you'll leave him if he doesn't marry you? You let him treat you like dirt."

She would look at me gently and shake her head. "You don't understand what he means to me. I've never had anyone to love before. I wouldn't dare threaten to leave him. What would I do if he told me I could go?"

My hero-worship of Uncle Rory diminished as my affection for Hettie — a restless mixture of pity and impatience—grew. I longed to help her achieve the married status for which she yearned, but whenever I tackled Uncle Rory about it he would launch out on his usual reminiscences of himself and his "proud wild birds" and their scorn of marriage. Hettie would listen quietly, darning away, marvelling that she should have the privilege of mending the socks of a man who had known the love of such bewitching women.

When my uncle's treatment of her had made me particularly angry I would snap—"And what's going to happen to you when he dies, Hettie? You're about 25 years younger than he is. You'll be left without a penny after all you've done for him." I knew, without having to ask, that his attitude to making his will would be much the same as

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HETTIE AND THE PROUD WILD BIRDS

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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HETTIE AND THE PROUD WILD BIRDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

his attitude to a marriage certificate.

But Hettie's love was not concerned with such crude financial considerations. If Rory was dead, she said, nothing at all would matter to her — except, she added wistfully, that if she had been his wife then she could have been buried with him.

When my parents asked Uncle Rory round for a meal now and again they always included Hettie, but she never came. "It's very kind of your mother, dear, but I'm not his wife and I know my place."

To me it seemed that her problem was that, in her own view, she had no place. I realised this when I found her with a dangerously inflamed hand—the result of a cut received while scrubbing the torn lino which had never been replaced on the landing and stairs. All my warnings about blood-poisoning and worse could not persuade her to go to a doctor.

She had never been on a doctor's books, she explained, because she always felt so awkward when anyone wanted to fill in forms about her. "With not having what you'd call a proper birth certificate, you see, and now it's more difficult still—because of not being Mrs. and yet not really being Miss, if you see what I mean. But don't worry, dear. I'll put a nice hot poultice on my hand."

The local doctor was, however, called urgently to the house one night, not for Hettie but for Rory. He had never, as he was always telling us, had a day's illness in his life, and when pain struck him he became a terrified child, his shouts waking every tenant right to the top of the tall old house and sending Hettie, with his overcoat over her nightie, running round for the nearest doctor at three o'clock in the morning. Distracted as she was, she did not forget "her place," and when she accompanied Uncle Rory to the hospital she gave my father's name, not her own, as next-of-kin.

"I'm dying," Uncle Rory moaned to me dramatically when I went to see him. "They talk about treatment and then an operation, but it's all bluff. I'm a dying man, Elizabeth.'

"And did you ever hear such nonsense?" asked a perky young Irish nurse, stopping by the end of his bed. "Look at the man. Strong as a horse. And there he was this morning crying like a baby, remembering all his sins and wishing he'd been kinder to his poor old mother, and all. Oh, these men — they'd all be holy saints if they had their time over again — or so they say as soon as they have a little pain."

Uncle Rory glared at her as she went on down the ward. "Little pain, indeed! Tore me to pieces, it did. And it's still there, waiting to pounce. It's still there — only I can't feel it with the stuff they've given me. And what's wrong with a dying man wishing he'd sent his mother a line or two?"

I saw my chance, suddenly and clearly. I looked at the great pirate head laid low on the pillow and felt ashamed of myself. Then I thought of Hettie and ignored the faint murmurings of my conscience. I put my hand on his. "Your mother forgave you when you came back home to her so it's silly to worry about that. But there's one thing you could still do that would make her happy. I often think how upset she would have been if she had known about Hettie."

"Hettie? My old mother would have been glad for me to have someone to look after me. She worried about that when she was on her death-bed."

"It was a wife for you she was worrying about, Uncle. She would have been awfully upset about you not marying poor Hettie."

Under the drug his eyes were still bright blue, but without the fire that normally flashed from them. In them I could see his brain trying to battle against the drug, recognising a trap and yet lacking the wit to fight against it. He closed them in feeble self-defence. "Can't do anything about that now. Think about it when I'm better," he muttered.

"But you've just said you were dying," I reminded him cruelly.

His hand stiffened under mine. "Can't get married in hospital, girl!"

"Oh, yes, you can. I've often seen pictures of it in the papers. I'll find out all about it. You won't have to worry at all. Now good-bye, Uncle Rory, I mustn't tire you." I left him quickly, afraid that he might weaken or that he might gain strength, and had a long talk with the little Irish nurse who promised to be a magnificently unscrupulous ally.

Three weeks later, in the little hospital chapel, Hettie received the ring and the marriage certificate and the title of Mrs. for which she had so hopelessly yearned.

That evening, when she had imprisoned in her old hairnet the wedding-day hair-do into which I had forced her, she sat looking at the marriage certificate as if she could not bear it out of her sight. "But he will get better, won't he? The operation next week — he will get over it? They're not just pretending?"

"You're his wife now. They'd have to tell you the truth. Of course he'll get over it."

"His wife—" she said, her sallow face glowing into the nearest it would ever get to beauty. "Me — a wife —"

Her voice was caught by a little gasp and her hand went to her side, but when I asked her about it she said it was just a bit of cramp she got sometimes.

"Well, go and see the doctor if you go on getting it. You haven't got any silly excuses now about not knowing whether you're Mrs. or Miss."

Uncle Rory came out of hospital looking as young and strong as when he had astonished his family by returning from his supposed grave. I had been away on holiday during the past two weeks of his convalescence, so when I went round to the terrace it was the first time he and I had met since he had once more become master of himself.

The eyes beneath the fierce red-gold brows were flashing with the old blue fire, the poetic phrases were rolling from his tongue again. He pointed an angry finger at me. "You trapped me, girl. You trapped me while I was drugged. I wouldn't be surprised if you'd bribed that little hussy of a nurse to give me double doses of the poison they kept pumping into my pure blood. I've cherished my freedom all my life and you tie me down while my wits are sleeping. I trust you are ashamed of yourself?"

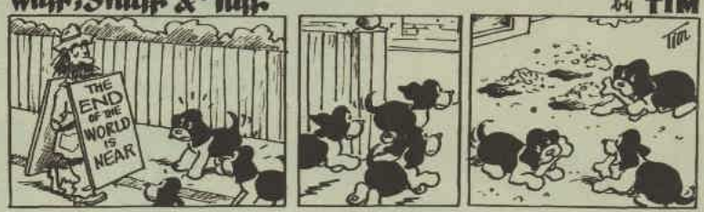
I was not ashamed of myself. Hettie had her marriage certificate and I could see her ring glowing gold through the hole in the sock she was darning. And nothing concerning Uncle Rory or Hettie or anyone else

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



'And to follow, sir?'

'More Heinz, thanks mum — perhaps one of these delicious chocolate or egg custards, or maybe Pine-apple Rice? Or peaches? Apricots? Pears...or how about Fruit Salad? With 14 desserts how can a man choose. I know, bring me the Apple and Prunes— slightly cooled. After all I must watch my diet'.



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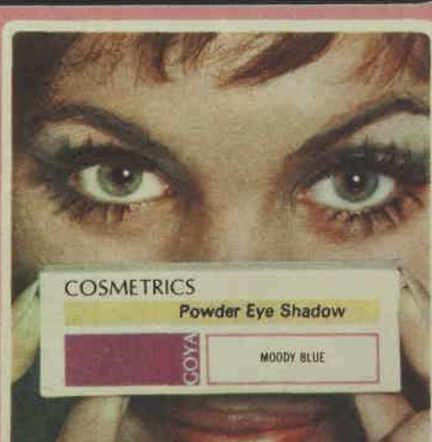
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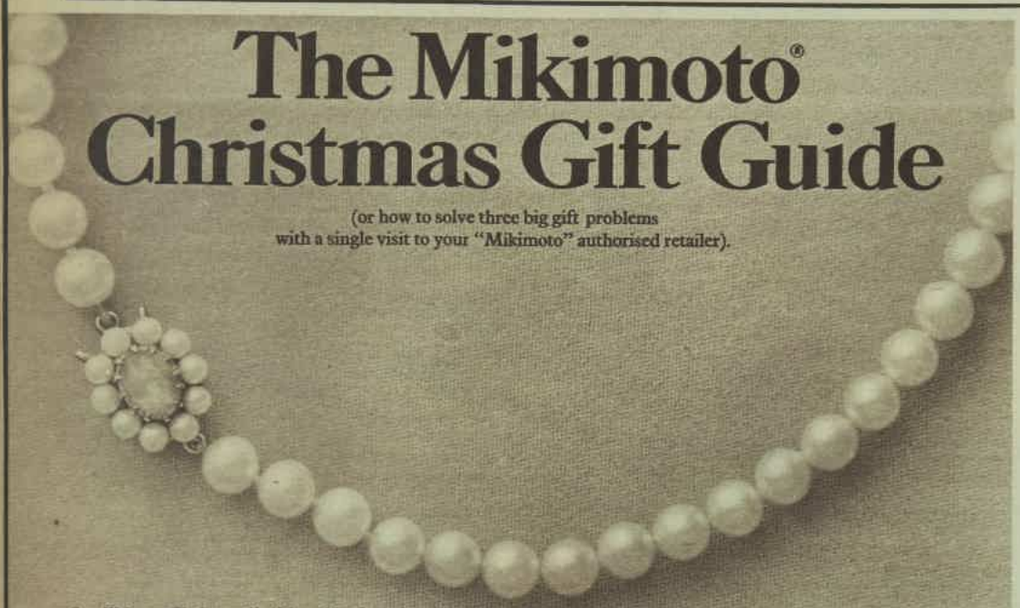
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HETTIE AND THE PROUD WILD BIRDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

could have penetrated through my preoccupation with my own affairs at that moment. I was in the thoroughly selfish state of having fallen violently in love with a man I had met on holiday. We were married two months later and I went to live 300 miles away.

It was about six months later that I had a letter from my mother telling me that Hettie was dead. She had, my mother wrote, been having a pain which she thought was cramp for quite a long time and when she had gone to the doctor about it at last, it had been too late. I grieved for Hettie and sent flowers and a letter to Uncle Rory.

When he did not reply I concluded that he had still not forgiven me, but I told my husband that I was not ashamed of what I had done, that Hettie had probably died happy because for a little while she had been a proper wife. I thought that was the end of it, but I was wrong. There was still one more thing for me to do for Hettie.

THREE babies and various domestic upheavals during the next few years made it more convenient for my parents to visit me rather than the other way round, so I had been married for almost ten years before I came back for a week in my hometown. From my mother's letters I knew that the old terrace had been pulled down to make way for towering blocks of flats. Uncle Rory had received compensation and was now living in a small private home a few miles outside the town — a country house catering for half a dozen or so elderly men.

It was hard to imagine him in such surroundings, but I realised that by now he must be a very old man indeed. Brooding nostalgically around the scenes of my childhood, I longed to see him again, so on the second day of my visit I phoned the home to say I would come on the following day. Surely by now, he would have forgiven me—if, indeed, he remembered me at all.

The bus left me by a pair of handsomely wrought-iron gates and for five minutes I walked up a drive arched by bird-rustled trees. When I rounded the last curve in it I could see the facade of the grey house with a group of old men sitting on the terrace. I drew nearer and could see one head—a proud red-gold one — held higher than the rest, the only head which was not bald or white-haired.

"So you've come," boomed Uncle Rory while the other old men regarded me with enormous interest.

I leaned over and kissed him. "It's lovely to see you again."

He looked at me briefly, then turned to his audience. "You see how unashamed she is?" They all murmured and tut-tutted, the more short-sighted old men leaning forward to peer at me more closely. It was clear that Uncle Rory had found in them the most perfect captive audience of his life.

Choking back my embarrassment I knelt down by Uncle Rory's chair, my hand on his knee. "Please, Uncle, can't we be friends again — like we were when I was a little girl?"

"It is not for me to forgive you, Elizabeth," he said sorrowfully. "It was Hettie you wronged, not me." He waved a stagy hand around the watching old men and I saw his lips seek the right phrase. "My friends here, my fellow-travellers in the eventide of our lives, know all about it, know all about my proud wild bird and how you trapped her into marrying me while I was a sick man.

"Many and many a time I pleaded for the privilege of being her husband, but she was no ordinary woman pining for a ring and a scrap of paper to keep in a tin box under the bed. Love must be free, she said. But you trapped her and caged her, Elizabeth, and you know how long a wild bird will live in a cage!"

And so it went on while the other old men nodded in agreement, looked at me in sorrowful accusation, or quietly dropped off to sleep in the sun. The fine phrases rolled round the smooth lawns and a gardener at work in the rose-beds leaned on his hoe to listen. All the stories which had delighted me in my youth were told again — the Indian princess, the American millionaire's daughter, the Sicilian brigand's sister — but now all these proud wild birds were one woman and her name was Hettie. And it was she who had been trapped, not Rory, she whom I had so cruelly wronged.

The matron took me over the house before I left and as she said goodbye, she asked: "Tell me, was she as wonderful as he always makes out, his Hettie?" For a moment before I answered I saw Hettie as she had always been — in her hairnet and darned beige cardigans, her hand-me-down coats and hats, her eyelid twitching in times of stress, her humble conviction that her uncertain origin denied her any real rights in the world, her selfless adoration of Rory.

Then I saw her as Uncle Rory now immortalised her, a dazzling spirit instead of a mousy little ghost, and I did the last service I would ever do for Hettie.

"Yes," I told the matron. "She was a most remarkable woman. I have never met anyone like her and I don't think I ever will."

I walked away through the archway of singing trees and left her there with her Rory, a proud wild bird flashing around the dimming eyes of the six old men. And by the time I reached the wrought-iron gates I knew that I had spoken the truth. Hettie had indeed been a most remarkable woman, and I would never meet anyone like her again.

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The one that tastes so good now tastes even better, with a richer, more satisfying flavour from each of those 43 beans in every cup!

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● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay $2 for each letter used.

The green years . . .



LETTERS

● *I can now understand why people claim that the teenage period was the best stage of their lives. Once a teenager, a girl becomes reasonably independent and has many enjoyable experiences, such as her first boyfriend and her first date. With the good, of course, comes the bad. There are conflicts with parents, awkward moments of selfconsciousness, and disappointment over boys. These are experiences to be faced up to and overcome. Whether you come out on top, or are scarred in the process, is entirely up to you.*

— CAROL MANNING, East Devonport, Tas.

BAD STATE

■ One of the most ridiculous things in our education system is the non-conformity in education from State to State. My father was transferred from Sydney to Adelaide, and I, a 14-year-old schoolboy, have found it very difficult to adapt myself to the varying standards of education, as has my brother. One example of this exasperating state of affairs is that in Sydney one does not do a certain subject until second year, whereas in Adelaide it is taken as a compulsory subject from first year. Education should be standardised.— "Not Impressed," Glen Osmond, S.A.

Concessions

CONCESSION tickets for public transport are not available to students over 19 years of age. As many students at university level are older than this, they are forced to spend time (when they should be studying) earning money at odd jobs. Surely concessions should be available to all full-time students? — *Dianne Lewis, North Balwyn, Vic.*

Parents, be fair . . .

THE complaint in most homes is that "everything is left to Mother." But many mothers bring it upon themselves with their lack of patience. A teenager might want to iron a dress. Her mother says to leave it, as she will be ironing shortly. Mothers can't be bothered with teenagers making a mess in the kitchen and taking so long with a simple recipe, which they could make in much less time. Give your teenagers a fair go, even if it upsets your routine. — *Karen Sexton, Kingaroy, Qld.*

Secret nip

I HAVE attended a number of parties, and at each have found a tendency for the males suddenly to disappear outside to drink. I concluded that they were attempting to please the females by proving their masculinity, or to prove that they were far more advanced than others in their age-group. I regard it as an effort to "grow up quick" — without any concern for the person holding the party, whose parents find all the empties next morning. — *"Anti - empties," Hackett, A.C.T.*

For teenagers

Understanding

PARENTS should realise that education today has changed considerably since their schooldays. Although I appreciate their concern, my parents' help has often led to scolding by teachers for doing a problem by a wrong method. Please take note, parents: next time your children turn down your offers of help, don't be hurt — be understanding. — *"Pupil," Wavell Heights, Qld.*

"Pop" belief

SECONDARY schools flatly refuse to recognise pop music. Over the last four years our music lessons have been formidable explorations into classical music without the slightest reference to the magnificent contributions of such groups as the Cream (according to Leonard Bernstein), the Rolling Stones, and the Beatles. One can hardly deny that there is something in the Beatles' music to appeal to young and old. It is ours to appreciate while the Beatles are still composing, and while we are still at school with an excellent opportunity to study it. —*Roslyn Davis, Northbridge, N.S.W.*

United nations

IN the teenagers' section eight years ago, you carried an article on the penfriend organisation, Youth of All Nations, Inc. As a result I joined YOAN, and am still a member. Apart from the information I have acquired through corresponding, I have derived great benefit from YOAN's quarterly magazine, "Mirror for Youth," in which "Yoaners" throughout the world share their views. Membership age is from 14 to 24. YOAN's address is 16 Saint Luke's Place, New York, N.Y. 10014, U.S.A. Enclose self-addressed envelope and international money order for postage.—*Kevin Hutchinson, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Summer corn!

WITH summer almost here, and bare feet in evidence, isn't it a shame that, although most teenage girls spend money on hairdos, wigs, eyebrow and eye make-up, so many of them don't bother about their feet? The look of attractive outfits is spoilt by corns and calluses. — *E. T. Elliott, New Farm, Qld.*

Beauty in brief:

Fresh glamor news

SMART clothes, skilful make-up, even that flattering new hairstyle, all go toward good grooming.

But personal hygiene and thorough cleanliness are the basic essentials for any girl.

Hair should be washed regularly (once, even twice, a week). Don't wait until it obviously needs shampooing.

The same applies to shoes and clothes — don't wait until they're noticeably down-at-the-heel or grubby before having them mended or dry-cleaned.

Make-up must always be smoothed down over your throat, never brought to a halt at your jawline.

But look out for make-up marks on your collars. Clean them off every other day with a dry-cleaning fluid (every day if you're wearing white or black).

Essential for personal grooming — fuzz-free underarms and legs, plus an efficient deodorant EVERY day.

Re-do nail varnish as soon as it chips.

The contents of your handbag are often on show, so wash powder-puffs, make-up brushes, and combs regularly.

Also brush out the inside of your bag and wipe with cologne for freshness.

Always have compact, tissues, lipstick with you, and, if you're a working girl, keep spare tights or nylons at the office.

Hang clothes up the moment you take them off. It's while they are still warm that the creases will fall out.

Clean shoes each night ready for the next day— and perhaps sprinkle a little talc in them. Shoe trees keep them in great shape.

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POLITICAL COMMENT

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Bulletin

REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

25c EVERY WEEK

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MEN WITH A LOT OF PLUCK

ROUND ROBIN



ADAIR

For teenagers

I HAVE read two newspaper stories recently that suggest males should (or, at least, could) employ more beauty aids.

One story, from England, quoted a psychologist specialising in teenage matters as saying that the next logical step in the trend for boys to wear gaudier trappings was for them to use make-up.

Then, in an Australian interview, a visiting American "cosmotologist" said that beauty-parlor treatments for U.S. men were booming.

More and more men there, he said, were having eyebrows plucked, facials, manicures, and hair tints.

The man had some pretty weirdo beauty treatment recipes — a mayonnaise shampoo for falling hair, honey facials, and sliced cucumbers spread on eyelids for tired and sore eyes.

If males really go in for this sort of thing, no doubt women will learn how the other half has lived for years.

I can see a jealous swinging beau saying to his girl: "Aha! That's not *my* lipstick on your handkerchief!"

Lasses will also have to have more dry-cleaning done — to remove such things as mayonnaise smudges.

And a term of endearment for a bloke might be to tell him he is the apple cucumber of her eye.

Women might seriously try to keep the beauty parlor their domain.

Otherwise, fellers could learn too much about the gentle arts of gossip and eavesdropping.

By the way, there is no truth at all in the ugly rumor circulating through our office that I have fallen for the beauty-treatment idea.

There is no particular significance in the fact that my lunch orders recently have been for mayonnaise, cucumbers, and honey.

It's time women had a little more comfort.



This is it. Soft Impressions. The new Kotex with the softly dimpled texture that takes moisture below the surface. Still with the famous polythene panel that gives absolute protection — but with a completely new dimension in comfort. So when you see this new package — pick it up. You'll be pleased.

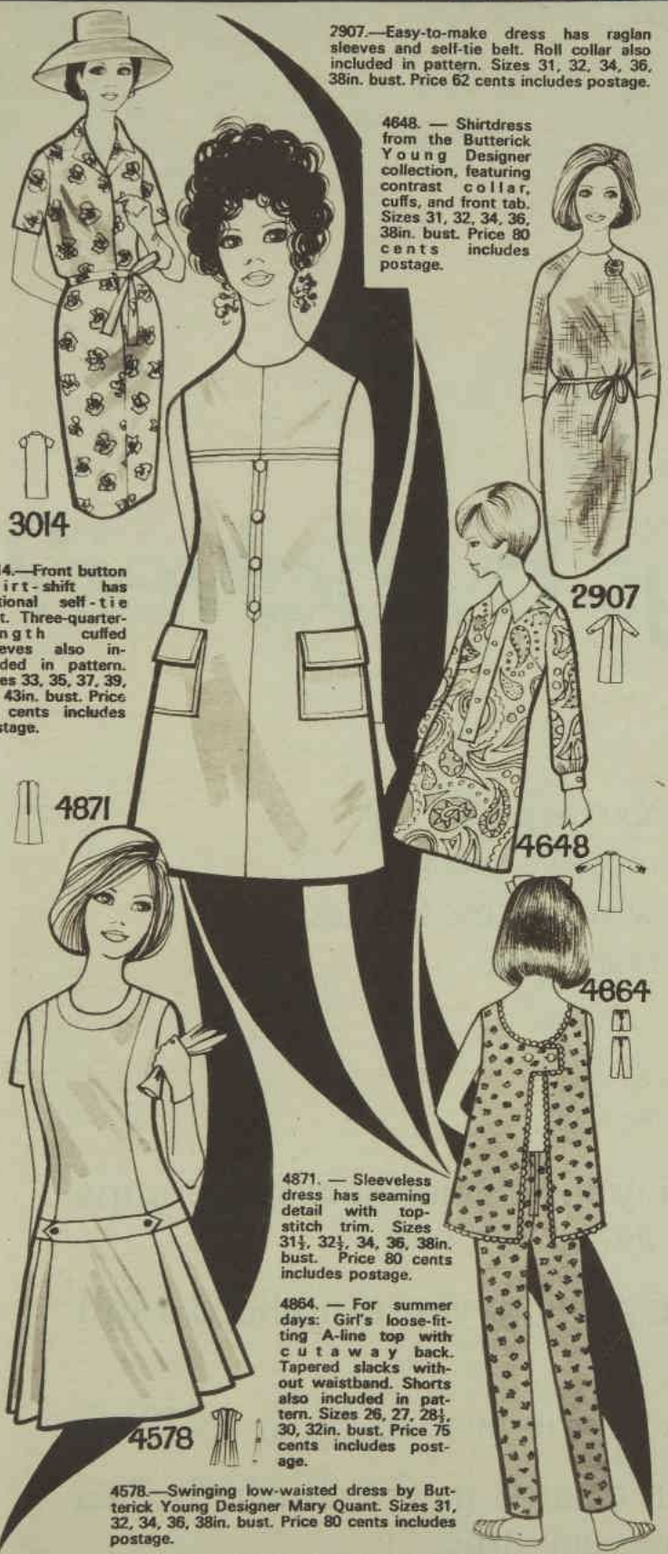
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GO-MANGO



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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



2907.—Easy-to-make dress has raglan sleeves and self-tie belt. Roll collar also included in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 62 cents includes postage.

4648. — Shirtdress from the Butterick Young Designer collection, featuring contrast collar, cuffs, and front tab. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

3014

3014.—Front button shirt-shift has optional self-tie belt. Three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves also included in pattern. Sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43in. bust. Price 62 cents includes postage.

2907

4871

4648

4864

4871. — Sleeveless dress has seaming detail with top-stitch trim. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

4864. — For summer days: Girl's loose-fitting A-line top with cutaway back. Tapered slacks without waistband. Shorts also included in pattern. Sizes 26, 27, 28½, 30, 32in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4578

4578.—Swinging low-waisted dress by Butterick Young Designer Mary Quant. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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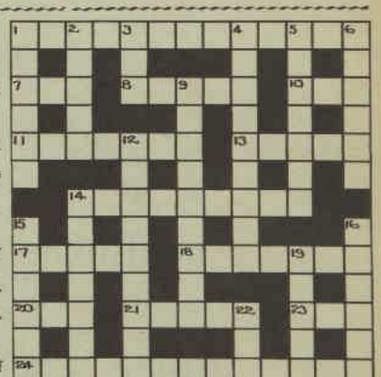
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

NARDRAKA is reunited with her father, who promises that earth may join the Galactic Federation when earth has universal peace. A NEW ADVENTURE BEGINS THIS WEEK.





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A red messenger for a leguminous plant (7, 6).
7. Tear seen in a cemetery (3).
8. Kept watch on a thousand in bound (5).
10. A witty saying back for the piper's son (3).
11. Grant about one cone-bearing tree (7).
13. Destroys one in cricket scores (5).
14. Bring about a changed rate trading by exchange (9).
17. A hundred or American soldier dog (5).
18. Not correct in former performance (7).
20. To have present is out of order (3).
21. Hot wine and water for the ruler of Abyssinia (5).
23. Letters of law for this tool (3).
24. To prevent one speech is the act of making worse (13).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Smart kind of fir (6).
2. Trembling poplar like writer (5).
3. Fifty it lighted (3).
4. Sap beneath pit (9).
5. A bad night on zero (7).
6. Careless of duty (5).
9. Mixed red rum and gin is man-killing (9).
12. An alien gives a golf warning on broken rule (9).
14. Hereditary title for a singer rising to a degree (7).
15. Agree for current on thick string (6).
16. Celebrated Soviet leader (6).
19. A burden I need for a vehicle (1,4).
22. A disturbed poisoner going up to a mineral water resort (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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The Australian

Women's Weekly Fashion News



● Holiday gear with casual dash in a collared terry-towelling shirt style buttoned at the neck. In white, navy, pink, yellow, pale blue. 34-40in. $3.50. Pale blue scrub denim hipster pants with front opening, full straight legs. 24-28in. $7.50. (Available from Grace Bros. Ladies' Sportswear Dept., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, and Roselands.)

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For SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Fashions in the shops



New wide-leg slacks in washable terylene crepe have a high waistline highlighted with gilt buckles. In red, black, navy, white, mustard, shrimp, beige. About $16. Long-sleeved white satin blouse with open neck, front yoke. About $9. By Kenneth Pirrie. XXSSW-SW. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



At right: Here's a brand-new look in beachwear for summer, 1968 — a supple, leather-look vinyl cover-up, tailored to perfection, and worn over a matching white bikini. About $29. (David Jones' Beachwear, 3rd floor.)

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At left: Trio of sunseekers are wearing, from left, a wide-strapped, narrow-pleated tetoron bikini with wired bra. In aqua, white, lemon, pink. 32-36in. About $12.95. (Ladies' Swimwear Depts.) Man's striped, V-neck towelling beach coat in tango/white, blue/white. SM-XOS. About $9.50. (Men's Gown Depts.) It tops aqua cotton and nylon swim-trunks with striped belt. 32-36in. About $5.99. (Men's Swimwear Depts.) Girl's finely pleated, tunic-style two-piece is tetoron. 32-38in. $15.95. (Ladies' Swimwear, Grace Bros. Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands, Parramatta.)



Above: Smart to look at and fun to wear, carefree cotton terry-towelling jumpsuit (worn by girl standing on swing) patterned in small gold, pink, blue flowers. 34-38in. $9.99. Sitting pretty, the model wears a sleeveless cotton terry-towelling shift with roll-neck collar flower-patterned in the same colors. XSSW-W. $7.99. (All Grace Bros. stores' sportswear.)



At left: Bright young summer co-ordinates strike a feminine note. Matching bikini and shirt in fine flowery voile have narrow frill trim. Co-ordinating wide-leg slacks are in toning colors. Blouse, $17.99; bikini, $13.99; slacks, $17.99. Sizes 10-12. (David Jones' Casual Things, 3rd floor.)



At left: Glamorous and versatile beach and swim outfits in stretch terry-towelling. Swimsuit is zip-fronted, sleeved playsuit has contrast collar and tab front. In blue/white, pink/white combination. 10-14. Swimsuit $16. Playsuit $10.50. (David Jones' Beachwear, 3rd floor.)

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● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

For HOLIDAY TRAVEL



Above: Travel is cool and easy in an embossed dacron-and-voile dress, sleeveless and scooped at neckline. Dirndl skirt is trimmed just above the waistline with bow and buttons. In white/black, aqua/white, pink/white. XSSW½-SW½. About $16. (Proportionate Fitting Depts.) His easy-care crimplene suit has a jacket with wide collar and revers. Slacks are pleatless and cuffless. In sand, blue, navy, brown in regular fitting sizes. $55. (Men's Suit Depts. — both outfits from Grace Bros. Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Parramatta, Roselands.)



At right: Simple, elegant dress in terylene crepe with permanently pleated skirt, stand - up collar, and belt with contrast piping. The fabric is washable, needs no ironing if drip-dried. In beige, blue, white. XXSSW-SW. About $26. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)

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At left: Multi-colored stripes set the holiday mood in this shift style with high frilled neckline and tiny button trim. 12-14. $13. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)

Below: Snappy knit travel dresses in basic colors and styles to wash-and-wear anywhere. White dress, on left, has navy trim on collar, pocket flaps. Style with white bodice, on right, is linked by a band of gay stripes to cherry-red skirt. 12-14. Both $16. (David Jones' New Yorker Under $24 Shop, 2nd floor.)



PARTY MOOD



Swinging dress in permanently pleated washable fabric with the IN plunging V-neckline and softly draped cummerbund by Kenneth Pirrie. The color scheme is a mixture of red, navy, gold, olive, white, and burgundy. XXSSW-SW. About $24. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)

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FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



Smart, easy-to-wear casuals are in gaily printed cotton. Sleeveless patio culiote with high neckline. About $12. Matching sunshift with wide, elbow-length sleeves. About $10. 32-36in. (Mark Foy's Sportswear Dept.)

At left: Cool, comfortable sea-island cotton frock, short-sleeved, waisted, and with cowl neckline, has unpressed pleats at the side of the skirt. In various colors and patterns. 12-20. $10. (Available Farmer's Fashion Dress Shop, 2nd Floor, from November 6.)

Above: Smart enough to take off in any direction and casual enough to holiday in when you get there is this long-sleeved, black-and-white check shirtdress with wide belt. 12-14. About $20.50. (David Jones' New Yorker Under $24 Shop, 2nd floor.)

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

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Above: Simple and useful high-necked crimplene dress bound at armholes and neck is in navy / red / white, navy/white stripe with tie belt. 12-16. About $18.50. (David Jones' New Yorker Under $24 Shop, 2nd floor.)



At right: Smart diagonal-stripe dress in brown-and-white polyester fabric by California Miss. In black-and-white, also. XSSW-SW. About $30. (McDowells, Better Dresses Dept., 2nd floor.)





Eye-catching Italian hostess gown makes a smart play on stripes and spots. The color scheme is black and white with large, bright yellow daisies appliqued on skirt. 10-16. About $52. (David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)

At left: Two dashing individual suits in soft, brightly colored french jersey are perfect travellers that pack and unpack like a dream. Two-piece, on left, is bright green, grey, and white. About $78. Three-piece outfit, on right, is pink and green. About $120. Both size 34. (David Jones' Travel Knits, 3rd floor.)

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY





At left: A beige linen suit—an American design by Portpholio—was the choice of Mrs. James McKeon, president of the Eternal Childhood Foundation, for the luncheon at the Caprice restaurant. The suit was teamed with an orange-and-beige silk blouse and a large beige breton.



Above: Lime and white was the color scheme for the beautifully tailored outfit worn by Mrs. Abe Berns to the Springtime luncheon held at the Caprice restaurant, Rose Bay, for the Eternal Childhood Foundation. The dress, designed by Judy Patterson, featured a white over-panel and belt fastened with two buttons, and the chic white hat was banded in lime.



Two guests at the Springtime luncheon who wore navy-and-white were Mrs. H. Silvers, on left, and Mrs. H. Vogel. A white collar, belt, and front panel accented Mrs. H. Silvers' navy-and-white spotted dress, and Mrs. Vogel's navy suit from Honolulu had white stitching and buttons.

Above: Commander John Barker and Mrs. I. Crawford at the cocktail party on board HMS Hermes. Mrs. Crawford's emerald-green silk coat, which was trimmed with thick gold braid, topped a slim, sleeveless matching dress. Commander Barker is secretary to Admiral Griffin, the Flag-Officer Second-in-Command of the Far East Fleet.

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Below: Beige cotton-lace straight-legged pants with a beige-and-gold lurex top was worn by Miss Sarah Hewson to the HMS Hermes cocktail party. Trouser-suits and culottes are becoming increasingly popular with partygoers in Sydney.

Above: A black-and-white jersey Nehru jacket topped the black crepe culottes worn by Miss Patti Holecek to the cocktail party given by the ladies' auxiliary of the Postgraduate Medical Foundation. A heavy chain belt was a fashionable accessory.







At left: A short brown velvet shift with an unusual collar of thick brown feathers was worn by Mrs. S. E. Penfold to the opening of the new Blaxland Galleries at Farmer's.

Above: Hand-crocheted evening pyjamas in mauve with purple spangles was eye-catching gear worn by Miss Justine O'Regan and crocheted for her by her mother, Mrs. H. J. O'Regan, who was in a cream lace dress, at a party given for Justin O'Brien before the opening of his exhibition at the Macquarie Galleries.

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS



Above: In a glittering full-length gown of turquoise and gold, Hungarian-born actress Zsa Zsa Gabor arriving at London's Shaftesbury Theatre for the premiere of the American musical "Hair!". Her Empire-line dress was sashed in velvet, and she wore an elaborate turquoise-and-diamond necklace and earrings.





At left: The young bridegroom in the double-breasted broadly striped suit is William Puplett (better known as Bill Lane, guitarist with the Serendipity group), and his bride is Carol Doe, pictured after their wedding at Fulham Register Office, London. Above, two of the wedding guests — Ian Bellamy, in a sombrero, embroidered jacket, flared slacks, and tennis shoes, and Hazel Jeffrey, in a black bare-midriff mini-dress.

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American film actress Raquel Welch wore this Scots-inspired outfit when she arrived at London's Heathrow Airport. Her tartan wool suit was highlighted with a white frilly jabot, long white socks, and a tam-o'-shanter.





At right: Vanessa Redgrave and Franco Nero strolling along a cobbled street in Rome during a break from filming "A Quiet Place in the Country." Vanessa wears a sweater and white bell-bottom slacks, and Franco is in a grey Edwardian-style suit, double-breasted with black buttons.

At left: Julie Driscoll, who was voted top British female vocalist, was one of the guests at the "Women of the Year" luncheon at the Savoy in London. She wore a maxi-coat with a black fur shoulder wrap, high black boots, and carried a small gold chain "dilly" bag.



At right: At the American premiere of United Artist's film "The Charge of the Light Brigade," one of its stars, David Hemmings, in a black Nehru jacket trimmed with a braided design, and his fiancee, actress Gayle Hunnicutt, in a shimmering iridescent gown. The film will have its Australian premiere at the Plaza Theatre in Sydney on October 30, and will be released in other States later.

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OUR BUDGET BUYS of the week



• Two wearable long-sleeved dresses in printed arnel, a smart sleeveless shift and a cool paisley skimmer in vibrant colors, are special offers from the stores to our readers. Stocks are being held, so make your choice early.



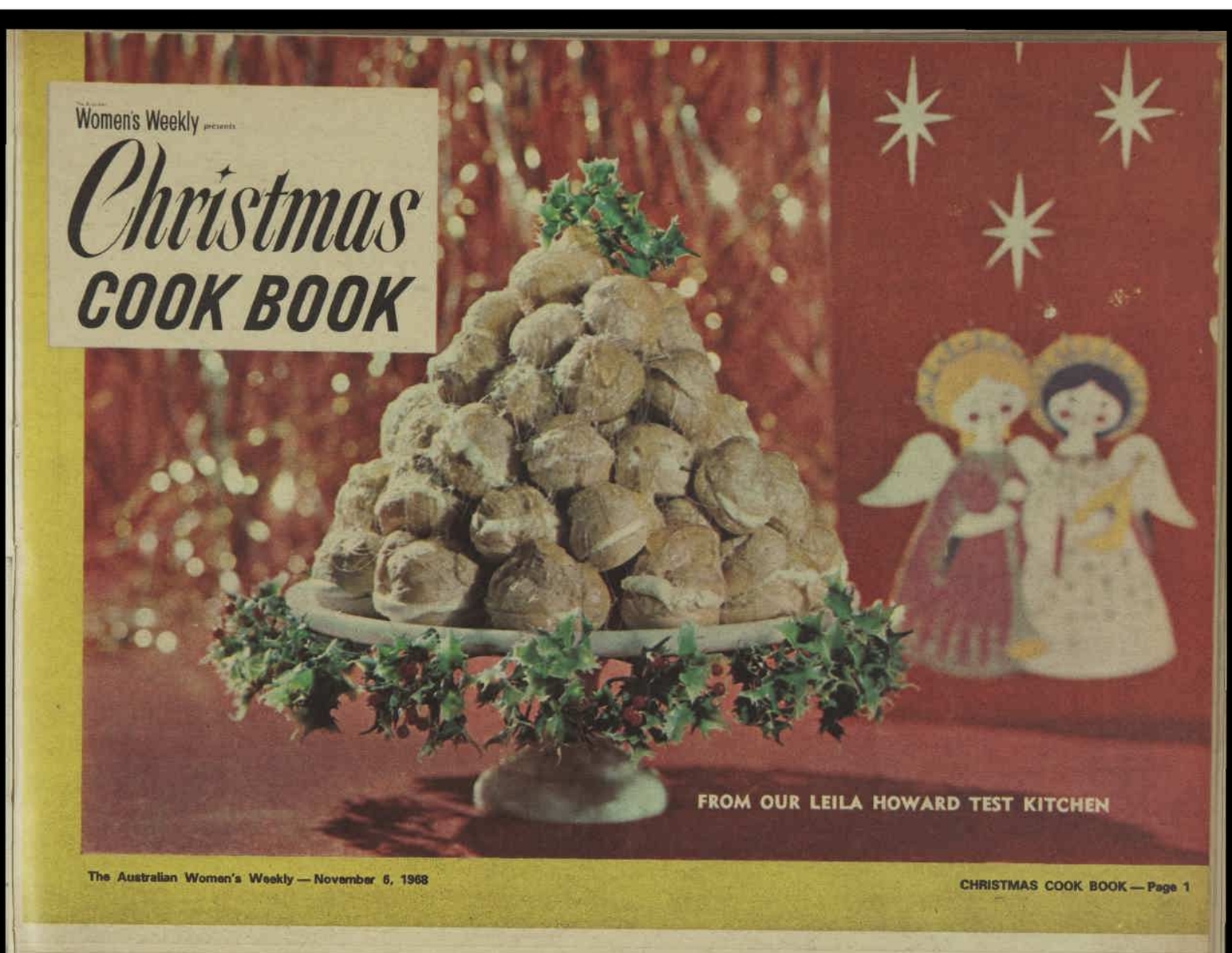
Two attractive little dresses in arnel jersey. Style, on left, in a vertical print of olive, pink, or blue has plain white collar, cuffs, and tab front. $7. Shirt-frock, on right, with soft self-tie is in pink/green, blue / mauve tonings. $9. Both in sizes 10-16. (Farmer's Little Money Budget Dress Shop, 2nd floor.)



At right: Welted seaming and pockets are features of this simple, smart shift-dress in Killarney fabric. By Cortex. In regular sizes. About $8.50. (Karin Franks, 218 Pitt Street; Dorothy Ann, Chatswood; Tindall Pty., Leichhardt.)

Printed triacetate skimmer dress in a vibrant paisley print is slightly A-line with a roll collar. In assorted colors. XSSW½-OS½. $7. (All Grace Bros. Stores Proportionate Fittings Depts.)

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CHRISTMAS CAKES

ON this page and overleaf there's a wonderful choice of Christmas cakes — rich, moist, full of the good taste of Christmas. And, for those who prefer a plainer cake, we've given the recipe for a special butter cake (and studded it with cherries), and a recipe for a light fruit cake, crunchy with nuts.

GLACE FRUIT CAKE

- 1 cup plain flour
- 2oz. currants
- 7oz. raisins
- 3oz. chopped mixed peel
- 4oz. chopped glace pineapple
- 2oz. chopped dried peaches
- 4oz. chopped glace cherries
- 2oz. chopped preserved ginger
- 2oz. almonds
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon baking powder
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 3 eggs
- ½oz. chocolate
- 2 tablespoons brandy
- extra 1 tablespoon brandy
- extra glace fruits

Combine ½ cup of the sifted plain flour with prepared fruits and halved almonds. Sift remaining flour with spices and baking powder; set aside. Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy; separate eggs. Add yolks one at a time to creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Fold in melted chocolate, sifted flour mixture, and brandy. Lastly fold in fruit mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Fold into cake. Fill into greased 8in. ring tin, lined with one layer of greased greaseproof paper. Bake in slow oven 2 to 2½ hours or until cake is cooked when tested. Remove from oven, sprinkle with extra brandy; allow to cool in tin. Wrap and store when cold.

Before serving, unwrap, peel off paper, and arrange extra glace fruits in pattern on top. Brush cake completely with Apricot Glaze (see Glaze recipe in Cherry Ring Christmas Cake on page 4).

CHERRY BUTTER CAKE

- 4oz. glace cherries
- 6oz. butter
- ¾ cup castor sugar
- 3 eggs
- ¾ cup plain flour
- ¾ cup self-raising flour
- 3 dessertspoons milk

Cut cherries into thirds. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in well-beaten eggs. Fold in well-sifted flours alternately with milk; lastly, fold in cut cherries. Fill into well-greased large baba mould or 8in. greased round cake tin; bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour 15 minutes, until golden brown and cooked when tested with skewer. Allow to stand 10 minutes before turning out; cool.

When cold, ice with Snow Glaze and decorate with cherry halves and holly leaves dusted with icing sugar to resemble snow.

SNOW GLAZE

- 1¼ cups icing sugar
- 1 teaspoon soft butter or substitute
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- 1-2 dessertspoons milk

Combine sifted icing sugar, butter or substitute, and vanilla in small enamel basin. Gradually beat in milk until mixture is smooth and of a coating consistency; a little more milk may be necessary. Spread over cake; or warm over low heat and allow to trickle over top of cake and down sides.

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.

● Color picture on page 1, by staff photographer Don Cameron, is Cream-puff Christmas Tree. The recipe is on page 12.

PICTURES OPPOSITE

1. Cherry Ring Christmas Cake. Recipe, page 4.
2. Light Fruit Cake. Recipe, page 4.
3. Glace Fruit Cake. Recipe, this page.
4. Cherry Butter Cake. Recipe, this page.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

- 5oz. butter or substitute
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon mixed spice
- 1lb. mixed fruit
- ¼lb. dates
- 2 eggs
- ½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
- 2oz. chopped cherries
- 2oz. chopped walnuts
- 1¼ cups plain flour
- 1 cup self-raising flour

Combine in saucepan butter, water, sugar, spice, mixed fruit, and chopped dates. Bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Allow to cool completely. Beat eggs, add bicarbonate of soda; mix into fruit mixture. Add cherries, walnuts, and sifted flours; mix all together well. Fill into prepared 8in. tin, bake in moderate oven ½ hour. Reduce heat to moderately slow, continue cooking another 1½ hours, or until cake is firm to touch and a thin skewer when inserted into cake comes out clean.

Continued overleaf

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LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

(Picture on page 3)

1½lb. mixed fruit
½lb. walnuts
4 tablespoons brandy
½lb. butter or substitute
1 cup lightly packed brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
4 eggs
2½ cups plain flour
½ teaspoon mixed spice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon baking powder
pinch salt

Combine chopped fruit and chopped nuts; sprinkle with half the brandy. Cover and stand overnight.

Cream butter and sugars together until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add fruit alternately with remaining brandy and sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Fill into lined (2 layers brown paper, 1 of greaseproof) 8in. square cake tin. Bake in slow oven 3 to 3½ hours.

After cake has cooled, remove papers and brush with Apricot Glaze (see Glaze recipe in Cherry Ring Christmas Cake on this page). Place fluted marzipan circle in centre, add sprig of holly for decoration.

MARZIPAN

½lb. pure icing sugar
2oz. almond meal
1 tablespoon sherry
1 egg-yolk
squeeze lemon or orange juice
almond essence
extra icing sugar

Sift icing sugar into basin, add almond meal, and mix well. Beat egg-yolk with sherry, almond essence to taste, and lemon or orange juice. Mix into dry ingredients. Turn on to board lightly dusted with extra icing sugar; knead well.

Roll out marzipan and, using a paper doily as guide, cut out 7in. fluted circle.

Note: Half packet of prepared marzipan icing can be used in place of this recipe. Simply roll out icing, cut to shape.

CELEBRATION CAKE

3 cups plain flour
pinch salt
½ teaspoon mixed spice
1lb. raisins
¾lb. currants
1lb. sultanas
½lb. cherries
½lb. mixed peel
2oz. blanched almonds
8oz. butter
2 cups lightly packed brown sugar
1 tablespoon golden syrup or treacle
2oz. chocolate, melted
¼ cup brandy or sweet sherry
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
1 teaspoon hot water
6 eggs, separated
extra cherries and almonds for decoration

Sift together the flour, salt, and spice, divide in halves. Chop fruits finely and mix with one half of the flour mixture, add the chopped almonds. Cream butter and brown sugar, add golden syrup, and egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Melt chocolate, when cool add to egg-yolk mixture. Mix in remainder of flour. Fold fruit mixture into egg-yolk-and-butter batter, add soda, which has been dissolved in the hot water, then the brandy or sherry; lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Mix all together, fill into 10in. cake tin which has been lined with 1 thickness of white paper and 2 of brown paper. Bake in slow oven about 3½ to 4 hours.

If cake is to be served un-iced, add a pretty decoration of blanched almonds and cherries to top of cake before baking. After baking, cool in tin. Then remove paper and store until required in cool, dark place, wrapped in towel.

CHERRY RING CHRISTMAS CAKE

(Picture on page 3)

2½lb. mixed fruit
4oz. glace cherries
4oz. mixed peel
½ cup rum or brandy
8oz. butter
1¼ cups firmly packed brown sugar
grated rind 1 small lemon and 1 orange
few drops almond essence
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon marmalade
4 eggs
1 teaspoon caramel or parisian essence
1oz. dark chocolate
2oz. blanched almonds
2oz. walnuts
2½ cups plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon mixed spice
4oz. glace cherries for decoration

Chop mixed fruit, walnuts, and peel, halve almonds and 4oz. cherries. Place all fruits and nuts into a basin (except cherries for decoration). Pour over rum or brandy, cover, and leave overnight.

Cream butter and brown sugar until light and fluffy, add finely grated fruit rinds. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Chop chocolate into small pieces, place in small basin over hot water until melted. Stir into mixture with marmalade, caramel, and essences. Stir in prepared fruits alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Line round deep 8in. cake tin with 2 layers of brown paper and one of greased greaseproof paper. Take the 4oz. whole cherries for decoration, place in ring round edge of tin. Place 3 large spoonfuls of cake mixture in centre of tin, gently smooth out to edge with knife, being careful not to disturb cherries. Add remaining mixture and smooth over. Bake in slow oven 4 to 4½ hours. Do not open door for at least 1½ hours.

Allow to cool in tin. Remove from tin; if storing, leave paper on cake and wrap in clean paper, then in large clean towel until ready to use.

Before serving, unwrap, remove paper carefully. Brush cake crumbs from round cherries (you may need to use a small sharp-pointed knife for this). Leave cake upside down so cherries are showing in a ring on the top; brush with Apricot Glaze.

APRICOT GLAZE

½ cup apricot jam
2 tablespoons water

Combine ingredients in small saucepan over low heat; heat gently, then push through sieve.

EASY DUNDEE CAKE

8oz. currants
8oz. sultanas
8oz. raisins
2oz. mixed peel
2oz. cherries
3 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon mixed spice
2½ cups plain flour
6oz. soft butter or substitute
¾ cup castor sugar
5 eggs
1oz. blanched almonds

Chop peel and raisins, sift dry ingredients. Place softened butter in large bowl, add all remaining ingredients with exception of almonds; beat together until smooth and thoroughly mixed (this is best done on electric mixer). Place in 8in. round deep cake tin that has been lined with 2 layers of greaseproof paper. Decorate top with almonds. Bake in moderately slow oven 2½ to 3 hours.

To prevent cake drying out during cooking, wrap double sheet of newspaper round outside of cake tin. Remove toward end of cooking time.

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CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

Sauces to serve with puddings

BRANDY CUSTARD

½ pint milk
1 egg, separated
2 tablespoons sugar
1 dessertspoon custard powder
1 tablespoon brandy

In a small basin blend custard powder, sugar, and egg-yolk with a little milk. Place remaining milk in saucepan, bring to boil. Gradually stir in blended custard powder, return to heat, boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly; cool slightly. Whip egg-white until stiff, lightly fold into cooled custard mixture with brandy.

CUMBERLAND RUM BUTTER

2 cups lightly packed brown sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg
4oz. butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ to 1-3rd cup rum

Cream butter until light, gradually add sugar, beat until mixture is smooth. Add nutmeg and cinnamon, beat in rum gradually.

SWEET WHITE SAUCE

2 cups milk
2 tablespoons sugar
piece lemon rind
2 tablespoons cornflour
extra ¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Heat 2 cups milk with sugar and lemon rind. Blend cornflour with extra ¼ cup milk, stir into heated milk. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 to 3 minutes until thickened. Remove lemon rind, add vanilla. Cover, to prevent skin forming on top, until ready to use.

TREASURED recipes for puddings in the traditional style are given in this section; we've also included a recipe for an old English bread pudding, which can be eaten hot as pudding or cold as cake.

Note: All these puddings should be kept under refrigeration until day of serving.

PRUNE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(Picture overleaf)

¾lb. prunes
2 cups brandy
1 cup sugar
1lb. raisins
1lb. sultanas
¼lb. mixed peel
2 cups plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 cups soft white breadcrumbs
½lb. grated suet
2 cups lightly packed brown sugar
4 teaspoons mixed spice
2 teaspoons nutmeg
grated rind 1 lemon
5 eggs
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
extra 2 teaspoons milk

Stone prunes, add brandy and sugar, soak 24 hours. Bring to boil, simmer 2 minutes; cool. Chop prunes roughly, set aside. Chop remaining fruit and peel; add sifted flour and salt, breadcrumbs, suet, brown sugar, mixed spice, nutmeg, and lemon rind. Combine eggs, milk, and vanilla, beat together well. Mix into dry ingredients, then add soda dissolved in extra milk. Mix in prunes and liquid. Fill into well-greased 7-pint pudding basin, cover with 2 layers of greased greaseproof paper and one of aluminium foil; secure firmly with string. Steam 6 to 6½ hours.

On day of serving steam further 2 hours.

SMALL-SIZE STEAMED PUDDING

4oz. butter or substitute
4 tablespoons golden syrup
2 cups self-raising flour
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1 cup warm milk
pinch salt
1 cup mixed fruit

Cream butter or substitute with syrup and spice until soft and fluffy. Fold in chopped mixed fruit alternately with sifted flour and salt. Dissolve soda in the warm milk, fold into fruit mixture. Fill into small greased pudding basin; cover; steam 2 to 2½ hours. Re-steam 1 hour on day of serving.

OLD-FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

1lb. loaf stale bread
4oz. suet or white vegetable shortening
8oz. mixed fruit
2oz. mixed peel
2 teaspoons mixed spice
2 eggs
1 cup lightly packed brown sugar
white sugar

Cut bread into small pieces and soak in cold water at least ½ hour. Finely grate suet or white vegetable shortening. Drain bread and squeeze as dry as possible. Add mixed fruit, brown sugar, grated suet or white vegetable shortening, chopped mixed peel, and spice, combine all ingredients. Add lightly beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Place into greased baking dish and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours or until browned. Sprinkle top with white sugar.

Serve hot as a pudding or cold, cut into slices, as cake.

SMALL-FAMILY-SIZE BOILED PLUM PUDDING

¾lb. butter
2 cups lightly packed brown sugar
4 large eggs
¾lb. sultanas
¾lb. raisins
¾lb. currants
¾lb. mixed peel
1 cup plain flour
4 cups soft white breadcrumbs
pinch salt
1 teaspoon mixed spice
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup rum

Chop raisins and mixed peel; mix all fruits together. Cream butter and brown sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in prepared fruit and rum. Sift flour, salt, spice, soda, and nutmeg; fold into mixture with breadcrumbs. Mix well. Put into dry pudding cloth. Secure firmly with string.

Place into rapidly boiling water and boil steadily 5 hours, replacing boiling water as necessary. Remove from boiling water, hang to store or refrigerate.

On day of serving steam further 2 hours.

Note: This mixture can be steamed instead of boiled. Fill into well-greased pudding basin to within 2in. of top. Cover securely with 2 layers of greased greaseproof paper and one of aluminium foil. Secure firmly with string. Place in steamer or large saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come halfway up basin. Water should boil gently, yet steadily; replenish with more boiling water when necessary. The lid of steamer or saucepan should fit securely.

Re-steam 2 hours on day of serving.

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PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

1. Traditional Boiled Plum Pudding. Recipe, this page.
2. Prune Christmas Pudding. Recipe, page 5.
3. Rich Christmas Pudding. Recipe, this page.
4. Moist Christmas Pudding. Recipe, this page.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

12oz. sultanas
12oz. currants
10oz. mixed peel
4oz. raisins
2oz. dried apricots
2oz. glace cherries
2oz. blanched almonds
1½ cups lightly packed brown sugar
1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
grated rind 1 lemon
10oz. finely grated suet
3 cups soft white breadcrumbs
1 tablespoon mixed spice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
4 eggs
2 tablespoons brandy
2 tablespoons sherry
½ pint stout
1-3rd cup rum

Chop all fruit and nuts; add spices and lemon rind. Pour brandy, sherry, and rum over; cover, stand overnight. Sift flour and baking powder, add suet and remaining dry ingredients. Stir in fruit and nuts. Beat eggs, add stout; add to mixture and stir well. Fill into greased seven-pint pudding basin, cover securely; steam 6 hours.

Reboil 2 to 3 hours on day of serving.

TRADITIONAL BOILED PLUM PUDDING

¼lb. raisins
¼lb. sultanas
2oz. currants
4oz. dates
4oz. mixed peel
6oz. butter
1 cup lightly packed brown sugar
2 eggs
2 cups soft white breadcrumbs
1 cup plain flour
pinch salt
2 teaspoons mixed spice
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
¼ cup brandy

Chop fruit, cream butter and brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in breadcrumbs, prepared fruits, and sifted dry ingredients. Stir in brandy, mix well. Place in dry pudding cloth, tie securely with string. Plunge into fast boiling water. Boil steadily 5 hours, replenishing boiling water when necessary; drain and hang to store.

If weather is hot, keep pudding refrigerated to prevent mould.

On day of serving boil further 2 hours.

MOIST CHRISTMAS PUDDING

4oz. raisins
4oz. currants
8oz. sultanas
4oz. mixed peel
1oz. almonds
3 cups soft white breadcrumbs
6oz. grated suet
2 cups lightly packed brown sugar
1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon almond essence
¼ cup brandy
grated rind and juice 1 lemon
4 eggs
4oz. grated carrot
4oz. grated apple
¼ cup golden syrup

Chop fruit and nuts, combine in basin with all other dry ingredients. Combine vanilla, almond essence, lemon juice, rind, golden syrup, and brandy in saucepan; bring slowly to boil. Remove from heat and stand overnight.

Next day mix brandy syrup into dry ingredients with grated carrot and apple. Beat eggs, add to fruit mixture; mix well together. Fill into well-greased 3- or 4-pint pudding basin, cover, and secure firmly. Steam 4½ to 5 hours.

On day of serving steam further 2 hours.

Fork dishes for your buffet parties

IF you're entertaining over the holiday period, serve the food buffet-style. All these fork dishes can be prepared in advance; hot dishes can be gently reheated when required.

DEVILLED PRAWN ENTREE

2lb. prawns, shelled
lemon juice
4oz. butter or substitute
2 tablespoons plain flour
1 cup milk
½ cup tomato sauce
1 cup cream
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce
salt, cayenne
¼lb. mushrooms, sliced
extra butter
½ cup fine breadcrumbs

Sprinkle shelled prawns with little lemon juice. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, blend in flour, cook until it bubbles, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, gradually stir in milk and cream. Return to heat, simmer a few minutes, still stirring. Again remove from heat, season with tomato sauce, worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne to taste. Saute mushrooms in little extra butter, mix into sauce with prawns. Pour mixture into greased casserole or individual ovenproof dishes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

VEAL PAPRIKA

3lb. veal
¼ cup oil
3 tablespoons paprika
1 tablespoon tomato paste
2 chopped onions
¾ cup red wine
¼ cup stock
½ pint sour cream
salt, pepper

Cut veal into 1in. cubes. Heat oil in heavy saucepan, add paprika and tomato paste; cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add veal, cook until meat is browned and well coated with paprika mixture. Add chopped onion, cook a few minutes longer. Pour in wine and stock; cover; simmer, stirring occasionally, approximately 1½ hours or until veal is tender. Season to taste; stir in sour cream, reheat, but do not allow to boil. If preparing this dish in advance, do not add sour cream until the dish is being reheated. Gently reheat, stir in sour cream, keep over very low heat until mixture is heated through. Serves 6.

CHICKEN A LA KING

3-4lb. cooked chicken
2oz. butter
4oz. fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons flour
2 egg-yolks
1 pint chicken stock
½ pint cream
1 red pepper
salt, pepper
paprika
1 dessertspoon sherry

Remove seeds from pepper, chop finely; slice mushrooms. Remove chicken from bones, cube the flesh. Melt butter in saucepan, saute mushrooms and pepper 1 minute; remove from heat, stir in flour. Return to heat, cook 1 minute; do not brown. Add chicken stock, off heat, continue cooking, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and paprika. Add egg-yolks to cream, stir into sauce with chicken and sherry. Keep warm over low heat but do not allow to boil. If preparing dish in advance, do not add the egg-yolks, cream, and sherry until you are reheating the dish to serve.

Hot long-grain rice is a good accompaniment. Squeeze a little lemon juice into rice, or toss with a little finely grated lemon rind, chopped shallots, chopped toasted almonds or parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

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wonderful ways with Sundried Fruit

raisins, currants, sultanas



Great little goodies



Christmas Bombes

Cut 4 thick slices of plum pudding about 1 inch thick and 4 inches wide and place in oven to warm. When ready to serve beat 3 egg whites stiffly and gradually add 6 tablespoons sugar. Beat until meringue is thick and glossy, working quickly, place a scoop of ice-cream on each serve of pudding; cover thickly with meringue, garnish with cherry and green angelica leaves and place in a hot oven for 2 to 3 minutes to lightly brown and set. Serve at once.

Frozen Rum-Raisin Custards

1 cup chopped Raisins
¾ cup dark rum
1 cup heavy cream
½ cup chopped pecan nuts (or walnuts)
½ cup macaroon or cake crumbs
1½ pints vanilla ice-cream

Soak the Raisins in the rum for at least 1 hour.

Whip the cream and fold in the chopped pecans, the Raisins and rum, also the macaroon or cake crumbs.

Gradually stir the mixture into the ice-cream, which has been allowed to soften.

Place the mixture in individual moulds and freeze until serving time.

Iced Raisins

Raisins,
White of egg,
Sugar.

Dip Raisins in a well beaten egg white. Place on a fine cake cooler for a few seconds then roll in sugar and set at once in a warm place to dry.

Liqueur Dainties

4 ozs. butter
8 ozs. sifted icing sugar
⅓ cup cocoa
⅓ cup coconut
½ cup Sultanas
½ cup walnuts
Rum OR brandy to taste
1 unbeaten egg white

Beat the butter till soft and creamy; add the sifted icing sugar and cocoa gradually. Mix the coconut, Sultanas and walnuts, then brandy or rum to taste. Stir in the unbeaten egg white and mix thoroughly. Leave 30 minutes to firm before shaping into small balls. Roll in coconut, walnuts or chocolate sprinkles.

Pears de Luxe

Select firm ripe pears; peel and halve, then remove the cores. Slowly baste them in a slow oven in a sugar-water syrup coloured pink. Cook until the pears are evenly coloured then remove and allow to cool. Fill the centre of each pear half with fruit mince and crushed pineapple. Arrange them on a platter and sprinkle over a little proof brandy or pure lemon juice. Flambe then bring to the table and serve at once.

Sure fire entertaining tips



Festive Fruits in Cream

Cut 8 large Prunes into small pieces and mix with 4 each of dried figs and dates all chopped; ½ cup Raisins soaked in sherry for 15 minutes, and ½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts. Mix the fruit and nuts thoroughly with 1½ tablespoons warmed honey and before serving fold in 1 cup whipped cream and serve the dessert in chilled glasses. Serves 4 to 6.



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Snap Dragon

Pile a quantity of Raisins onto an attractive silver dish and pour over a generous amount of heated brandy, rum or whisky and set alight. This is a most attractive and unusual dinner or party table feature as the guest plucks a Raisin quickly from between the flames.

Raisin Wine

Cut one pound of Raisins in half, put in a saucepan with three pints of cold water and simmer very gently until the water is reduced by one third. This should take several hours. When cold, strain through muslin. If additional sweetness and flavour are required, add a little sugar and cinnamon before boiling.

Prunes stuffed with chicken livers

12 chicken livers
2 dessertspoons butter
12 large Prunes
Salt and pepper
6 slices bacon
12 rounds fried bread
1 large cabbage

Briskly saute the chicken livers in butter. Stone the Prunes and insert in each a chicken liver. Season with salt and pepper and roll each in half a slice of bacon. Place on a tray and bake in a moderate oven until bacon is crisp. Drain and spear on to a round of fried bread with a toothpick. Cover the top of head of cabbage with these stuffed Prunes if desired or serve on a platter.

Prunes Superb

Bring a quanity of Prunes to the boil in a simple sugar-water syrup with a pinch of cinnamon. Cook for 5 minutes. Serve cold with heavy or whipped cream. These are also excellent with cognac.

No sweeter uses than these



De Luxe Turkey Stuffing

1 lb sausage meat
12 cups bread crumbs
1 cup minced onion
2 cups Dried Fruits, heated in a little hot water
¼ cup apricot, peach OR cherry brandy
Salt, pepper, poultry seasoning

Brown the sausage meat and toss with remaining ingredients; add seasoning to taste. Sufficient for a 12 lb. turkey.

Log Noel

Sprinkle a liqueur or spirit (e.g. brandy or rum) over a quantity of mixed chopped Sultanas, Raisins, Currants, cherries, peel and your favourite nuts. (Toasted almond shavings are delicious!) Leave the Fruit mixture to soak up the spirit. Carefully unroll a swiss sponge OR jelly roll. Beat vanilla ice-cream lightly with a fork to soften a little then fold in the fruit and nut mixture and some coarsely grated chocolate. Spread thickly over the swiss roll and quickly roll up again. Wrap tightly in greaseproof OR foil and place in deep freeze of refrigerator to set hard. To serve, remove paper and cut into slices.

Prunes a La Trevour

18 Prunes
¼ pint honey
½ glass rum

CHANTILLY CREAM:
¼ pint cream
½ cup icing sugar
Vanilla essence
3 large oranges (24 wedges)
Mint leaves

Stone Prunes and marinate in rum and honey. Place in glasses, decorate with the cream sweetened with the sugar and vanilla, orange wedges and mint.

Holiday Muncher

In a saucepan combine ½ cup each Sultanas and Raisins with ⅓ cup brandy and ¼ teaspoon grated lemon peel. Simmer until brandy is reduced by 2 tablespoons; cool until remaining brandy is absorbed. Lastly mix in 1 cup chopped dates and 2 cups of salted toasted hazelnuts.

White Christmas

2 cups rice bubbles
1 cup coconut
1 cup Mixed Fruit
1 cup icing sugar
4 heaped tablespoons powdered milk
6 ozs. copha

Mix the rice bubbles, coconut, Mixed Fruit, icing sugar and powdered milk. Cut the copha into small pieces and melt over a gentle heat. Then pour into the mixed dry ingredients. Mix well, and press firmly down into a baking tray. Allow to set firm then cut into small slices or squares.

Clever colourful finishing touches



Sugar Plum Tree

Traditionally sweet pieces of Dried stuffed Fruits and other delectable goodies including glazed nuts, wrapped in glittering coloured cellophane and hung on a little tree, made from a small pine branch, plastic or foil. Steam or simmer some Dried Apricots and stoned Prunes until plump and tender then stuff with whole nuts or softened marshmallows and toss in castor sugar. Allow to set before wrapping.

Fruit 'n Nut Treat

Lightly toss together some Raisins and Sultanas with your favourite nuts, cherries and various chopped crystallised fruits.

Ruffled Pears

Drain some canned or cooked fresh pear halves. Fill with a quantity of fruit mince and finely chopped ginger. Secure halves together with a toothpick and pipe whipped cream around the joins in the pears. Decorate with a cherry and leaves cut from angelica.

Walnut Prune Sauce

Serve your Christmas pudding with this delightful unusual sauce made by simmering 1½ lbs. Prunes in water to cover, until they are puffed and very tender. Drain then remove the stones and press the Prunes through a coarse sieve. Stir in ½ cup each of the reserved Prune liquid, portwine and walnut pieces. Serve hot.

Santa's Speciality Pie

Spread a 9" uncooked pastry shell with a small can of fruit mince. Beat 4 oz. cream cheese with 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 egg. Stir in ¼ cup milk and beat until smooth. Spoon mixture carefully over fruit mince and bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes; sprinkle chopped nuts over the pie and bake for a further 10 minutes. Serve pie warm, decorated with pieces of holly.

Sparkle your Pudding

Why not be a little different this year and make several mini plum puddings from the large basic mixture. Tie them in cloths and boil. To serve them on Christmas day heat them through; carefully remove the cloths and pile them in a pyramid shape decorating with holly and dusting them with icing sugar. Place sparklers around and through the 'pyramid' and light. Carry to the table and individually serve whilst still sparkling.

Topping the Cake

The day before Christmas day, arrange on top of the Fruit Cake, pieces of your favourite nuts, e.g. pecans, walnuts, almonds — cherries, glace pineapple, ginger, Raisins and Sultanas. Make a toffee glaze by boiling together equal quantities of sugar, water, and sieved apricot jam. Drizzle this over the topping and leave to set.



RAISINS - CURRANTS - SULTANAS
Buy them for good value.
Eat them for food value.
The Australian Dried Fruits Association

fornia. Miss Jo black,

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THE MAIN COURSE AT DINNER

CHRISTMAS dinner is a meal we can remember all the year, so it's worth while taking a little time and trouble to present something that is worthy of the occasion. Here are favorite Christmas main dishes — poultry and pork — presented at their best.

PRUNE-STUFFED PORK LOIN

- Boned loin of pork (8-12 chops)
- 8oz. stoned prunes
- 2 tablespoons grated green ginger
- 2 tablespoons salt
- oil
- orange segments
- prunes
- 3 cups soft white breadcrumbs
- 1 onion
- salt, pepper
- 2 teaspoons ground ginger
- ¼ teaspoon basil
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- 2-3oz. butter or substitute
- 1 egg

Stuffing: Peel and chop onion. In basin mix breadcrumbs, onion, and all seasonings, add melted butter and egg; mix well.

Get butcher to score pork rind thoroughly. Spread prepared stuffing over inside of meat. Put two rows of prunes down centre of stuffing, roll up pork and secure firmly with skewers or tie with string. Brush pork with oil, place in oiled baking dish. Mix together salt and ginger, rub into pork rind. Bake in moderate oven, allowing 30 minutes per lb. Occasionally during the cooking period, brush pork with oil or pan drippings and sprinkle with little extra salt to form crisp crackling.

Serve with orange segments and prunes which have been covered with a little heated brandy and let stand 5 minutes. Orange Rice is another excellent accompaniment.

ORANGE RICE

- 2oz. butter or substitute
- 1 cup diced celery
- ½lb. hot cooked rice
- ½ cup orange juice
- 3 tablespoons chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons chopped red pepper
- 2 tablespoons finely shredded orange rind
- ¼ cup water
- ½ teaspoon salt

Saute celery, pepper, onion, and orange rind in melted butter until tender but not browned. Add salt, orange juice, and water. Bring to boil and boil rapidly until most of the liquid is reduced and vegetables are tender but still firm. Stir in cooked rice; cover and stand 5 minutes.

CHICKEN WITH RICE STUFFING

- 3 to 3½lb. chicken
- 2 tablespoons oil
- ½lb. cooked rice
- 2 rashers bacon
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped red pepper
- 1 small onion
- salt, pepper

In this unusual recipe, a savory rice stuffing is carefully filled into the cavity between the skin and the body of the chicken. Be careful not to tear the skin of the chicken as you are loosening it, then filling in the stuffing.

To prepare chicken: Loosen skin of chicken carefully by inserting the hand over the breast meat and down round the thighs, carefully tearing any connecting tissues. Place the stuffing between the skin and meat of the chicken, over the breast, forcing it into the leg pockets. Close openings and secure with small metal skewers. Truss chicken. Put into baking dish with oil. Roast in moderately hot oven, allowing 30 minutes per lb. or until cooked when tested. (Because of the protecting stuffing over the chicken, extra cooking time may be required.)

Stuffing: Chop bacon and onion very finely and combine with rice, parsley, pepper, and seasonings.

ROAST DUCK WITH BRANDIED PEACHES

- 4lb. duck
- oil
- brandied peach halves
- salt, pepper
- ¾lb. boiled rice
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons oil
- ¾ cup chopped shallots
- 1 teaspoon mixed herbs
- 4oz. chopped mushrooms
- salt, pepper
- 3 canned peach halves

Stuffing: Drain rice and, while still hot, pour over 1 tablespoon oil; toss. Heat remaining oil in small saucepan, add celery and mushrooms, saute 2 minutes. Add to rice with shallots, salt, pepper, chopped peaches, and mixed herbs.

Rub duck with salt and pepper, stuff with three-quarters of prepared rice (reserve remainder to serve with brandied peaches). Truss duck, place in oiled baking-dish, brush duck over completely with oil. Roast in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook until tender (allow 25 minutes per lb. cooking time), brushing with oil from time to time.

Serve with brandied peaches that have been filled with remaining rice stuffing.

BRANDIED PEACHES

- 1lb. 13oz. can peach halves
- 1-3rd cup brandy
- 2in. cinnamon stick

Brandied Peaches: Use 3 peach halves from the can for the stuffing. Drain the remainder, place syrup from the can and cinnamon stick into saucepan, simmer gently 5 minutes. Remove cinnamon stick, stir in brandy. Add peach halves, heat through gently.

Note: Six fresh peaches, instead of canned, can be used with 1½ cups of sugar syrup prepared as above. Simmer peaches in the syrup until just tender; add brandy.

PICTURES OPPOSITE

1. **Prune-Stuffed Pork Loin**
2. **Roast Duck with Brandied Peaches**
3. **Chicken with Rice Stuffing**
4. **Roast Boneless Turkey Roll**

All recipes on this page.

ROAST BONELESS TURKEY ROLL

- 5-6½lb. boneless turkey roll
- 3 bayleaves
- salt, pepper
- nutmeg
- 1oz. butter or substitute
- ¼ cup stock
- 1 onion

Thaw turkey roll completely. Break bayleaves into 4, push under elasticised wrapping. Place in greased baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Peel and quarter onion, place in baking dish, add stock. Dot top of roll with butter. Bake in moderate oven until cooked (allow 25 minutes per lb. cooking time), brushing frequently with pan drippings. Fifteen minutes before the end of cooking time remove wrapping by cutting through with scissors; this will allow top skin to brown evenly.

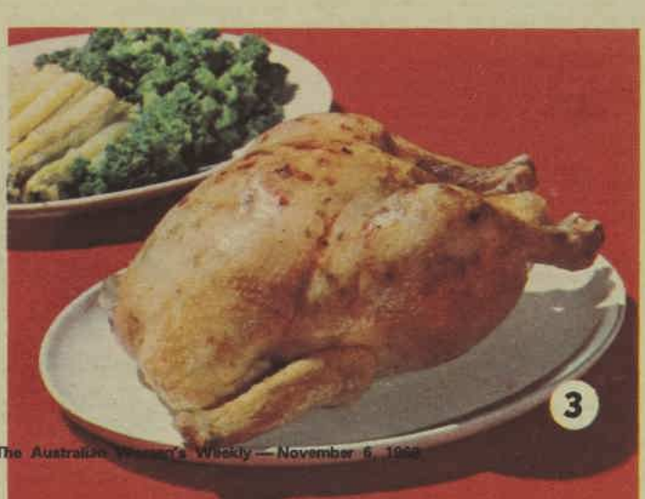
Serve hot with vegetables or cold with salad.

Note: This boneless turkey roll, enclosed in elasticised nylon netting to hold the meat in good shape, is available in Australia this year for the first time. It has long been popular in America. Carving is simplified — you simply cut slices of tender turkey meat; the rolling of the turkey is skilfully done, so almost each slice combines white and dark meat.

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LUSCIOUS PARTY DESSERTS

YOU'LL want to make them all — these lovely desserts, each with the very special quality that Christmas party food demands.

ALMOND GELATO WITH ORANGE COMPOTE

(Picture overleaf)

5oz. blanched almonds
water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1¾ cups sugar
5 cups water
½ pint cream
grated rind 1 orange

Barely cover almonds with water, simmer gently 10 to 15 minutes, strain. Mash hot, soft almonds with mortar and pestle or crush in electric blender. Place sugar, orange rind, lemon juice, and 5 cups water in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved, then simmer 15 minutes; strain. Pour over almonds and allow to cool. Fold in whipped cream, pour into freezer trays. Freeze, stirring with fork approximately every 30 minutes to combine mixture well.

To serve, spoon Orange Compote into base of tall glasses, top with scoops of Almond Gelato. Arrange small spirals of Candied Orange Strips on top.

Serves 6 to 8.

ORANGE COMPOTE

6 oranges
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
2 tablespoons grand marnier, curacao, or brandy

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil, cook until mixture turns to a syrup. Remove from heat and cool completely.

Remove rind from oranges (reserve for Candied Orange Strips, see recipe below). Remove all white pith. Cut oranges into sections, cutting between the membranes. Do this over a bowl so no juice is lost. Pour over the completely cooled syrup, stir in the grand marnier, curacao, or brandy. Cover, then refrigerate until serving time.

CANDIED ORANGE STRIPS

rind of 2 oranges
water
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon water

Remove rind from oranges with vegetable peeler, cut into ¼in. strips with scissors. Place strips in saucepan, barely cover with cold water, simmer 4 minutes. Drain, rinse under cold running water; let drain for 10 minutes. In heavy-based saucepan, dissolve sugar in 1 tablespoon of water over low heat, add drained orange strips, and simmer gently 8 to 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove strips from syrup with fork, place on greased paper, and allow to dry thoroughly.

CREAM-PUFF CHRISTMAS TREE

(Picture on page 1)

CREAM PUFFS

5oz. butter or substitute
2 cups water
pinch salt
2 cups plain flour
6 eggs

TOFFEE AND FILLING

1½ cups sugar
2 tablespoons liquid glucose
1-3rd cup water
pinch cream of tartar
1 dessertspoon vinegar
1oz. butter or substitute
1 pint cream
sugar to taste
2 tablespoons brandy
1 egg-white

Place butter, water, and salt in saucepan; bring to the boil. Add sifted flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until the mixture is thick and leaves the side of the saucepan. Remove from heat, cool. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Take a teaspoon, pile spoonfuls of mixture on to greased oven trays which have been lightly sprinkled with water.

Make the puffs in three sizes—very tiny, small, and slightly larger. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake further 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven, cool.

To Assemble: Split each puff. Beat together cream, sugar, and brandy until thick, beat egg-white until stiff; fold into cream. Fill each puff with cream mixture. Pile into a pyramid on flat serving platter, placing larger puffs on base, tiny puffs on top. Drizzle hot toffee over puffs to hold in place. While toffee is still soft in saucepan, take fork and pull threads of toffee round the Cream Puff Christmas Tree to give a tinsel effect.

Toffee: Place sugar, glucose, water, cream of tartar, and vinegar in heavy-based saucepan, stir over low heat until all sugar is dissolved, brushing down sides of saucepan occasionally with brush dipped in cold water. Bring to boil and boil until mixture turns very light honey color; add butter. Remove from heat, allow to stand only until bubbles settle. Use immediately.

Note: It is best to decorate the tree with toffee as near to serving time as possible. If the weather is very hot, it is difficult to get the toffee to spin well. Melted chocolate can be used to decorate the tree instead; melt 6oz. chopped dark chocolate over hot water, let it cool, then spoon decoratively and carefully over the puffs. Caramel sauce could also be used in place of the toffee.

COFFEE LIQUEUR CHEESECAKE

(Picture overleaf)

CRUMB CRUST

10oz. plain coconut biscuits
5oz. melted butter

FILLING

½lb. cottage cheese
2 4oz. packets cream cheese
2 egg-whites
½ cup sugar
1 dessertspoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
½ pint cream
rind and juice 1 lemon
3 tablespoons coffee liqueur
1-2oz. melted chocolate

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits into crumbs or put through electric blender. Mix in butter, blend well. Press mixture on to base and sides of 8in. greased springform pan. Refrigerate while preparing filling.

Filling: Push cottage cheese through sieve, combine in a mixing bowl with cream cheese; beat together well. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add to creamed mixture with lemon rind and juice, continue beating until smooth. Beat cream until stiff, fold in coffee liqueur, beat again. Beat egg-whites, gradually add sugar, continue beating until stiff. Fold whipped cream, then egg-whites carefully into creamed mixture. Pour into prepared crumb crust, refrigerate 6 hours or overnight. Before serving, drizzle a little melted chocolate over the surface of cheesecake.

Note: Small bottles of coffee liqueur can be obtained for about 55 to 60 cents; each holds 3 to 4 tablespoons of liqueur. However, if these are not obtainable, substitute 1 tablespoon instant coffee (in powder form) for the liqueur in the recipe above.

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FROZEN STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

1 can condensed milk
1 punnet strawberries
3 tablespoons brandy
1 cup cream
few drops red food coloring
few strawberries to decorate

Heat the condensed milk over hot water in double boiler 5 minutes; cool. Place in blender, blend 15sec., then add strawberries and blend further 20sec. Make sure ingredients are well blended. Pour in brandy and cream, blend 30sec. Add few drops of red food coloring, pour mixture into flat cake tin. Freeze until set firmly round edges. Return to blender and blend 1 minute. Pour into tray and freeze overnight. Serve topped with a fresh strawberry for garnish.

Serves 4 to 6.

FRUIT SALAD ICE-CREAM

¼ cup condensed milk
1 small can evaporated milk
1 large banana
1 large orange
1 large lemon
2 passionfruit
2 tablespoons castor sugar

Mash banana, add sugar and condensed milk. Beat until thick and creamy. Add chilled evaporated milk, beat 5 minutes. Add all fruit juices, passionfruit pulp, beat further 1 minute. Put into tray and partly freeze. Turn out, beat again and freeze.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

4oz. dark chocolate
4 eggs
¼ pint cream
1 tablespoon brandy

Separate eggs. Chop chocolate roughly, put into top of double saucepan; stir over hot water until melted. Remove from heat, cool a little, blend in egg-yolks, one at a time. Beat until mixture is smooth and thick. Fold in whipped cream, brandy, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spoon into individual serving dishes, refrigerate until firm. To serve, top each with a little whipped cream and grated chocolate.

Serves 4 to 6.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE DESSERT CAKE

(Picture overleaf)

½ cup cocoa
¾ cup boiling coffee
1¾ cups plain flour
1¾ cups sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup oil
3 egg-yolks
4 egg-whites
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ cup black coffee, extra
1 tablespoon milk
1 tablespoon rum

FILLING

½lb. dark chocolate
1 dessertspoon instant coffee
3 egg-yolks
2 egg-whites
3 dessertspoons hot water
2 tablespoons icing sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ pint whipped cream

Blend cocoa with boiling coffee, cool. Sift flour, sugar, and baking powder into basin. Make well in centre of flour, add oil, egg-yolks, cold cocoa mixture, and vanilla; gradually stir in sifted dry ingredients until mixture is a smooth batter. Beat egg-whites and cream of tartar until mixture holds stiff peaks, but is not dry. Lightly fold into batter mixture until evenly blended. Pour into greased and cornfloured 10in. springform pan. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 hour. Increase heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until skewer comes out clean when tested. Invert on to cake cooler, but leave pan over cake until cold.

When cold, loosen with knife and remove from pan. Cut cake carefully in 3 layers, brush each layer with combined extra coffee, milk, and rum. Assemble cake, spreading mousse filling between each layer, and covering top and sides. Refrigerate at least 12 hours before serving.

Filling: Place chopped chocolate and instant coffee into top of double boiler, stir over boiling water until chocolate melts. Remove from heat, add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Stir in hot water and sifted icing sugar, beat until smooth. Flavor with vanilla, cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff, lightly fold into cooled chocolate mixture with whipped cream.

RUM FRUIT ICE-CREAM

(Picture overleaf)

1oz. toasted almonds
1oz. cherries
1oz. candied peel
¼ cup raisins
2 teaspoons rum
1 teaspoon mixed spice
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup sultanas
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons hot water
1 teaspoon cocoa
2 egg-whites
6 tablespoons icing sugar
¼ pint cream
chopped nuts

Chop all fruits and almonds and marinate with spices and rum, cover and stand overnight. Dissolve cocoa in hot water, beat egg-whites and add 3 tablespoons sifted icing sugar gradually, beating well until stiff. Beat cream and remaining sifted icing sugar together. Fold all ingredients together. Place in ice-cream tray and freeze. Top each serving with chopped nuts.

Serves 4 to 6.

ICED WINE-FRUIT

16oz. can fruit cocktail
½ cup white wine
2 tablespoons frozen orange juice concentrate

Pour contents of can into basin, mix with white wine and thawed orange juice. Pour into freezer tray and freeze.

Serves 4.

Continued overleaf

Drinks to serve at Christmas

FLAGON wines — red or white — go a long way toward solving any problem with party drinks. They're inexpensive, in good quantity, and can be turned into delightful punches. Try chilled white wine with fresh, ripe strawberries sliced into each glass; or pour red wine over ice cubes, top each glass with a small cluster of grapes.

WINE COOLERS

red or white wine
sugar
orange or lemon juice
crushed ice

Fill tall wine glasses two-thirds full of crushed ice. Sprinkle with a little sugar, pour over a teaspoon of fruit juice. Pour in red wine or chilled white wine to fill glass.

BRANDIED WINE PUNCH

1 flagon dry white wine
1 cup brandy
1 small can frozen orange juice

Allow orange juice to thaw, then combine with remaining well-chilled ingredients. Ladle into individual glasses with ice cubes in each glass; or serve in punch bowl to which a small block of ice has been added.

BRANDIED RUM PUNCH

1 bottle rum
1 vanilla bean
1 cup brandy
3-4 pints cold tea

Place vanilla bean in bottle of rum, refrigerate overnight. When ready to serve, pour rum into punch bowl, remove vanilla bean. Add brandy and the well-chilled tea. Float lemon and orange slices on top, if desired.

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DESSERTS . . .
continued from previous page









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GIFTS FROM YOUR KITCHEN

SOMETHING you've taken the time and trouble to make yourself has special value as a Christmas gift—particularly when it tastes as good as the delicacies on this page. Your friends will be delighted — and be sure to make some for your own family, too.

APRICOT AND PINEAPPLE JAM

(Picture overleaf)

½lb. dried apricots
15oz. can crushed pineapple
¾ cup grated carrot
1¾ cups water
grated rind 1 lemon
juice 2 lemons
4 cups sugar

Combine dried apricots, pineapple with juice, carrot, and water in heavy saucepan. Bring slowly to the boil, cover, and simmer until apricots are soft (approximately 20 minutes). Add sugar, lemon rind and juice, bring to the boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, uncovered, at gentle boil, stirring occasionally. Start testing jam on cold saucer after 10 minutes of boiling. When jam jells, remove from heat and pour into sterilised jars, seal when cold.

Makes approximately 3 pints.

PICTURES OPPOSITE

1. Chocolate Mousse Dessert Cake. Recipe on page 13.
2. Rum Fruit Ice-Cream. Recipe on page 13.
3. Coffee Liqueur Cheesecake. Recipe on page 12.
4. Almond Gelato with Orange Compote. Recipe on page 12.

BRANDIED CHERRIES

(Picture overleaf)

1lb. cherries
1 cup brandy
½ cup water
1 cup sugar

Wash cherries and remove stems. Place in jar and cover with brandy. Cover jars (do not seal). Stand overnight. Next day place sugar and water in saucepan, bring slowly to the boil, stirring until sugar dissolves. Boil 10 minutes. Skim surface and cool. Drain brandy from cherries and add to syrup. Stir well, and pour liquid back into jar to cover cherries. Seal.

Let stand at least 1 month before using.

CHERRY NUT SQUARES

(Picture overleaf)

3oz. solid white vegetable shortening
8oz. dark chocolate
6oz. glace cherries
1 teaspoon instant coffee
¾ cup toasted, desiccated coconut
6oz. cashew nuts

Chop the chocolate and shortening roughly, melt in the top part of double boiler; stir in instant coffee. Pour half this mixture over the base of greased 7in. square tin. Sprinkle the toasted coconut, cherries, and cashews evenly over the chocolate. Pour remaining chocolate over the top. Refrigerate until set. Cut into fingers or bars, as desired.

VINTAGE WHISKY MARMALADE

4 large Seville oranges (2lb.)
2 lemons
4 pints water
4lb. sugar
2 tablespoons whisky

Wash oranges and lemons; place in large saucepan with the water. Bring to the boil, simmer, uncovered, 1 hour. Remove fruit, reserve liquid; cool fruit and slice thinly. Remove pips from fruit, add to pan with liquid, boil steadily 10 minutes; strain. Replace liquid and sliced fruit in pan with sugar; bring to boil, stirring until sugar dissolves. Boil rapidly, stirring occasionally, about 25 to 30 minutes or until marmalade jells when tested. Remove from heat, stir in whisky. Cool slightly before bottling into sterilised jars. Seal when cold. Makes 3 pints.

Note: If Seville oranges are not available, substitute sweet oranges; the result will be slightly sweeter than a true marmalade.

SHORTBREAD

7oz. butter
little vanilla
4½ tablespoons castor sugar
2½ cups plain flour
1-3rd cup rice flour or cornflour

Cream butter well, beat in vanilla, then gradually beat in sugar. Continue beating until light and fluffy. Work in sifted dry ingredients. Press into lightly greased lamington tin, mark into bars with knife. Prick each bar decoratively with fork. Top with almond halves or leave plain. Bake in slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Remove from oven, recut into bars. Leave in tin to cool.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT MINCE

¾lb. raisins
½lb. mixed peel
½lb. sultanas
½lb. currants
1 large apple
½lb. suet
3 cups lightly packed brown sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1½ teaspoons mixed spice
¼ pint rum or brandy
rind and juice ¼ lemon and ½ orange

Chop raisins and mixed peel, grate apple and suet. Place in mixing bowl with remaining ingredients, mix well. Cover and leave 1 week, stirring each day. Spoon mixture into sterilised jars and seal. Makes 2½ pints.

MARSHMALLOW-CHOCOLATE SLICE

(Picture overleaf)

BASE

¾ cup plain flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
pinch salt
½ cup brown sugar
¾ cup rolled oats
¼ cup desiccated coconut
3oz. butter or substitute

TOPPING

1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 dessertspoon lemon juice
1 cup water
4oz. dark chocolate
1oz. white vegetable shortening
4oz. glace cherries

Base: Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl, add sugar, oats, and coconut, mix well. Rub in butter, then knead lightly until mixture clings together. Press mixture into base of greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes until mixture is golden brown; cool.

Topping: Place in saucepan the sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar. Bring to boil, boil steadily 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool, stir in lemon juice. Place in large bowl of electric mixer, beat on high speed until thick and frothy (mixture should form figure 8 when poured from beater). Pour marshmallow mixture into greased lamington tin and refrigerate until set.

Chop chocolate roughly, place in top of double saucepan with white vegetable shortening. Stir until melted and smooth; cool. Chop marshmallow into ½in. cubes; fold in the halved cherries. Arrange on top of cooled biscuit base, pour over chocolate mixture carefully. Refrigerate until set. Cut into squares or fingers to serve.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

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GIFTS FROM YOUR KITCHEN . . . cont. (recipes on previous page)

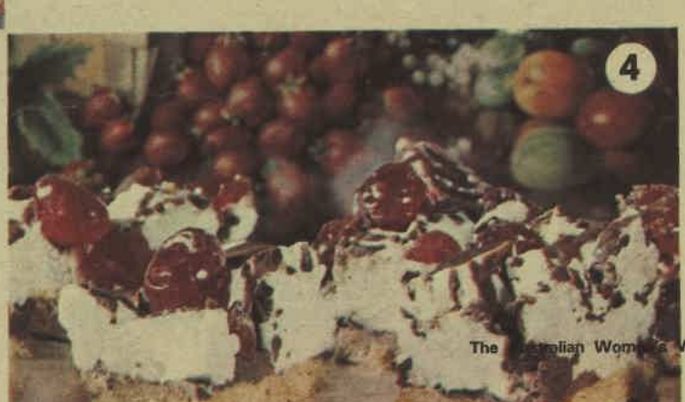




1. *Cherry-Nut Squares.*

2. *Brandied Cherries.*





3. *Apricot and Pineapple Jam.*

4. *Marshmallow Chocolate Slice.*

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